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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

A Monthly Journal,

CONTAINING

vol. 16

TALES, BIOGRAPHY, EPISODES IN IRISH AND AMERICAN HISTORY, POETRY, MISCELLANY, ETC.

A BOOK FOR THE PEOPLE.

VOL. XVI.

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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XVI. BOSTON, JULY, 1886. No. 1.

"UNLESS our mammoth capitalists and corporations learn and practise justice, fairness and consideration for their employees; unless they abstain from the illegal, unjust and extortionate measures of which they are notoriously guilty; unless they themselves respect and obey the law, we risk nothing in predicting that, before another generation comes upon the stage of active life, there will be here in the United States, a social revolution that will involve indescribable confusion and destruction of property and life. *American Catholic Quarterly Review.*

Cardinal Manning.

MERRY ENGLAND is the title of a Catholic magazine, published in London. The May number is devoted to His Eminence Cardinal Manning, in which is given The Event of Passion Sunday, 1851; The Letters of Thirty-five Years; Landmarks of a Lifetime; with notes by John Oldcastle; also portraits of His Eminence: aged four years; as Archdeacon of Chichester; as Cardinal Archbishop, at Home, in the Pulpit, and at the Royal Commission, and a Fac-simile Letter.

From the number before us we give

LANDMARKS OF A LIFETIME.

Henry Edward Manning, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Born July 15, 1808, at Totteridge, Herts; the son of Mr. William Manning, sometime M. P. for Evesham, for Lymington, and for Penryhn, and Governor of the Bank of England.

Educated at a private school in Totteridge, and afterwards at Harrow and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1830, and a First Class in Classics.

Entered the Colonial Office in 1831, in preparation for a political career, which had always had a fascination for him, and for which he fitted himself by a close study of Constitutional Law and of Political History.

Under a growing sense of duty towards Religion, he resigned his post at the Colonial Office in 1832, and returned to Oxford, where he was elected Fellow of Merton.

Took Orders in the Anglican Church at Christmas, 1832; and in 1833 accepted the Rectories of Lavington and Graffham in Sussex.

In 1838 took a leader's part in the Educational movement by which Diocesan Boards were established all over England; also in opposition to the secularization of Church of England property by the creation of Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

Appointed Archdeacon of Chichester in 1840, and Select Preacher to the University of Oxford in 1842.

On Passion Sunday, 1851, was received into the Catholic Church.

Ordained priest in the summer of 1851, and passed some four years in study at the Academia Ecclesiastica, a Pontifical college situated in the Whitehall of Rome, and established to finish the training of men who had elsewhere taken their degrees, and who were destined for high diplomatic and ecclesiastical duties as Nuncios and otherwise — a very nursery of cardinals, whose portraits cov-

CARDINAL MANNING. — 1885.

ered the corridor walls. Thither the future English prince of the church went by the advice of Pius IX., and it was at this time that the acquaintance with his Holiness, which the young priest had begun while he was still an Anglican archdeacon, ripened into an intimacy which years made only more tender and more profound.*

* His Eminence has paid twenty-one visits to Rome, two of which were previous to his conversion. The first of these was in May, 1848, when the young Pontiff received him at the Quirinal, and spoke much of England, mentioning with admiration Mrs. Fry and the Quakers, and saying, "When men do good works, God gives grace. My prayers are offered every day for England." It may be added that the Pontiff when on his deathbed recurred to that first meeting, and reminded his friend that it was just forty years since they had met, and in what different relations!

Took degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1854.
Visited the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo at Milan in 1856, and then proceeded to Rome, where a rule, founded on theirs, was drawn up, and received the benediction of Pius IX.
Founded the Congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles at Bayswater, 1857, taking possession of the house on the night of Whit-Sunday.
Appointed Provost of Westminster in 1857, and Protonotary Apostolic in 1860.
Consecrated Archbishop of Westminster in succession to Cardinal Wiseman in June, 1865.
Attended the Vatican Council in 1869 and 1870.
Removed in 1873 from 8 York Place, W., the lease of which he had inherited from Cardinal Wiseman, to Archbishop's House, Westminster, the freehold of which he has secured to the archdiocese.
Summoned to Rome by Pope Pius IX. in March, 1875, to be raised to the rank of cardinal, taking his title from the Church of St. Gregory on the Cœlian Hill.
Served on Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor in 1885, and on the Royal Commission on the Education Acts in 1886.

CARDINAL MANNING ON THE RIGHTS OF LABOR.

* * * I WILL turn now to the rights of labor. I am not going to be communistic, and I have no will to be revolutionary. Adam Smith says: "The property which every man has in his own labor, as it is the original foundation of all other property, so it is the most sacred and inviolable." The patrimony of a poor man lies in the strength and dexterity of his hands, and to hinder him from employing this strength and dexterity in what manner he thinks proper, without injury to his neighbor, is a plain violation of this most sacred property. Therefore, first of all, I claim for labor the rights of property. There is no personal property so strictly one's own. It is altogether and entirely personal. The strength and skill that are in a man are as much his own as his life-blood; and that skill and strength which he has as his personal property no man may control. He has this property in him. Lawyers say a man's will is ambulatory — that is, it travels with him all over the world. So the working man carries this property with him as ready money. He can buy with it, and he can sell it. He can exchange it. He may set a price on it. And this ready money which he carries with him, he may carry to every market all over the world; and what is more, he will not be impeded by any foreign currency. No coins, no difficult calculations, decimal or otherwise, obstruct his exchange with other nations of the world. And further, in one sense it is inexhaustible, except that we have all limits and dimensions, and our strength and skill are bounded by what we are. But there it is, perennial, going on always through his life till old age diminishes it; then what remains in him is to be honored. Shakespeare gives an account of what a true laborer is in this way. He says in *As You Like It*, and puts it into the mouth of a laborer: "I am a true laborer;

I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm." Well, then, I claim for labor (and the skill which is always acquired by labor) the rights of capital. It is capital in the truest sense. Now, our Saxon ancestors used to call what we call cattle "live money"; and we are told that what we call chattels, and cattle, and the Latin word "*capita*," are one and the same thing — that is, "heads of cattle," or workers or serfs. This was "live money." And so is the labor, the strength, and the skill in the honest workmen "live money." It is capital laid up in him; and that capital is the condition of production. For capital which is in money, which I will call dead capital or dead money, receives its life from the living power and skill of the laborer. These two must be united. The capital of money and the capital of strength and of skill must be united together, or we can have no production and no progress. And therefore, "labor and capital must," as the book I quoted from before puts it, "ride on the same horse"; and that book says, in a sort of mother-wit way, that "when two men ride on a horse, one must ride behind." It says that capital rides before. Well, now, if they cannot ride side-by-side, they ought to walk hand-in-hand. Whatever rights, then, capital possesses, labor possesses.

Once more: labor has a right of liberty. We read in Columella, who wrote a book on Roman agriculture in the first century of our era, that the soil all around Rome became so sterile, barren, and unproductive, and year after year so perceptibly lost its fertility, that the philosophers of Rome accounted for it by saying that the earth was growing old. We do not find that England has grown old, as comparing King John's time with our own. But the secret of this diminution in its productiveness was very easily discovered. It was cultivated by slaves; and slave labor is labor without a heart, it is labor without a will. It is not the strength of the arm, but it is the vigor of the will that makes the axe ring upon the root of a tree. Every laborer has a right to work or not to work. If he refuses to work, as an idler, there is an old law which says: "If a man will not work, neither let him eat."* That law has never been repealed. And the same law says that "The laborer is worthy of his hire";† and I am happy to say that law still stands in the sacred statute-book. Well, a laborer has a right to determine for whom he will work, and when he will work. I do not mean in any capricious and extortionate way, but he must be first and last the judge and the controller of his own life, and he must pay the penalty if he abuses that freedom. This carries with it also the right to say whether he can subsist upon certain wages. This is undeniable. He may set too high a price upon his labor, but then he will pay the penalty. No man can appraise it for him. Another man may offer him his wages, and if he is not content he may refuse it. He cannot say: "You shall work." Well, now, in England serfdom lasted until the fourteenth century, and I have no doubt that serfdom is one of the reasons why the fertility of England was not what it is now; one, I say, for I do not forget capital, skill, and science. Serfdom died out

* Thess. iii. 10. † St. Luke. x.

under the benign action of Christianity. Then for many centuries there existed a state of labor in this country which, though it was free in one sense, was not altogether free in another. It was under certain social circumscriptions which limited the freedom of the laborer — the old law of settlement and the like, into which I will not enter. At the present time the labor of Englishmen is, I may say, as free as the air. They may go where they will; they may labor when they will; they may labor for whom they will; they may labor for what they can obtain; they may even refuse to labor. This again is undeniable. I do not see how anybody can deny this without denying a right which belongs both to property and to capital.

Labor has a right not only to its own freedom, but it has a right to protect itself. And now, I know I am treading very near to dangerous ground; nevertheless, I will speak as a historian or as a political economist, but certainly not as a demagogue. If you go back to the earliest period of our Saxon history, you will find that there always were associations distinct from the life of the family on the one side and from the State on the other. The family has laws of its own — laws of domestic authority, laws of domestic order, and — I will say, after King Solomon — laws of very salutary domestic punishment. On the other hand, the State has its public laws, its legislature, and its executive. But between the public and the domestic life there is a wide field of the free action of men and of their mutual contracts, their mutual relations, which are not to be controlled, either by domestic authority, and cannot be meddled with by the public authority of the State; — I mean the whole order of commerce. Commerce existed as soon as there was the interchange of one thing for another, and these free contracts between man and man — between employer and employed are as old as civilization. Clearly, therefore, there is a certain field which must be regulated by a law of its own, by tribunals of its own; and as soon as we begin to trace anything in our Saxon history, we begin to trace the rise of guilds. They were of a religious character at first. Some have thought they were religious only, but that is a mistake; they were also what we should call benefit societies; they were also for protection; they were again for the vindication of liberty from the oppressive jurisdiction of those who held local authority. There were guilds, or gilds, of many kinds — some were called "frith-gilds," and others were called "craft-gilds," and these "craft-gilds" were composed of masters and of men — of employers and of employed.

In all the history of civilization, if you go back to the Greeks or to the Romans, you will find that trades and professions always had their societies and fellowships by which they were united together. It seems to me that this is a sound and legitimate social law.

From this it would seem to me to follow that the protection of labor and of industry has at all times been a recognized right of those who possess the same craft: that they have united together; that those unions have been recognized by the legislature; that whether they be employers or employed; whether they possess the dead capital or the live capital — the dead money or the live money — all have the same rights. And I do not see, I confess, why all men should not organize

themselves together, so long as they are truly and honestly submissive to one higher and chief, who is superior over us all — the supreme reign of law which has governed, at all times, the people of England. At a time, I think, in the early part of this century, or at the close of the last, when there was great suffering at Nottingham, when the stocking-weavers were under severe depression, and there were very painful and hostile conflicts between the employed and the employer, Mr. Pitt said in the House of Commons: "The time will come when manufactures will have been so long established, and the operators not having any other business to flee to, that it will be in the power of any one man in a town to reduce the wages; and all the other manufacturers must follow. Then, when you are goaded with reductions and willing to flee your country, France and America will receive you with open arms; and then farewell to our commercial state. If ever it does arrive to this pitch, Parliament (if it be not then sitting) ought to be called together, and if it cannot redress your grievances, its power is at an end. Tell me not that Parliament cannot; it is omnipotent to protect."* I think it remarkable that Mr. Pitt at that day should have foreseen the questions which are before us at this moment; but is it not remarkable that he should have had the statesmanlike prudence of seeing that the remedy lies in the supreme control and protection of the law?

I have great respect for political economy. I entirely believe in the law of supply and demand, and free exchange and safety of capital, which are the first conditions of industry; but there is one point on which I am sorry to say I am a very lame political economist, and I cannot keep pace with others. I find political economists denouncing all interference, as they call it, of Parliament with the supply and demand in any form of any article whatsoever. But the principle of free-trade is not applicable to everything. Why is it not applicable? Because it is met and checked by a moral condition. There is no moral condition checking the multiplication of food and the multiplication of clothing — the multiplication of almost every article of life which is not easily susceptible of an abuse fatal to men and to society. Well, now, I am afraid I am going to tread upon difficult ground, but I must do so. I am one of those — which is of no importance, but Mr. Brassey is also one of those, and that is of a great deal more — who are of the opinion that the hours of labor must be further regulated by law. I know the difficulty of the subject; but I say the application of unchecked political economy to the hours of labor must be met and checked by a moral condition.

If the great end of life were to multiply yards of cloths and cotton twist, and if the glory of England consists or consisted in multiplying, without stint or limit, these articles and the like at the lowest possible price, so as to undersell all the nations of the world, well, then let us go on. But if the domestic life of the people be vital above all; if the peace, the purity of homes, the education of children, the duties of wives and mothers, the duties of husbands and of fathers, be written

* Pitt's Speech on the Arbitration Act, quoted in vol. xxiii., p. 1091, Hansard.

in the natural law of mankind, and if these things are sacred, far beyond anything that can be sold in the market — then, I say, if the hours of labor resulting from the unregulated sale of a man's strength and skill shall lead to the destruction of domestic life, to the neglect of children, to turning wives and mothers into living machines, and of fathers and husbands into — what shall I say — creatures of burden — I will not use any other word — who rise up before the sun and come back when it is set, wearied and able only to take food and to lie down to rest — the domestic life of men exists no longer, and we dare not go on in this path.

I know I am treading on a very difficult subject; but I feel confident of this, that we must face it, and that we must face it calmly, justly, and with a willingness to put labor and the profits of labor second — the moral state and the domestic life of the whole working population first. I will not venture to draw up such an Act of Parliament further than to lay down this principle.

I saw in my early days a good deal of what the homes of agricultural laborers were. With all their poverty they were often very beautiful. I have seen cottages with cottage-gardens, and with a scanty but bright furniture, a hearth glowing with peat, and children playing at the door; poverty was indeed everywhere, but happiness everywhere too. Well, I hope this may still be found in the agricultural districts. What may be the homes in our great manufacturing towns, I do not know, but the homes of the poor in London are often very miserable. The state of the houses — families living in single rooms, sometimes many families in one room, a corner apiece. These things cannot go on; these things ought not to go on. The accumulation of wealth in the land, the piling up of wealth like mountains, in the possession of classes or of individuals, cannot go on, if these moral conditions of our people are not healed. No commonwealth can rest on such foundations.

CARDINAL MANNING in a sermon on the characteristics of the age, preached lately in London, speaks as follows: What is the effect of the spirit of the world upon society? The effect of it is this: There was a time when the church, its feasts, its fasts, its customs, its traditions, ruled society. There was a time when individuals were weak, but society was strong; society was Christian, and if Christian men became weak, society held them up. Now society has put off its Christianity. Individuals retain their Faith, but the weight and current of society, which has lost its Christianity, are always bearing men down and carrying them away. Now the church has to wait upon the world for its time, its hours, its festivals. Christians and Catholics are carried away by the spirit of the world. The name of God is hardly mentioned in private life. When a number of people sit together, who ventures to mention the name of God? Who ventures to speak of any sacred thing? Once more, what little real charity there is amongst men at the present day! Lastly, there is a worldly piety, a phenomenon which I cannot explain. I do not know what to compare it to, except

a kaleidoscope, in which sometimes one color predominates, sometimes another; it is a combination of manifold tints. So it is sometimes in the lives of some people. There are scapulars and ball-dresses, novels and books of devotion. I will not go on. Is it not better to have a "single eye" and a firm spirit and to choose which master you will serve? The people of the world look to Catholics, and when they find one of us doing the same things as they do, they are not only scandalized, but they are disappointed. They look to us for better things, and they believe better things.

"Love" of the Irish Members.

WHAT a bother there is about retaining the Irish representatives in Westminster, and how delightful it must be to the recipients of these delicate and flattering attentions. On every side Radicals are declaring that they cannot and will not part with their beloved Irish members, and that they will consent to no bill that contains such a terrible divorce. Poor Father Tom Burke told an amusing story in one of his American lectures. In some city, we don't think he mentioned where, the voting was equal as to who should be Lord Mayor, so both parties hit upon a notable expedient by way of compromise. They agreed that the first man that entered the city gates after ten o'clock should be the Lord Mayor. So they seized on an honest Irish broom-maker as he entered the city, clad him in a scarlet robe, clapped him into a gilt coach, and carried him about in procession. On his way back he met his old mother, who had been hunting for him everywhere. The man's brain was so bewildered he didn't know her. "Oh, Patrick, darlint," she exclaimed, "don't you know your old mother?"—"Mother, jewel," replied the newly-elected Lord Mayor, "it would be hard for me when I don't know my own self." Father Tom used to apply the story to himself. That was the answer he said he would have been obliged to have given to the poor old mother in Galway that owned him if she looked in suddenly and saw her son lecturing to the elite of American society. We think the Irish Party might borrow a simile for themselves from the story. It must be a trying thing, and a startling, this sudden gush of affection on the part of the House of Commons. It must be quite sufficient to make them a bit doubtful of their own identities. They must wonder now and then do they really know themselves? Are they really the party that kept an impotently raging and cursing house out of its bed while the big hours of the night grew small and the small grew big four times in succession? Are they really the party that was gloriously expelled in violation of every rule, precedent, and principle of fair play because they fought fairly, if strenuously, to maintain the rights of their own country in an alien house? Are they really the party that did all these things, and are ready to do them again if occasion requires? Is it the same Radicals who gleefully voted their illegal expulsion that are now working heaven and earth to prevent their voluntary departure? It would seem they loved them all the time, though, like

Tennyson's heroine, they very successfully "hid their feelings, fearing they would do them wrong." But the Irish party are justified in addressing to their newly found and enthusiastic well-wishers the popular reproach —

> You might have dissembled your love;
> But why did you kick me down stairs?

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

Most Rev. Archbishop Taschereau.

THE news of Mgr. Taschereau's elevation to the purple is the subject of much rejoicing among the clergy and people of Canada. Elzear Alexander Taschereau, the first Canadian cardinal, was born at St. Mary's, Beauce, on the 16th of February, 1820, and is consequently now in his sixty-sixth year. His father was the Hon. Thomas Taschereau, a prominent member of the Old Lower Canadian Assembly, and one of the signers of the celebrated ninety-two resolutions with Papineau. His mother also belonged to a prominent and patriotic family, the Panets. He was educated at Quebec Seminary, and after completing his education received ecclesiastical tonsure at Rome on the 20th of May, 1837, at the hands of Mgr. Platte, Archbishop of Trebizond. He was ordained priest at Quebec on the 10th of September, 1847, volunteered for hospital service at Gresse Isle during the great typhus fever epidemic among Irish immigrants. Catching the disease he was brought to death's door and narrowly escaped paying the penalty of his life for his devotion. He entered Quebec Seminary as professor in 1849, becoming director of the Grand Seminary and Superior in 1859, second Rector of Laval University in 1860, succeeding L. J. Casault, its founder, as First Rector and Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Quebec to Archbishop Baillargeon. In 1854 he went to Rome, where he took degrees of canon law. On this occasion he was also the bearer to Pius IX., of the decrees of the Second Provincial Council of Canada. In 1871 he was deputed by the then Pope to carry back from Rome to Quebec, the bulls authorizing his own consecration as bishop in partibus and coadjutor to Archbishop Baillargeon, with the right of succession to the archepiscopal see; but on his return to Quebec and before his consecration could take place, Archbishop Baillargeon died, whereupon on the 19th of March of the same year Mgr. Taschereau was consecrated as Archbishop of Quebec, Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, officiating. The new cardinal, who is a brother of ex-Judge Jean Thomas Taschereau, and uncle of Judges Elzear Taschereau of the Supreme Court, Henri T. Taschereau of the Superior Court and Mr. Taschereau, M. P. for Beauce, is the last survivor of the priests who signed the petition for the royal charter of Laval University, and has been identified with the progress of that great institution ever since having been sent to Rome with the late Mgr. Horan, Bishop of Kingston, to defend its interests there in

1865. It was at Archbishop Taschereau's instance that the late lamented Bishop Conroy came to Canada as apostolic ablegate. On Mgr. Conroy's death, Mgr. Smeulders was deputed by the Pope to finish the work left uncompleted by his predecessor. The Laval troubles were ended, and its future prosperity secured. In 1874, Mgr. Taschereau presided over the bi-centenary of the foundation of the See of Quebec, which was celebrated by Bishop Laval with great solemnity, when there were present archbishops and bishops from several dioceses in Canada and the United States detached from the old diocese of Quebec, which at one time extended to the Rocky Mountains and the Gulf of Mexico.

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU.

The new cardinal is a man of rare personal merit. Under an appearance of severity he conceals a most kindly nature, and while dignified and reserved, his manner is exceedingly gentle. He is a profound theologian, and a zealous churchman.

The consecration will probably take place at Montreal, in the Church of Notre Dame, which is the largest and most suitable edifice for such a service. It was there, in 1873, that the same prelate was consecrated archbishop in the presence of twenty thousand people, then the seating capacity of the spacious building. The Canadian Knights of the Order of St. Gregory, and St. Sylvester of Pius IX.,

who number between one hundred and two hundred, have ordered from Rome the uniform of the orders, and purpose serving as a guard of honor to the Papal nuncio and as a guard nobile to his Eminence on the occasion of the presentation of the beretta. They also purpose sending a delegation to be present at the ceremony of Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore. To the great majority of the population of the Dominion, Catholic and Protestant alike, the appointment is a most popular one.

Knights of Labor.

Much has been said in relation to a Pastoral issued by the new cardinal in relation to the Knights of Labor. Here it is; it speaks for itself.

Serious riots, attended with disastrous conflagration and great loss of life, have just occurred in a great number of cities in the United States, and if the newspapers are to be believed, these misfortunes are the result of strikes organized by a society whose ramifications extend everywhere, and counting as its membership laboring classes of every kind. Having learned that delegates of a society known as the Knights of Labor had endeavored to recruit members in some parts of this province, we believe it our duty, dear brethren, to place you on your guard against it; and please remark that we do not speak in our own name, but in that of the Holy See, whose advice we have asked. In fact, during the month of October, 1883, we sent to Rome an authentic copy of the rules and constitution of the above society, which copy had been handed to us by one of its members, who wished to find out what right or wrong there was in it. Almost one year after, the Congregation of the Holy office, after having examined these constitutions, with all the necessary precautions in such a case, sent us the following answer, which should be for you an absolute rule of conduct and keep you away from the society of the Knights of Labor. Following is the translation:

"On account of the principles, organization and statutes of the Knights of Labor association, that association is to be relegated among those which are prohibited by the Holy See, in accordance with the instruction of this supreme congregation given on the 10th May, 1884."

We do not ignore, dear brethren, that to elude this direct condemnation it was believed that certain changes, or alterations in the constitution, would suffice. In connection with this we might remark two things:

1. That the judgment being based on the principles, organization, and statutes of the society, everything would have to be altered so as not to be reached by the condemnation.

2. That the Holy See is the only competent judge to decide whether the changes made are apt to render this society acceptable for children of the Church.

While waiting for this decision a Catholic must consider the society a forbidden one. The Congregation of the Holy Office continues to exhort the bishops to use against this society, and all similar ones, the means explained in the instruction of the 10th of May, 1884, that is to say, to look upon as guilty of grievous sin, and unworthy of absolution, all those who persist to remain in it. Therefore adopt as a

general rule, dear brethren, to never enlist yourselves in these societies, especially when this is proposed by a stranger, before you have taken your pastor's advice. This will avert from you many difficulties, sometimes dangers for your life and fortune. Beware of it all the more for the reason that they are covered with the veil of an honest object which might impose on you very easily. Under the pretext of protecting poor working-men against the rich and powerful, who would oppress them, the heads and instigators of these societies seek to get rich and raise themselves in the world at the expense of the unfortunate and oftentimes too credulous working-men. They sound very high, the honey-coated words of "mutual protection and charity," so as to retain their victims in a continual agitation, and to foment troubles, disorder and injustice. Then there result for the working-men two great misfortunes. First, they expose themselves to lose their faith, their good customs, and every sentiment of honesty and justice in associating themselves with strangers, who unfortunately show themselves very cunning in communicating to them their own perversity. Then we have witnessed here, as in France, England, and the United States, that sad result of these conspiracies against public tranquillity. The poor working-men were left with nothing less than deep misery, a total ruin of industries which gave them daily bread, and afterward the rigor of human justice has added to it exemplary punishments. Believe it well, dear brethren, when your pastors and confessors endeavor to draw you away from these societies, they prove themselves your sincere and true friends. You would be very blind should you despise their advise to listen to strangers and unknown persons who smile upon you so as to rob you afterwards, and who give you all sorts of seductive promises, so as to precipitate you in the abyss whence they take good care not to aid you to come out. Therefore, and the holy name of God being invoked, we order what follows :

First — That the present mandement shall be read in all the churches and chapels the first Sunday after its reception.

Second — After its reading a Pater and Ave will be recited for the conversion of all those who have had the misfortune to enter a society prohibited by the Church.

Given at Quebec, etc.

(Signed) E. A., *Archbishop of Quebec.*

Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, Canada, having been shown Archbishop Taschereau's *mandement* to the Roman Catholics of Quebec regarding the Knights of Labor, and, in reply to the question as to the attitude of the church in Ontario towards the Knights, he said that as far as Ontario was concerned, the church did not antagonize the Knights. The constitution of the organization was sent to Rome to see whether it would meet the approval of the Holy See. The constitution was returned with condemnation. A second one, however, further amended to meet the objections found in the first, was despatched to the Holy See, and is still under consideration. Meanwhile the Church in Ontario, while waiting the decision of Rome, does not order

any Catholics who may have joined to resign from membership, but simply forbids any Catholic from becoming a member until Rome finally decides for or against the order. Regarding the present labor troubles, His Grace said arbitration was the only method to end peacefully the difficulty between capital and labor. Pay all employés honestly and fairly, even a little more than a little less, and let the public that are served by the labor of others pay their part. Railroad men especially, should be well remunerated, as their work is most important and dangerous. If directors of roads cannot afford to pay their men properly at present rates let them put on a few cents extra on passenger fares and freight rates. The public can afford it and would prefer it to strikes and unsafe service. The same rule applies to all branches of industry. It appeared to him to be the object of corporations to serve the public at the cheapest rate at the expense of hard-worked laboring men and women. Let corporations be contented with less gains and become rich gradually; let unfair competition cease, and let gentlemen who want to employ labor give the proper value for it.

What Cardinal Gibbons has to Say.

The Archbishop of Baltimore having been interviewed by a newspaper reporter, gave his views fully, as he desired to remove some false impressions which have lately gained circulation. Said he:

"Archbishop Taschereau's condemnation of the Knights of Labor should not be taken as the sentiment of the Church towards the organization. I am not familiar with the labor organization in Quebec; but it is certain that the archbishop's hostility grew out of some local laws or conduct of the Knights which are contrary to the doctrines of the Church. As to the Knights of Labor organization in the United States, I have not thoroughly examined their constitution nor studied their purposes, yet from reading the newspapers, and Mr. Powderly's public statements, I infer that the objects of the Knights are praiseworthy and in no way opposed to the views of the Church. The Catholic prelates will to a man declare in favor of the organization of labor. There can be no wrong in such a course as that. Organization is the basis of all progress—political, social and religious. Only when it is abused does the Church raise her voice and call out her children."

"Was it not on account of secret pledges taken by the Knights that Archbishop Taschereau hurled on them his anathema?" asked the correspondent.

"That I do not know," replied the Cardinal. "As I told you, I have no knowledge of the workings of the local societies in Canada. Whether or not such pledges are taken by the Knights here is a question on which more light should be thrown by their leaders. Vicar-General Conway, of Chicago, who examined the constitution of the body carefully, assures me that it bears no resemblance to that of the Free Masons, Odd Fellows and other organizations which the Church has always antagonized. A distinction must be made, too, as to the nature of the secret pledges. As the Church has been greatly misrep-

resented on this point, I would like you to state clearly its position. We hold that if a man joins a society, swearing never to reveal any of its workings, no matter how criminal, and to obey the dictates of its officers blindly, he surrenders his personal liberty, becomes a slave to his fellow-men, and cannot partake of the Sacraments of the Church. Such an oath is taken by the prevalent secret societies, hence their condemnation by the clergy. On the other hand, if a man joins an organization, swearing to keep secret its workings, with the proviso *that nothing therein shall be contrary to the laws of the land, to his conscience, and religious tenets*, we hold that his action is perfectly justifiable. The whole question as to the Church's attitude toward the Knights of Labor depends on which of these oaths the members take. If the latter, and in accordance with Mr. Powderly's statements, then the Church says to the Knights, 'God speed you.' If, however, the absolute, blind pledge is taken, no matter how laudable the objects of the society are, the Church can never countenance it, and will call on her children to withdraw under the pain of excommunication. So everything depends on the proviso. Don't understand me as criticising Archbishop Taschereau. He is the primate of the Church in Canada, and would not have taken such decisive action without a firm conviction that the local Knights had something in their laws or pursued some methods that were against the Church's doctrines."

"Is it true that the Pope will condemn the Knights of Labor, as was cabled recently from Rome?"

"I understand that the Pope is examining the constitution," was the reply; "but what the result will be I cannot say. Anyhow you may state his course will be regulated by the principles I have stated regarding the Church's doctrines on secrecy."

"Does the Church condemn the action of the striking Knights, who by force prevent others from taking their places?"

"Most certainly," replied the Cardinal. "While every man has a right to stop work whenever he pleases, he is not justified in preventing others from selling their labor at whatever price they wish, and if he does so he sins against the laws of the land and the laws of God."

A Protestant Tribute to the Catholic Clergy.

A CORRESPONDENT of a London daily paper, writing of the Catholic clergy of the United States, pays them the following tribute:—

They (the priests) exert a curious influence over the minds of a great mass of men who owe them no spiritual allegiance. "Indifferentism" exists among the Americans to a far greater extent than is generally supposed. The men who have fallen into this mode of thought have generally been educated Protestants; but their church has wholly lost its hold upon them and they have drifted away into what is not exactly infidelity, but which practically comes very near to it. "I live

in a boarding-house on the avenue," said an American friend to me the other day, "where there are twenty-five gentlemen and fifteen ladies. Three of the gentlemen — two of them Catholics — go to church; the other twenty-two never go. Seven of the ladies are Catholics and go to church; the other eight never go. And I think you will find this the proportion all over the country, among the richer part of the community." Now these "Indifferentist" Americans somehow or other come to conceive a curious respect and esteem for the Roman Catholic priests — a respect and esteem, I am sorry to say, which they in nowise extend to the Protestant clergy. They see these priests hard at work, devoting their time to the service which has no earthly reward, and denying themselves all share in the joys and delights of this life; and doing this, by the way, not with sour faces and canting voices, but heartily, as a matter of business, as if they liked it.

The Protestant clergyman of New York has his fine house, his pretty wife, his family of beautiful children, his books, his pictures, and his friends to amuse him, and ten thousand dollars a year to live on; and he gives, in return, for all this, two sermons a week. The Catholic priest, on the other hand, lives in an humble parsonage at the back of his church; he is the servant of a parish of twenty-five thousand souls; he says Mass every day, and two mostly every Sunday; he hears confessions by the hundreds, visits the sick, buries the dead, reproves the erring, baptizes the babies; is the father, friend and counsellor of all the poor in his parish; is seen diving down into the dark cellars, or toiling up the narrow stairs of tenement houses, to carry the Viaticum to the dying; is found at the hospital, the jail, and the house of correction, and wears himself out in endless toil; and all he gets for it is the food he eats and the clothes he wears. Now this strikes the mind of the keen American, who detests cant and humbug, and who honors earnest and honest work; and, in spite of all his prejudices, he insensibly conceives an admiration and respect for this priest, and that he would like to do him a good turn.

"When we first went into action," said a gentleman who had served as a volunteer in the late war, while relating to me some of his adventures, "our brigade was very nervous, and as we had to stand still, and occasionally to receive some stray shots from the enemy, we felt uncomfortable and in need of something to stiffen us up. In the course of half an hour, the line in advance of us had a number of men shot down. It was an Irish regiment; and presently I saw their chaplain, a Catholic priest, going through the field, kneeling down by each wounded man and staying with him for some minutes, although the bullets were rattling around quite lively. Our chaplain, who was a Methodist minister, all this time was lying behind a haystack, reading his Bible and drinking buttermilk. I have had a liking for the Roman Catholics ever since."

HAVE order, system, regularity, and also promptness.

June.

O LOVELY June, sweet giver of young roses,
A wild and tearful spring has vexed us long,
Chiding the opening bud and wood-bird's song,
But now her wilful reign unwilling closes!
O fill thy lap with flowers, and come to us,
Leaning thy face, with soft carnations glowing,
Out of the fragrant boughs, from southward blowing,
And let us see thee in thy beauty thus!
Now we will track thee through mysterious alleys
Of long-enchanted forest greenly dim —
The mossy quire of moonstruck nightingales;
Or, waked by faint notes when the darkness pales,
Fleeing along the ocean's kindling rim,
We'll follow thee across the rose-wreathed valleys!

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

Condemnation of Anarchists and Socialists.

Upon the occasion of the dedication of the Church of the Holy Cross (German), Archbishop Gibbons referred to the recent disturbances in Chicago. Upon this subject his Grace spoke as follows:— "The events of the past few days clearly show that there comes to this country a small but dangerous class of men who boldly preach the gospel of anarchy, socialism, and nihilism. These men are land pirates upon the trade and industry of the country. Their favorite weapon is dynamite, and their mission is to pull down rather than to build up. Instead of trying to strengthen the hands of the government, that protects and upholds them, they strive to hamper and destroy it. Instead of blessing the mother that opens her arms to receive them, they insult and strike her. If these men had their own way, industry would be paralyzed, honest labor would be unrewarded, and gaunt poverty would stalk over the land. They wish the lion's share for themselves, and leave only a morsel for others. So long as our fellow-citizens love our common country, cherish her institutions, and are ready to protect and defend them at the risk of their lives, we have nothing to fear from anarchy or nihilism. Anarchy is a foreign plant. It is a poisonous exotic, which grows only in dark places, and which will wither and decay under the genial sun and pure air of America. As we all desire the perpetuity of our free institutions, so we must condemn in every possible way, any attempt to disturb the public peace, hamper the execution of the laws, or paralyze industry." The archbishop then exhorted the people to beware of dangerous and forbidden societies, to beware of all demagogues, and to be always ready to grant to others the same liberty and tolerance that they exact for themselves.

Southern Sketches.

XXII.

HOMEWARD BOUND. — FERNANDINA, THE UPPER ST. JOHN'S. — NEW YORK.

We came in sight of Fernandina, Florida, after two days' sailing. We anchored outside the town, and had to wait for the tide to rise. While resting we observed and admired a large number of jelly-fish that were floating freely and gracefully in the water. One of the officers of the vessel let down a bucket and captured one. When brought on deck all gathered around to see it. It was a Portuguese man-of-war, shaped like a disk, charming in color, jelly-like and transparent. Its numerous and beautiful tentacles were exceedingly delicate and glossy. It soon sickened out of its element, and when restored to the sea it needed considerable time to regain its vitality. As the tide was now at a suitable height we steamed towards the dock. We admired the beautiful land-locked harbor, the old red brick forts, the waving meadow land, and the distant islands, with their white, sandy shores.

On calling at the Catholic rectory I was most warmly received by the genial and scholarly pastor, Father O'Boyle. His church is a neat stone edifice and is situated in one of the nicest parts of the town. A large, new brick residence (built by the pastor) adjoins it, and when the young orange and other fruit trees in its yard grow large it will look a very lovely, cosy spot. During the few days that Father O'Boyle obliged me to stay with him we visited the charming suburbs of Oldtown, which is reached by hard shell roads and a long plank walk over beautiful salt meadows. There I saw many quaint old houses, gardens, and smooth, green, grassy streets. A tall lookout stands in the place. We went on top, and from it could see for a considerable distance to the north, savannas, woods and seas to the south, vast groves of cedars, a pretty cemetery and several houses, to the east, the ocean and hills, and to the west Cumberland Sound, St. Mary's and Newtown with its church spires and shipping. Near the church is a very neat and well-kept park owned by a Catholic lady. Father O'Boyle drove me out to see the ocean beach, which extends for miles, forming a wide, hard plain of sand. It is deservedly celebrated. On another occasion we went in the steamer *Plant* to Cumberland Island over the way, to visit the well-known and picturesque ruins of Dungeness. The morning was very bright, and a band of colored musicians, dressed in gaudy costume, played and sung songs like "The Golden Slipper," as the balmy breezes fanned our faces. The walk to the ruin was through the heart of a fine semi-tropical forest. Silence and solitude reigned there, and the noble oaks, cypresses and magnolias with their pendant, silky mosses one could never grow tired of observing. The estate of ten thousand acres was formerly donated by the State of Georgia to

General Nathaniel Green in recognition of his services during the Revolution. The splendid old mansion, whose giant ruins one now beheld, was burned during the war, and grass, weeds and trees now grew inside these stout, concrete walls, where beauty, wealth and happiness once flourished. We admired the wide lawns, the two jawbones of a whale, each fifteen feet long, which once formed the arch of a gateway, the groves of olive-trees, the cherokee roses, figs and sago palms. Though the place was greatly neglected, and several fine fruit-trees and plants stolen and destroyed by negro squatters after the war, still its present owner hopes to make it, in the course of time, one of the most fruitful and beautiful estates in the South. We visited a little graveyard, down in the woods, near the shore, about half a mile from the ruins. It was a lonely, weird-looking spot. We saw the grave of General Lee, of revolutionary fame, also two graves near each other with a cross above them. Here were buried the son and grandson of Mr. William Davis the present owner of the place. His son Bernard was a convert to the Catholic Church, and died of grief having accidentally killed his beloved son while shooting birds on the lawn. He was attended in his last moments by Father O'Boyle. Fernandina is destined to become an important town yet. Its situation, harbor and climate are all in its favor. Malaria is a stranger there. A new railroad can carry the traveller to Jacksonville in less than an hour. The good sisters attached to the church have built a large, new convent, and a flourishing Catholic congregation of whites and blacks exist in the place. Had I space I could describe hundreds of delightful scenes and reminiscences connected with Fernandina. I shall never forget the courtesy, good-nature and hospitality of Father O'Boyle. Enterprise, on the St. John's and the Indian Rivers, according to my programme, were the next to be seen.

After once more visiting my clerical and lay friends in Jacksonville, I started one afternoon by the steamer *Florence* for the Upper St. John's. The scenes on the way to Walaka have been already described. The boat made no stops between Jacksonville and Palatka. On going on deck next morning, I saw San Mateo resting on a sloping bank, backed by large, noble trees and adorned with orange groves. Pretty white houses gleamed in the sun amid deep, green bowers. We saw small steam yachts and numerous little coves and creeks full of lily pads. As we advanced the river became narrower, vines laden with blossoms over fifty feet high embraced the trunks of big cypress trees, and little isles covered with gum and sweet bay were washed by the foam made by our boat. We noticed great turtles resting on the logs rubbing their burnished noses against the glossy wood and winking at the sunshine. After ploughing our way through Lake George, a splendid sheet of water, we came to Velusia, a pretty little place. The St. John's and Lake Eustis Railroad terminates here, and near the depot we observed pale, aguish-looking Crackers smoking enormous long pipes. The noise of the boat frightened birds from their solitudes, and rows of palmettoes extended on each side for miles. We saw thousands of short, black stumps over white and gray mosses above the water, on skeleton trees, scabby fibrous palm roots, and birds overhead. Then

the river widened, forming a water wilderness on either side, where reeds, lily pads and green bonnets bloomed. The soft waves like molten silver, bathed the lilies. They received the kissing swells with charming grace, dived, rose again, and again sunk down, their lovely caps dripping with glittering spray. Verdant banks again appeared. An occasional hoary cypress skeleton stood amid living trees, looking sad and lonely, yet enhancing the loveliness of its luxuriant neighbors by comparison with its own barrenness. Some tree, once lovely and admired, decays and falls heart broken on the breast of a friendly neighbor, which lets its mossy and blossoming tresses adorn its ghostly form, and thus give it a show of bloom and beauty though wrapped in death.

Away to the right were dreamy-looking watery lanes, with beds of cresses and lilies in full bloom. Wild fowl were swimming and diving between flowery islets. The sun was sinking, and the vermilion mists of the west fell on the waving palm groves, wild conservatories, grassy bowers, and undulating waves making the latter look like distillations of an indefinite number of rubies. Never before did I witness such a strange, grand scene. It was worth travelling miles to see.

Blue Spring is one of the most charming landings on the river. All around it looked clean and sparkling. The tops of the palmettoes above the green wood under the golden heavens looked like umbrellas, with parts of the trunks for handles, held there, as it were, to shield the delicate foliage from the burning glare of the sun.

We soon arrived at Sanford, a large settlement, with a fine hotel and several stores. Enterprise lies on the opposite side, both places fronting on Lake Monroe. The Brock House was the first object that attracted our attention on arriving at Enterprise. It is a large, frame building, with handsome front-door yard, containing tropical fruit trees and flowers. I stopped here for a day and night. The proprietor, table and waiters are very satisfactory.

A pleasant walk here is to Green Sulphur Spring, about one mile from the hotel. To go there you pass through the beautiful gardens of Colonel J. H. Bodine, a Northern gentleman, who has been residing for some years in the South. His lovely house stands amid undulating groves. What is now an Eden was once a wilderness; of the old timber only the peaceful palmettoes remain. This courteous gentleman showed me his extensive pineapple patches, his two thousand orange trees, one thousand of which were bearing, his twenty thousand nursery ones and his flourishing slip of one of the orange trees that grew in that part of the Holy Land where Solomon landed the cedars for his temple. It differs from the other trees in being almost thornless. Here grew in great abundance tube roses, Spanish lilies, young olives, soft shell almonds, oleanders bearing different flowers, and tea and coffee plants. Quite a curiosity was a little island in the centre, full of sweet gum and bay trees, surrounded by green sulphur spring water. Four different springs, though very close to each other, had each a different taste; the first had the flavor of iron, the second of pure water, the third of strong sulphur and the fourth of mild sulphur. On our way to the big spring I had to pass over beds of roses and blue flowers. The fields

in March were full of red and white phlox. The peach, Japan plum, cherry and orange trees were in blossom, and the air was pure and fragrant. The spring, which I soon reached, was eighty feet deep and one hundred feet in diameter, of a beautiful pale green color. In the Brock House Park, near the hotel, I saw a wonderful curiosity called Benson's Salt Water Spring. Though miles upon miles from the ocean, it had the flavor of the sea.

A little steamer leaves Enterprise occasionally for New Smyrna, on the Indian River. The journey, though slow, is very interesting, especially for those who love to see wild-water fowl and alligators.

The neighborhood of the Indian River is wonderfully mild and balmy, though it abounds in mosquitoes. You never tire of gazing on the lovely silent banks and savannas, the shining waters and the great flocks of pelicans down the stream. Here you enter the heaven of the naturalist, where woods, sky and waters, where birds, fish, lovely shells and drowsy air affect the heart like divinest music.

After seeing those fairy scenes I returned to Jacksonville, bade adieu to my friends, and then sailed for Savannah, Ga., by the beautiful *Sea Islands* on my way home. On my arrival at Savannah I had the pleasure of meeting Father O'Dwyre, my former clerical friend in Jacksonville, also Fathers Keveny of Cohoes, Carmody of Vermont, and Mr. John Burke of Worcester. I stopped with them in the snug quarters attached to St. Joseph's Infirmary, which was very ably managed by the Sisters of Mercy. To describe the delightful spots visited in and outside the city, the pleasant hours passed amid Savannah's best Catholic society; the kindness of bishop, priests, sisters and physicians in attendance would be to write a book. Space I have not in this article. Savannah is the green city of the South, a most delightful spot in spring. Its beautiful cathedral, convent and churches, fine library, handsome park with gorgeous fountains, always droll and funny negroes, streets, squares, monuments, fine private mansions, its beautiful drives, charming suburbs, hermitage, market gardens, and thousands of other attractions make it a place of endless interest to the stranger. After a couple of months' residence there I regretted to leave it, but as I was obliged to be home, I accompanied Mr. Burke with his mocking birds on board the fine steamer *City of Macon*, early in May, on the voyage North. The weather during our trip was delightful; the sea scenery always grand, and after a few days' sailing we woke up one fine morning to see ourselves at the steamer's wharf in New York. The land of palms and orange groves was far away. I was now at home.

THE END. REV. M. W. NEWMAN.

IT should be a strict rule in every Catholic family to make the children return home every evening at an early and a certain hour. When children leave school and go to work they begin the habit of keeping late hours, and in a short time cannot be broken of it. If from their school-days they were trained to do otherwise, fewer parents would be cursed with bad children.

The Donnybeg Schoolmaster.

From the French of Mlle. Thérèse-Alphonse Karr.* By Th. Xr. K.

JAMES O'LEARY was a schoolmaster of great attainments — I won't say a word against it — but of reputation greater still. All the farmers of the district looked upon him as a prodigy; and he confirmed them in their opinion by telling them in several foreign tongues what they might not have already understood if he had told it to them in their mother-tongue. His school was the best attended for fifty miles around. Nevertheless, when he was asked about the number of his scholars he never acknowledged more than a very modest figure. The reason was that, according to him, not one of the urchins who crowded his class deserved the honor of being named, or even of being counted, if he was content with learning the vulgar tongue, writing, and arithmetic. All these were "vulgarians," which was as much as to say they were nothing at all. When they took Homer up, well and good. The "Virgilians" were inscribed in beautiful characters on the catalogue of the Donnybeg school. But the "Homerians," otherwise called the Greeks, were the master's chief pride. Why couldn't he give an exhibition of his Greeks and dumfound that pack of ignoramuses in the Dublin College?

It must be known that the Dublin College had adopted the "National School" system, that is, schools where no dead language was taught, but English alone, pre-eminently a living and utilitarian tongue. James O'Leary despised and detested nothing in this world so much as he did that system. An intellectual education without Latin and Greek was no intellectual education at all. Any man who had not learned Latin or Greek didn't deserve the name of man.

Perhaps it would not be out of the way to enquire, too, how it was of that the five or six "Homerians" or Greeks of Donnybeg, there were almost regularly two or three who had no shoes and whose clothes were kept from falling off them in shreds only by dint of an extraordinary amount of darning.

It was because the Donnybeg school was an asylum generously open to "poor scholars." Children who put themselves to so much trouble to obtain an education hardly ever lack intellect or determination. So there is nothing astonishing in seeing them soon reach the head of the class into which they have the good fortune to be admitted.

So it had been, in days gone by, with James O'Leary himself. He had been a poor scholar; he, too, had travelled the country over, begging

*Mademoiselle Thérèse-Alphonse Karr published a few years ago a volume entitled *Croquis Irlandais* (Irish Sketches), which I may yet put into English. One of the tales I here endeavor to reproduce. The fair authoress does not make the characters speak in a manner that would indicate brogue or very bad grammar, and the stuff now called brogue on the stage, and in print, so exasperates both my ear and eye that I shall attempt nothing of the sort, for fear of making myself similarly odious to my readers. As it stands, I believe the little sketch will find favor.

his intellectual bread; he, too, had often paid for his "bed and bite and sup" by giving lessons to the children in the cottages that gave him shelter night after night. Long did he remember this, and the remembrance was converted into compassion for other poor scholars. The house was especially hospitable to them after James had married a kind-hearted woman, Mary Byrne. Somewhat severe, somewhat pedantic, and somewhat particular, he was, for all that, on the whole, a good husband — perhaps, because his wife was an excellent wife. I say excellent in affection and devotedness, but I am sorry that I must except learning; it would be impossible for me to say that she excelled in it. Must I confess that Mary, intelligent and docile in everything else, could never, even under the direction of her learned spouse, succeed in mastering her A B C?

James's generosity brought him good luck. Many of his charity scholars took their degree with high honors. Several entered the Catholic Ecclesiastical College of Maynooth, founded at the end of the last century under the name of St. Patrick's.

At the time that we make the acquaintance of the Donnybeg master, there was every reason to hope that they would become distinguished priests. These results added to the reputation of the school. Not only poor scholars but the sons of rich farmers, too, came to solicit James O'Leary's teaching. They boarded in the neighborhood and paid well for their lessons.

He soon made considerable profit; I mean for one who lives in a retired little place, and does not even know what it is to sacrifice one's self to the obligations of society. Neither fine clothes nor entertainments prevented his hoard from enlarging. A time came when the Donnybeg schoolmaster put a slate roof on his house (it's the talk of the parish of Donnybeg to this day); he placed on each gable a round stone, one representing the celestial and the other the terrestrial sphere; he paved his little yard with a multiplication table of black and white stones; he built a pavilion, on geometrical principles he asserted, whose interior was decorated with geometrical figures, circles, squares, triangles, and all sorts of figures, one more instructive than the other. If scholars used to come to O'Leary before, they fairly rained on him when his "Tusculum" was completed.

And he had his name, James O'Leary, painted on a Gothic arcade above the iron gate. For there was an iron gate; only — the result of inveterate custom — it always remained open for want of a latch.

Now, I shall not try to explain what relation there could be between slates, and big round stones, and little black and white stones, and the pavilion, and the iron gate, — and the schoolmaster's heart.

Nevertheless, certain it is that about the very time these magnificences made their appearance there happened in that heart something that did not go very well.

Master O'Leary began to think that learning is of some value, particularly as a means of attaining wealth.

He was very civil to dunces whose parents were rich, and he might be heard at every opportunity reprimanding one of his first-class Greeks who was only a poor scholar.

These were the first symptoms. Everybody knows how an evil thought, simply tolerated at first, quickly gains ground, and, perhaps, even seizes on the whole ground.

It was not long before the schoolmaster began to ask himself, and often and often again, this question: "What use is there in taking so much trouble with lads one can never expect any profit from?"

He had never said this openly to any one; but he had whispered it to himself so much and so many times that his most beautiful mathematical calculations could never have given him the total, — when, one evening, he saw his wife set about a non-mathematical operation, in a certain iron jug.

James knew that jug well: it was reserved for delicate culinary preparations — those especially which were made only in case of sickness, or at least of pretty serious illness — for instance, a bowl of gruel or nourishing broth.

He was not ignorant, besides, of the fact that the little jug had been taken out of the dresser in honor of the Greek of whom we have spoken awhile back. The poor child was so ill that he had not appeared in his class for several days.

And Mary poured out, and turned, and tasted, and poured again to change the taste of the mixture.

Master O'Leary slowly shook the ashes out of his pipe, and closed his volume of Homer, the leaves of which were soiled by continual use.

"Mary," he said, "couldn't you remain sitting at your wheel, now that the day is almost done and nature is becoming soporific,— which signifies, as all the ancients will tell you, an invitation to repose?"

"In a minute, man dear. This is for poor Aby. He's sick out and out, indeed he is, and you know very well that there isn't a one in the house where he's stoppin' that knows how to make him a cup o' gruel. As soon as I'm done, I'll sit down."

"And why should you not sit down immediately? Why remain standing, wasting your time, not to mention the gruel, and the sweet milk, and"— he was going to say "the sour milk," but he was ashamed, and he concluded, "and other things, for one who is no good to us?"

Just then Mary was pouring the whey out drop by drop, holding the curds back carefully with a horn spoon. When she heard this, she stopped short in great surprise.

"One who is no good to us?" she repeated. "Is it Aby your talkin' about? Abel the Homerian, Abel the Greek? One who is no good to us? Your best scholar is no good to us? You didn't say that the day his old grandmother (God bless her! he has nobody but her in the world, poor child!) walked ten miles for nothing but to see him at the head of your class, and when she did see him she said she'd die with a satisfied heart. Good for nothin' — Abel the Grecian!"

"I know all that very well," the schoolmaster replied, not without a certain dignity. "Nevertheless, I must tell you, Mary, we are beginning, I shall not say to grow old, but to enter upon middle age — the meridian is past, in fact — and our means will not allow us to squander on scapegraces like Abel."

"James!" exclaimed Mary.

"In fact, Mary, we must come to a point — to a period, I mean —" he drew a deep and painful breath. The dignity which he had maintained so far turned into remarkable embarrassment. Then he concluded bluntly: "In a word, to a period when we shall receive no more poor scholars."

"Oh, James, it can't be possible that I'm hearin' you say such things! Never did one o' them poor scholars come into the house but it seemed to be that I felt a breeze from heaven comin' in with him. Did we ever miss the crumbs I let them have? My heart dances in me when I hear the sweet sound o' their bare feet on the floor, and the door opens itself to let 'em come in."

"Nevertheless, we ought to take care of ourselves first," the schoolmaster replied.

Mary thought, in her humble wisdom, that, just then, she should finish what she had begun. She closed the orifice of the jug with a big red apple, called a child of one of the neighbors, who had taken permission to come and hop about on one leg on the famous multiplication table, and asked him to go right away to the house where Abel was stopping that week. "You tell him to take this gruel while it's right hot, then not to think about anything but sayin' his prayers an' goin' to sleep. An' you shall have the apple for goin' the errand. D'ye understand?"

He understood it all, especially the apple. Then Mrs. O'Leary moved her wheel in front of her hushand and began to spin.

"I always thought, James," said she, "that Abel was your great favorite; although you did seem to be gettin' distant towards him this while back. I'm sure he's a scholar you got a great deal o' reputation by."

"All he ever will get me," growled O'Leary.

"Oh, don't say that! Surely there's the blessing, too, an' that's something better. And besides, James, honey, all the knowledge you give away don't lessen what you have in your head, which always surprises me, for it's a great wonder. If I only take a handful of flour out o' the bag now an' then, the bag gets empty. Your head 's better than flour; you're always taking it out, and there's always as much left."

"Mary, agra, you're a foolish woman!" James replied, but he smiled. The illustrious schoolmaster was only a man after all, and all men are sensitive to flattery, even of the simplest woman.

"An' that's another reason," she continued, "why you shouldn't be afraid to give your learning to those who need it; it does them a great deal of good and don't do you any harm."

No reply, but the smile was not entirely effaced. She continued: —

"Don't you think, my dear, that a red head's lucky?"

"Everybody thinks so; but what concerns me more is that the ancients highly esteemed that color."

"Well, then, see here! the gossoon that was talkin' to me this morning had besides that a lucky mark like you, under the left eye."

"What gossoon?"

"A poor creature, carrying his class-books tied with a strap on his back, an' his Sunday clothes in a bundle under his arm. It seemed to

me I was looking at you, a little boy, startin' out to find a school, like you've so often told me, darling — just the same, your books on your back an' a spare suit under your arm."

"What did he want of you?" asked the schoolmaster, all his bad humor returning. Kind-hearted, simple Mary had made a blunder. She judged of her husband's feelings from her own character. The difficulties of the past contrasted with the prosperity of the present inclined her to kindness. It was not the same with him, or, at least, it was no longer the same. She soon perceived that she had lost ground, but the conversation had reached that point that there was no longer a chance of retreat.

"Nothing from me," she replied, "but from you — six months' teaching, to make a man of him; that's all."

Mrs. O'Leary, who did not know her A B C, nevertheless, knew very well, from her scholastic experience, that six months' lessons were not enough to make a man of a boy, that is, according to the acceptation adopted at Donnybeg, to teach a boy Latin and Greek. But it would not do to ask too much at once.

Notwithstanding the modesty of her request, the good woman found herself none the less confronted with the dreadful question: —

"Six months' teaching — and has he the money to pay for the six months' teaching?"

"I didn't ask, indeed. With the little that people collect for him, a travelling scholar has enough to do to get a shelter over his head and a mouthful of bread, without giving money to a rich man like you, James O'Leary. No, no, I didn't think he'd bring you anything — only the comfort it gives your sleep during the night and your work during the day to do a service to a Christian."

"Mary," the schoolmaster replied, in a loud and determined tone, "that all amounts to absolutely nothing."

Mrs. O'Leary jumped from her chair. Then she looked at him attentively and anxiously. He was as hard-looking as though a man of flesh and blood, he had been metamorphosed into a man of stone.

"The Lord be good to us!" she exclaimed; "speak again, so that I may see if it's really yourself."

James laughed — not a jolly or witty laugh, but a dry, little, miserable, parsimonious laugh — a miser's laugh.

Before he had time to make another answer, the door opened gently, timidly, and a shock of red hair, surmounting a pale, thin face, was projected forward. By the way that the head was stretched out, considerably in advance of the body, any one who was an expert in timidity would have known that the feet could hardly lift themselves from the ground to approach.

"Here's the boy I was talkin' about to you," said Mary simply. "Come in, the master himself is home now, explain yourself to him, my darling."

The boy advanced the whole of his slight and delicate frame, his shoulders bent by study and privations. From beneath his prominent brows his eyes gave a look that was both humble and penetrating.

Mary bade him be seated; but he remained standing; his fingers

twitching between the pages of the Latin book, on which he hoped to be questioned.

"What is your name? and hold yourself straight," said the master rudely.

"My name is Edward Moore; and I have come to ask you, sir, if you would be good enough to let me follow the classes of your school, then a private lesson, once in a while; when you have a minute to spare — and let me pick up from the others what I can."

"And what do you expect to offer me in return?"

"I've very little, sir. There are six of us for mother to take care of. We have to pay a heavy rent to a man we never saw the face of, for the shanty we're dying in of cold and hunger. My father is in heaven, — God grant he is! and if he isn't that he may soon be! My oldest sister, who'd be old enough to help my mother, is a cripple. If it wasn't for the kindness of our poor neighbors, and the generosity of one or two well-to-do families, that nearly always give us something at Christmas and Whitsun-tide, — if it wasn't, above all, for the blessing of God that's never failed us, the landlord's agent would 've evicted us long ago and we'd be begging on the highway."

"But all that has nothing to do with me," said O'Leary coldly.

"I know that, sir," the boy replied, and yet he looked as if he did not know it; "I know it — although your name is known everywhere for kindness as well as for learning. But I was coming to that. I have eighteen shillings, sir. There's the five besides that our parish priest gave me when I went to ask his blessing before starting out; but it was on condition I'd lay them aside, because he said I might need them, in case I fell sick, and I thought, if your honor would please to take ten out of the eighteen for the first quarter's schooling, I suppose? I know that I cannot pay your honor as I should. Whatever you'll be pleased to teach me, it'll be for the love of God more than anything else. If you'll please to examine me in my Latin, sir? His reverence said I wouldn't disgrace you."

"Show me what you have."

Little Moore unbuttoned his vest, thrust his hand into the inside pocket, pulled out a piece of a cotton nightcap, and extended it to the hand that was reaching for it.

But Mrs. O'Leary placed herself between her husband and temptation.

"Keep it, child," she said, "the master has no need of it, he only wanted to be sure that you took care of your little things."

Then aside to her husband:

"Put down your hand, James. It must be the devil that's under your elbow an' liftin' that hand like the fish going to bite at the hook. Would you dare take the poor little shillings of a widow's son? It isn't yourself at all I see in all this."

And again to the mute and motionless petitioner:

"Keep it, my dear, and come again to-morrow morning."

But, through the worn yarn, the silver had glistened before the schoolmaster's eyes, — the poor little shillings, as Mary called them, — their jingling excited his avarice still more. He arose and roughly

thrust his wife aside (thus good advice is often treated). Then he declared that he must have all or nothing, and that without payment he would never take another scholar.

The boy, thirsting for knowledge, consented almost without hesitation to dispossess himself of all he had. He said nothing but that "the Lord above would raise him up some friend, who would give him a bite and a sup in the day and a little bundle of straw at night."

So the bargain was made. The scholar — he had bought the title — withdrew without a remnant of his little store. The schoolmaster hastened to put the "poor little shillings" with a good-sized pile already stowed away.

Mary bent over the bright, beaming fire. Really grieved, she began to rock back and forth, after the Irish fashion; and she resolved to go as soon as she could to consult the priest in regard to the change that had come over her husband, — making of him, who was so good, something that was not good.

This was James O'Leary's first open attempt to effect his economical reform. Certainly for a first attempt, it had succeeded very well. Nevertheless, he did not feel very proud of himself. Especially he did not care about meeting Mary's eye, which he felt was full of reproach. He drew his ink-stained desk over to him, sat down with his back to his wife, and pretended to be absorbed in his books. But no matter what he might do, his mind would wander back, in spite of himself, to the time when he himself was a poor scholar. No matter whether he worked at a problem or thumbed the leaves of Homer, he saw all the time before him the pale, intelligent, gentle face of the child whose poverty he had fleeced.

"Mary," he said, suddenly, anxious to set himself right in his own mind, "there was never one of those wanderers who did not have twice as much as he acknowledged."

"Was it that way with you, my dear?" she asked.

He hurriedly pushed his desk away from him, threw his rule at the head of the much surprised cat, and went to bed.

But he could not go to sleep soon; and when he did fall asleep, it was not in a peaceful slumber.

He tossed and turned from side to side, he groaned, so that his poor wife stopped rocking herself, took up her rosary, and began to pray as hard as she could.

Was she offering thanks, or was she asking for more, or was she simply talking with the good God and the Virgin Mary, as one talks with his best friends? However that may be, she had not ceased praying when the gray cock, which always used to crow at four o'clock, uttered his alarm.

The time between this and the duties of the day was too short, so she put her chair up against the wall, laid her head back, and dozed off.

A call from James awoke her. She went towards him in the darkness.

"Mary, give me your hand," he said, "that I may be sure it's really you."

She gave him her hand and affectionately wished him God's blessing for the day.

"Mary, my own darling, I'm not worthy of you, and all my learning is not worth a farthing."

She opened her eyes in wide questioning as to whether the sleeper was not passing from sleep to delirium.

O'Leary did not see the eyes, but he understood the silence.

"I am speaking in sober earnest, wife dear; and here's the key of my chest; and go and get that poor scholar's purse; and as soon as it's day manage to find where he got shelter, and give him back his silver, and give him back his copper, and tell him that I'll never touch cross or coin belonging to him nor any travelling scholar; and, if it's in your power, Mary, make poor scholars out of all the children of the parish, that I may have the comfort of teaching them. For I've had a dream, Mary, and I must tell it to you, who will be better able to give thanks for such a warning. Indeed, it was a grace, a ray of light. Sit down, listen to me, and don't interrupt me.

"I must have been dead, I suppose. Anyhow I was floating in a dark place; and I felt all the time that I wanted to fly, but something always held me down. I floated, that's the word; I couldn't rise. My eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, and I perceived a great many strange forms flying from one side to the other, like myself. There was one who had wings, like a bat; he came near me, and I recognized Homer. "Well and good," I thought, "he'll help me, he will! With his help I can get up without any difficulty. But when I tried to reach out and catch him with my hand, he vanished in smoke. From all sides there came inkstands and globes, which changed into a multitude of toads and frogs, so that at last the whole place was filled with them. I had to pass through that cold and slimy mass, out of which came innumerable voices, mocking me and speaking bad Latin and bad Greek, enough to make a saint swear. I couldn't either reply or get out of there. It must be the schoolmasters' purgatory, where I was."

"Indeed it must have been," replied Mary, "especially when they wouldn't let you correct the bad Latin, my dear."

"But afterwards there was a change. A thousand or two thousand years passed away. I was in a sort of fog. It was all around me, it was in my head; but it was a very clear vapor, and as soft as down; and I had full freedom to move in it, and I took advantage of that freedom to keep ascending. Many years passed, it seemed to me. Gradually the vapor moved away to right and left of me, forming a curtain as it were on each side of me. So there was a road left for me, in the middle, and it led towards a luminous hill, and I went right towards that hill. When I reached the end of the road, I raised my eyes and I saw a light the like of which I had never seen before; the more I looked at it, the more brilliant it grew, and yet my eyes were not dazzled by it. Something in me whispered that it was heaven. I fell on my knees, and I asked how I was to reach it.

"For, just think, Mary, there was a gulf between me and the luminous hill; nothing joined it to the other hill where I had stopped short.

"I uttered a suppliant cry.

"Well, you wouldn't have had time to count ten after that cry when a group of poor scholars appeared before me. Or rather they weren't scholars any more: five of them were priests, and two schoolmasters. I recognized every one of the seven. Oh, I had spent many a hard day teaching them, for nothing but that holy pay, *for the love of God.* So there they all were, and Abel at their head, Abel who had become a priest.

"Oh! look at that now," said Mary, with her eyes full of tears. "My poor Aby! I knew well that the good drop was in him."

"Whist! wife, if you please. 'The only way that you can get to that blessed place, master dear,' they said, 'is to make a stairway of us.'"

"A stairway of—"

"Whist! I tell you. 'We are the steps,' they continued, 'the steps that will lead you to that happy abode. All your learning, of which you were so proud; your examinations, your degrees, your diplomas, your algebra and your mathematics; your Latin, your Greek, even if you were to add Hebrew to it, all that is not worth a farthing here. But we, master dear, we are your charities. You placed us seven poor boys in a condition to do our duty. You can ascend on us to the light, and be happy forever."

"I was not a little embarrassed at the idea of using those seven sanctified creatures as a staircase. But they bent down, without paying any attention to my scruples, and I stepped up first on Abel, then on Paddy Blake, then on Billy Murphy, and so on to the seventh. Alas! when I reached there, I still saw a long space before me; I'd need five or six steps more. I tried to make a jump. I'd have fallen, I don't know where, if Abel hadn't held me firmly. 'Oh! the Lord have mercy on me,' I murmured. 'Is that the way with me, ochone! ochone! Boys, boys dear, can you take me only half way?' 'Surely there must be others to help you,' Paddy Blake said to me. 'You've been living many years on earth since we left you,' Abel added; 'and unless you let your heart get hardened, many another poor boy must have had teaching from you. Yet I don't see them coming,—and there are no ungrateful people here. O master! master dear, after having enjoyed the pleasure of seven good actions, can you have stopped short and left your task unfinished?' And Abel began to weep, which I wouldn't have thought possible in heaven.

"Mary, woman dear, I thought that my heart was going to break, when I remembered what happened here last night. The strength of my grief awoke me. I'm sure I must have had the prayers of some holy soul to get me such a warning."

Mary did not utter a word, but she fell on her knees beside the bed weeping.

"And now, woman dear, let's be up and doing—life's short when there's good to be done. By the bye, you shall make the poor scholars take breakfast with us. It's well understood that you'll get me as many of those pupils as you want to. Oh! but I feel easy at present! The weight is all off my breast. My heart is as light as the thistle-down that flies up to the clouds at the first breath of wind."

Eugene Davis' Poems.

The Citizen, Chicago: The Dublin *Nation* has inaugurated a movement for the publication of the poems of Mr. Eugene Davis, so familiar to the readers of *The Citizen*, and to the Irish people at large, as a poet of varied powers. Mr. Davis can attune his lyre to the patriotic, the philosophical, and the sentimental, with equal spirit and freedom of expression. He is, perhaps, the sweetest singer of the present time, and nobly upholds the name of the Davises in Irish literature. Thomas Osborne Davis, of the old *Nation*, and Francis Davis, "The Belfast Man," have beautified the history of Ireland with superb poetry, and *The Citizen* can truly say that the lyrics of Eugene Davis are not inferior to those of either of his namesakes. We have no doubt that a collection of his poems would find a ready sale among the Irish race all over the world.

OH, TELL ME.

Oh, tell me, are the skies as blue
In Ireland as of yore?
Do valleys wear that verdant hue
They once so proudly wore?
Do zephers o'er her meadows sigh?
Can pilgrims' eyes see still
The fern leaves on the mountain high
And heather on the hill?
Do rivers run
Thro' forests dun
Or by each castle hold,
With pattering feet
And cadence sweet,
As in the days of old?

Tell me, if yet round towers stand
In silence, to proclaim
The glory of an ancient land,
The splendor of her fame!
Can men still see the rath so green,
The Abbey, lorn and lone,
The holy well, in glen serene,
And quaint Druidic stone?
The castle eaves,
Where ivy leaves
Sob—crooning in the blast,
O'er bright hopes fled,
Brave chieftains dead,
And relics of the past?

Oh, tell me, are the maids as fair
As in the long ago,
With laughing eyes and raven hair
To set one's heart aglow?
Say, have they still the modest grace
And blushes like the dawn!
The beauty of the classic face?
The meekness of the fawn?
Or are they true,
Dear land, to you,
As they who scorned the frown
And ruthless swords
Of Saxon hordes
By Lim'rick's leagured town?

Oh, tell me if the grand old names
Have magic power still
To kindle freedom's sacred flames,
Like Baal-fires on the hill:
The saintly Laurence, brave Red Hugh
O'Neil, of famed Tyrone,
And Sarsfield bold, and Emmet true,
Fitzgerald and Wolfe Tone.
And all who died,
In manly pride,
On scaffold or in fray,
To save the isle
From Saxon wile
Or shatter Saxon sway?

Oh, tell me, if the night be done
And daylight's on the strand?
And if a summer's lustrous sun
Shines on a risen land?
Have voices from each hill and glen
Taught men to do and dare—
The path to tread, the goal to win,
The glorious crown to wear?
If so, may soon
A cloudless noon
Our aspirations hail,
And men acclaim,
In freedom's name,
The triumph of the Gael!

A Parallel.

At Easter-tide, some twenty years ago, Austria and Hungary were debating the same question, which, at this Easter of 1886, absorbs the attention of England and Ireland. The controversy between the two countries at both sides of the Leitha terminated in 1867 in the great hall of the National Museum at Pesth. The emperor restored the constitution of Hungary and formed a responsible Hungarian Ministry. This event, long worked for, and waited for, by Deak, was precipitated by his famous Easter article in the *Pesti Naplo* in 1865. His words read like those of the Prime Minister on the memorable 8th of April. He declared that danger to the unity of the monarchy arose not so much in Hungary as from those Austrian statesmen who had attacked her constitution and her laws. Her free constitution was not opposed to the integrity of the Empire, but on the contrary often had helped in times of danger to preserve it. In one sentence he sketched the attitude which his country would assume in her hour of freedom, and time and place being changed, his words might fittingly come from the Irish leader of to-day, when plagued with demands for guarantees and promises of good behavior. Deak declared that "whilst the Hungarian Nation would never give up its constitutional independence, it was prepared, when once this would be restored, to take such legal measures as might be proved necessary for bringing its laws into harmony with the stability of the monarchy." The emperor was not deaf to the "Easter" appeal. In June he visited Buda-Pesth. Some years before a royal rescript was read there, calling upon Hungary to give up her ancient constitution. It was received with chilling silence. But on this June visit the hall rang with cheers to hear from the emperor words of sympathy with Hungarian aspirations. Beside the coincidence of time in the initiation of this last stage of the negotiations we cannot fail to mark also a coincidence of fact. Just as his Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin, expressed the other day, with powerful effect, the opinions of the Catholic bishops to the Prime Minister, so on this occasion did Cardinal Szitowsky, the Primate of Hungary, tell the emperor, in the name of his country, "that they would be faithful to the prince who would guarantee to them their rights." However, the emperor on his return to Vienna was swayed from his intended course by these Austrian statesmen, the Chamberlains, Trevelyans and Goschens of to-day. They prevailed for a time, but very soon more potent counsellors came to the assistance of the wavering monarch; the reverses of the struggle with Germany culminated in the defeat of Sadowa; both Schieswig and Holstein were gone, and Hungary, which looked coldly on, might soon follow. The emperor was alarmed. He turned from the Austrian advisers and consulted the Hungarian patriot. "What shall I do now?" he said. "Your Majesty," replied Deak, "must abandon the war and restore to Hungary her rights." When asked what aid Hungary could promise in time of war, he said, "At

present, nothing. Hungary is dead. The one thing, and the only thing, that can set free her hands and breathe new life into her is the concession of Parliamentary government. If Hungary is to do anything for the monarchy it can only be under a government which is the expression of the National will, and is regarded by the nation as a guarantee of its rights." Opposition was still continued to a settlement by gloomy statesmen like Belcredi, but the emperor was not unmindful of the ray of light which the Sadowa incident had thrown upon the situation, and his final resolve took effect in the Rescript of February, 1867. So ended the last stage of the controversy revived so successfully in the Easter of 1865; and so we hope may end the controversy of this Easter in the spring of 1887. We are willing that the Act should be gracious, not forced; we desire a concession and not a capitulation; we want no Sadowa to precipitate events. And yet the horizon is not altogether without its shadow, and it might be well for all parties that the ranks were closed up. There is a further coincidence which we wish to refer to before we close this Easter episode, and it comes nearer home. It was during the Easter-time of 1880 that Mr. Gladstone started on his victorious career, ending in the passing of the Land Act, and of that groundwork of his present measure, the Franchise Act. With him as a leader and the vast democracy of these kingdoms as followers, we have no doubt but that a new career is being opened for the two countries — that at last, passions, prejudices, and delusions dying out, the two nations may once for all say, in the beautiful words of the Easter Epistle, "Therefore let us feast, not with the old leaven, nor with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth."

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

A Coming Struggle.

In a volume issued by the Harpers on "The Railways and the Republic," the writer outlines what he considers to be the important struggle which is soon to come, even if it is not already upon the country.

"Under a political system whose ultimate power rests with the masses, the demands of the public welfare will ultimately prove superior to all obstructions interposed by corporate wealth. But the struggle will be severe, and public opinion must be aroused to an arduous and long-continued effort, in order to attain thorough and permanent reform. It would be better for the railway interest, as well as for the public at large, if the necessary legislation could be secured without bringing the subject into the arena of politics. But the course of the leading corporations, which have intrenched themselves in the control of legislatures, in the possession of many seats in both branches of Congress, and even in the citadel of justice, the Supreme Court of the United States, leaves slight hope that a popular victory can be so easily won.

The reform which shall make free the highways of commerce can only be fully secured after a long and earnest struggle, which shall drive the railway power from the control of legislation, shall raise the executive above all temptation to court the support of corporate wealth, and shall put the judiciary beyond the suspicion of bias in its favor. The sooner this struggle begins the better is the prospect that the end may be peacefully attained by legislation; and the longer it is delayed the greater is the danger, from the growth, on one hand, of the railway power, and on the other of an irresponsible and reckless proletariat. The one threatens the nation with the domination of a privileged class in its great corporations; the other with an outbreak of the destructive and ruinous spirit of revolution. If the railways go on as they have begun; if they continue to purchase legislators, to count seats in Congress as their property, and to nominate judges to the higher courts; if they continue to warp legislation to the support of railway supremacy; if they continue to erect artificial barriers to the free operation of great industries, and to concentrate the profits of commerce by their favors to the privileged few; if they continue to secure the inforcement of laws which protect their privileges, and to nullify those which restrict them; if they delay and prevent the passage of laws to regulate them and restrain their power, and cozen the public with deceptive measures — in a word, if all the features which now mark the influence of great corporations in politics are maintained and perpetuated, in defiance of efforts to restrain them by peaceful means, the result will inevitably be, that one day their injustice and usurpation will be punished by a revolt of the classes they have wronged, beside which the French revolution will seem an equitable and peaceful reform.

The New University.

The Catholic Review: "Whatever misgivings I may have hitherto had," said Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, in reply to the questions of a reporter of *The Catholic Review* last Friday, "concerning the certain success of the Catholic University, I now have none since the meeting of the University Board in Washington on last Wednesday. Everything was most harmonious, and promised united and vigorous action. While we have had no new subscriptions since our last visit to the East, it is not true that any subscribers have withdrawn their names. It is quite certain that the country at large, no matter what the effect of the disappointment of any particular section, will amply endow the University. We have secured the site in Washington. Several plans for new buildings have been laid before us. From these we have made a first choice of three, from which we shall in November make a final choice. We do not propose to spend much money in buildings, for the ruin of many great enterprises has been the desire to spend on brick and mortar the money that ought to have secured professors and intel-

lectual equipments. At the same time we shall secure suitable buildings. Perhaps $175,000 may be spent on them. In Washington they can build nearly all through the winter. They do it in Chicago, and Washington is not so cold. Therefore we think that in a year from November we shall not be far away from being ready to enter our building, or at least the most necessary part of it. We shall have accommodation for at least one hundred students. They will be placed under a competent and picked staff. The archbishops to whom the choice was assigned have already privately named a rector. I am not at liberty to give his name yet. It will be probably made known in November. He is *not* the bishop of Peoria."

The Fourth of July.

FEW Americans ever entertain a doubt about the date of the signing of the Declaration of Independence being July 4, 1776; yet through the efforts and scholarship of Judge Millen Chamberlain, chief librarian of the Boston Public Library, it has been conclusively proven that it was not signed on that day. The true history of this memorable document Mr. Chamberlain has found to be, that, on the second of July, 1776, the Continental Congress at Philadelphia passed the resolution declaring that the united colonies were and of right ought to be free and independent States; and in a letter to his wife dated July 3, 1776, John Adams said: "This day will be a memorable epoch in the history of America. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty." On July 4 the Declaration was read and agreed to, but was not signed. According to the direction of Congress, it was ordered to be authenticated and printed during the same afternoon and evening, and on the following day copies were sent throughout the colonies. On the second of August the Declaration was signed by nearly all the members. Hon. Matthew Thornton, of New Hampshire, did not affix his name until November 4 of the same year, nor did Hon. Thomas McKean until some time in 1781. Moreover, the New York members, who, according to the printed journal, signed on the fourth of July, were not authorized to do so until the ninth, and the authorization was not laid before Congress until the fifteenth. Chase, of Maryland, and Carroll, of Carrollton, were not present on the fifth of July; and Rush, Clymer, Taylor, and Ross, of Pennsylvania, whose names appear in the journal, were not chosen as delegates until July 20. Notwithstanding the great paper was not signed on the fourth of July, that day still deserves to be commemorated above any of the others, for it was then that the sentiments and determination of the American people were proclaimed to the world.

LEARN to think and act for yourself.

Eithine's Dream.

On green Missourian hills 'tis sunset hour,
And fair is spring in many a blossomy bower
Of peach and pear and vineyard spreading wide;
Where rolls the lord of waters, Westland's pride,
By forests grand and many a glorious plain,
His tide majestic towards the tropic main.
O'er yon blue mountain ridge, the star of eve
His golden lamp suspends, as loth to leave
Our beauteous land, the fairest 'neath his beam,
Rich in all treasures rapturous poets dream
Of that Atlantic Isle, whose mystic shore
Unhallowed eye may look upon no more.
But never ocean isle nor wizard glen
Where genii roam, or dwell the sons of men,
Might vie with this when sets the sun in spring,
And fragrant orchards white with chansons ring
Of woodland warblers, when cool zephyrs sweep
Long cedarn slopes, and valleys rich and deep
With corn and meadow growth and wealth of vine,
And uplands blithesome for the lowing kine,
And bleating lambs and steeds of swift career.

In this fair vale at this bright time of year,
When hearts beat free and fancies brighter play;
A maiden watched the west at close of day,
Till gloaming paled, and other stars came out
And paved with gold night's curtain round about;
And silence fell with darkness on the scene,
Save where the river sighed its banks between.
This sweet, fair lady loved God's stars and sun,
Noon's golden dome, and midnight's vesture dun;
And no bird's song was heard in wood or wold
But some fond tale of warm affection told,
And no bright flower raised up its innocent head,
But to her heart some gracious message said.
God's dumb things of creation, beast and bird,
Her large heart's sympathy and pity stirred;
Fierce hounds would cower and seek her soft caress,
And wild, unbroken steeds in headlong press,
Would swerve and stop, and mildly gazing, stand,
To sweet persuasion of her accents bland.
A bright glad work of God, gloom could not stay
Wherever she came like rosy dawn of May.
All blithe she was like zephyr gales in spring,
Glad as a bird, as birds would gaily sing;
Yet pensive, too, by times, with tranquil eyes
Would sit at eve and view the sunset skies,
Where Titan sank, and tiny stars arose;
Then oft her heart would ache for human woes;
For she had learned, tho' young, to see and feel
For wounded lives, had striven those wounds to heal.
Thus perfect grew, sweet, tender, helpful, good,
A pure bright pearl of noblest womanhood.
When day was o'er, and day's task duly done,
Her warm, swift fancy oft would track the sun

To some far isle, that never knew human hate,
And no man's crimes had yet made desolate,
But love endured, and earth as heaven became,
Where's God is heaven, pure love the Godhead's name.
Fair, white-stoled creatures, stainless still of sin,
Whose garb but emblemed guileless heart within,
Dwelt in that dreamland wondrous mild and fair,
Of mortal race to whom death brought no care,
Being free of sin that giveth death his sting.
Thus mused fair Eithine this calm eve in spring,
Till slumber came with curtains silken white,
And shut the stars from two blue eyes as bright.
The rushing currents sounds are heard no more,
Nor wind's weird moaning 'mong the trees on shore,
Nor golden stars are seen nor waters wan;
But rose in dream another blaze of dawn,
A new sun shone in a new heavens above
O'er a new land, whose law was heavenly love.

When Death came down to make this world a grave,
With plague and pain, and man all evil's slave;
Born in sore woe, nurtured in toil and tears,
With wants grim spectre following with the years;
Weak prey of winds and waves, of sword and flame,
Of his own flesh his darkest, deepest shame;
Still dogged by death where'er his footsteps turned,
By follies scourged and vulture passions burned;
Till seemed his being some fiend in mockery made —
By his own act o'erthrown, own choice betrayed.
Then God had ruth, and gave in sins despite,
Imagination's boon, mind's magic might
To sweep the range of space, the stream of time,
From hell's grim pool to heaven's ascent sublime.
Who hath this power, tho' weakest scion of man,
May taste all pleasures, all creation scan,
Span life's whole compass, make all lore his own,
Build him gold courts, and midst a diamond throne,
Have fair queens come, as she of Sheba came,
To buy for love and power his reverenced name;
All poets his deeds shall sing, and captains yield
To his sole prowess on the listed field;
All things that be, attend his high command.
His treasures teem in every subject land;
He o'er the past hath sway, oblivion hears,
And back unfolds the coil of vanished years;
Ages unborn their periods antedate,
When waves his wand their shadows thronging wait.
Immortal he, sublime, immense, supreme;
Far as thoughts pierce, or reach the realms of dream.
This gift fair Eithine owned, by this was queen
Of many a palace, bower and wide demesne,
In day's dull hours strange scenes in moonlight showed,
In dream bright isles where happy beings abode;
Thro' Edens roamed and saw God's angels come
With tidings of great joy to earthly home,
Where dwell pure hearts; still might we hear their voice,
But love we all too well this earthly noise;
And only some pure maid or raptured bard
Hears angels' voices, of gross ears unheard.

Ambrosial sleep borne on a starbeam came,
And spread its sheeted softness round her frame;

Still lullabys stole upwards on the breeze,
From murmuring waters and soft whispering trees,
And swathed in slumber, body's rest and ease —
From dull obstruction sought her soul release,
And sped abroad on fancy's shining wings,
To learn fresh lore and see new wondrous things.
Long leagues she toiled afoot, vast wastes of sea,
In oarless, sailless bark unwearily;
Alone, but for the waves and clouds and wind,
That roared and raged below, and howled behind.
Betimes, some foolish porpoise, vaulting, sheared
The lonesome brine, or monsters vast appeared;
But onwards shot her skiff, *sans* sail or mast,
And sea-fowl swift, and flying cloud wrack passed.
On 'neath, a low, white sky, where stars did spin,
And sink as tho' the deep did suck them in;
Thro' mist and spray, till rose an emerald shore,
Where swift as light the mystic shallop bore.
She landed glad, then sank like stone the boat.

But, hark! from cliff and wood one thundrous note
Of joy and welcome peals, in chorus grand,
To greet the maiden to that lovely land:
Ten thousand songs ran round, "godhein thu slan!"
In sweet May season at fair time of dawn.
No palace grand, nor tower, nor town was seen,
But small white cots 'mong fields and meadows green;
No lords, nor slaves were there, of gold or name,
But freemen all with right and sway the same.
A land of fertile vales and mountains grand,
Bright, rushing streams, and lakes of silver strand;
Long, lonesome glens, where flowers drank dew at noon,
And sad poets strayed to hear the throstles' tune.
Broad crimson heaths, pastures of wandering bees,
Uncounted wealth of flowers and fruited trees;
And hedge rows white, woodbine and wild rose town,
Where dwelt that pleasant people, blithe and brown;
The race of birds, minstrels of earth and air,
Who cheer men's lives and free their souls from care.
Ah, happy tribes! that neither sow nor spin;
Even such were men, but avarice, pride and sin,
Turn light to darkness, love to loathsome lust,
And sink the immortal spirit 'neath the dust.

Where swept a mighty brook with whirl and roar,
Down echoing steeps, and on by reed-fringed shore,
The maiden sped elate, inland to view,
What held that region rare of strange or new.
Thro' flowery garths and braes the ploughmen sang,
With glad sounds of free toil the valleys rang;
No taskman's voice nor frown was there to mar,
But each one worked his cottage door to bar
'Gainst cold and want, wise dame and blooming maid,
Plied wheel and loom; and many a craft and trade,
'Neath their own orchard boughs, where lilies blow,
As small dear feet pass toddling to and fro.
Unlike those factories vast in far lands found,
Where youth and flesh and human hearts are ground;
Mammon's worst curse, Pandorian Britain gave,
Where gold is God, and man vile lucre's slave.
None sullen here, none silent, hand and eye
And lips and heart moved to sweet harmony

Of song, that told how God made man the lord
Of this round world with teeming sea and sword;
And men all brothers, one grand law of love,
Earth here for all, heaven too for all above —
So willeth the Father, who of old commands
That all men live by toil of mind and hands.
They sang of Spring, when rain and sunshine fall,
That food and drink and raiment teem for all;
Of summer's glow, when beauty glads man's heart,
And heaven sees mirrored in the flowery earth
Her glorious face; gold autumn's wine and corn,
Whence strength and joy in human breasts are born;
And winter's rest, when life draws nigher life
In happy homes, secured from want and strife,
When songs resound, and heroic legends told
Past days acclaim, and deeds renowned of old.
So work seemed play, and days passed all too fleet,
Toil cheered by song and soothed by converse sweet.
Ah, bright those toilers' lot, would we might see,
Elsewhere such joy, for sons of misery!
Such bliss was theirs who toil that all may feed,
From hateful thrall of lord and landshark freed.
Rejoicing Eithine saw; and passing came
To cottage bowers, where maid and careful dame
Plied housewife thrift, that sire and son might come,
Day's task complete, glad to a happy home.
Home! sound most sweet that ear of mortal hears,
Home! guiding light that shines thro' lonely years,
Home! glimpse of Eden lost to exiles given
In earth's sad vale, to raise our hearts to heaven.
There is no spell, no song inspired, no poem
That moves man's soul so, as the name of home;
Whatever of pleasures pure, of love most sweet
Our lives have known, in that dear memory meet;
Crown of life's hopes, end of all work and prayer,
All good, all loved, all valued centre there.
Than this hath God nought better to bestow
In heaven than home, than home on earth below.
Here home was woman's glory, here all art,
That woman owns to bless and glad man's heart,
Was spread with lavish hand and tender touch;
Love, labor, care were given — nor these too much.
Home's woman's grand creation; man may form
Walls, roof and plan, but woman's love must warm,
Must light and shine and brighten court and hall,
Or else no home, but cold dark roof and wall.
The poorest shed her heavenly virtue warms,
Than regal towers has more ennobling charms
Where she doth raise her child's small hands to God,
God's spirit descends, and angels make abode.
Saint, poet, sage, hero, all, or good or grand,
Mankind owes home, and mother's great heart and hand.

New wonder held the maid when first she saw
Homes ordered all by harmony and law.
From lisping girl to hoary grand dame old,
As nature's changing hours by law controlled,
Each took her portioned charge, and deftly wrought
And learned or toiled, till to completion brought
Her work well done, all men's and God's delight.
By shaded cottage walls, where boughs were white
With blossoming promise of rosy fruit to be,

The maidens sate, and wondrous fair to see
The light of their glad eyes, the mind that shone
O'er the soft webs white fingers flashed along.
Some took the flax and wool, and swiftly led
White flock and fleece to strong and shining thread;
Then dyed it bright of many a varied grain,
All wild flower hues that paint the broidered plain;
For of all flowers the kinds and colors they knew,
Skies glistening sheen, and ocean's green and blue.
Some wove with subtle skill and magic grace
In marvellous webs each feature painters trace
Of human face and form, all things that move
On earth, in ocean depths, or soar above
In empyrean air, heaven's starry dome,
Earth's broad expanse, vast ocean's waves and foam,
And all man's life, its love, its wants, its hate,
The joys that bless, the woes that desolate;
But most what woman dreed, since Eve betrayed
God's sacred trust, till Mary, mother and maid,
Repaid her fault, wherefore all nations bless
The glorious queen who wrought our great redress.
Child angel Agnes' deeds and fiery test,
Divine Cecilia's faith by blood confessed,
And she whose bitter tears and wandering won
Augustine's crown, great Afric's splendid son;
Who great deliverance brought, had record brave,
Judith and Jael and Joan and queenly Maive,
Sweet songs they breathed, rapt hymns to 'trancing lyre,
In hours of rest; their souls did song inspire
In saints' high shrines, whose deeds and deaths they sung;
And all grand lives, sweet themes for singer's tongue;
Song soothed the weary heart and fired the mind,
While brain contrived, and fingers deft designed;
Explained God's law, made Duty's hard path smooth;
So, 'mong Spring's flowers, or deep in leafy wood,
The small birds build and sing in pairing time,
And know not grief, and have no fears from crime;
So erst in Erin's land, round Bangor's fane,
Three thousand priests raised day and night the strain
Of chanted praise to God, ere Saxon blight
Cursed all that isle, and plunged in gloom her light.
In modest dance, thro' Christian lands approved,
With fleet, light grace the laughing maidens moved;
White, sandalled feet, flashed quick in measured motion,
Like moonbeams sheen on trembling floor of ocean.
Gray sires behold, and vanished youth returns —
Pleasant memories those where no foul passion burns.

So passed their days, rejoicing 'neath the sun,
With prayer and song, and high task nobly done,
Pure, loving, helpful, tender, wise, content,
Well used all powers th' Almighty Giver lent.

What, wearied, Muse! why flag thy drooping wings,
Dost scorn this humble theme, unprized of kings;
Is war thy chief delight; hast thou no bays
For him who loves mankind, and frames his lays
In praise of peace, and happy homes, and arts
Ennobling life, and training youthful hearts
In virtue's ways? Such deathless poets of old
On Ascras' plains by Mincius' waters told
To shepherd swains, and shines as Phosphor's beam,
Their glorys blaze on every field and stream.

JAMES KEEGAN.

Mount Melleray Abbey, Waterford, Ireland.

THE illustrious English philosopher, Dr. Johnson, once set foot on a land not remarkable for the fertility of its soil nor the natural picturesqueness of its scenery. It was a small island off the coast of Scotland, lashed on all sides by the sea, and often overswept by a withering blast from the Swedish shore. Yet there was something in that sea-girt land capable of awakening in that magnanimous mind a singular fervor of feeling. In his imagination he saw the untenanted ruins before him once more filled with the followers of Columkille. As he stood there spellbound he heard a hundred voices joining in the praises of the Most High. And not only did he look upon himself as breathing a sacred atmosphere in that holy ground, but he would not envy the man whose piety would not grow warmer and whose faith would not grow stronger amidst such reminiscences of the past. Yet what are the ruins of Iona in comparison to the ruins that strew the face of our own old land.

There are spots of Erin's soil consecrated to the Irish heart by the blood of bleeding fathers and forefathers. The evening's dew moistens the green mound that wraps in its bosom the dust of those whose blood gored the battle plain. At the memorable O'Connell monster meeting, that assembled on Royal Tara's hillside, there were men and women there who trudged all the way from Wicklow's hills. It was not the Liberator's call alone that enticed them there. No; they came there to shed a tear over the green mound of earth — the "Croppies' grave" — in which the commingled dust of their fathers was mouldering, and they went back to their native hamlets with sad remembrances on their heavy hearts. Yet there are places which possess the charm of swaying the Irish soul, and of vibrating the cords of the Irish heart as effectively as these. And they are the grass-covered sanctuaries in which the Irish monks are laid to rest, and which, many long summers ago, resounded with the praises of the God of their fathers. Travel Ireland where you will, from east to west, from Bann to Boyne, there is scarcely a hill's side or valley's plain in which you will not find the ivy creeping up the walls of the ruined monastery, and the grass growing green in the desecrated sanctuary. Nations have eras in their history in which the sun of their existence rose, culminated and waned. Pagan Greece had her three eras. Erin was once illustrious — and that was the day when the lamp of faith shone brightly in her sanctuaries, and the torch of learning burned in the halls of her hundred monasteries.

> "Ye speak of that time when the cells of the West
> Gave voice after voice to the choir of the blest;
> When a breathing of prayer in the desert was heard,
> When the angel came down and the waters were stirred;
> When the Church of the Isles saw her glories arise —
> Columba, the dove-like, and Carthagh the wise;
> And the school and the temple gave light to each shore,
> From clefted Iona to wooded Lismore."

Thus sang the amiable Irishman whose remains now quietly sleep in the cemetery of the monastery in the "fairee citie" by the Lee, whose hospitable walls offered their shelter to his declining days — the tender-hearted Gerald Griffin. May peace and prosperity bless the loved old land again!

Quietly rising up in our midst is a monastery whose fame is not likely to be eclipsed by the glory of the past. This is Mount Melleray Abbey. The Order is one of the most ancient in the Church. Its members are linked together by the chain of six hundred years. Its founder was one of the most illustrious of the Fathers. In its ranks scions of families, great and illustrious, hid the prestige of their birth. Noble souls on whom nature and fortune lavished their choicest gifts, girded themselves with the hempen cord of St. Benedict. Men who could have been the ornament of the Senate-house, and whose genius would have shed lustre on the Royal Court, chose the wiser part, and exchanged the silken equipments of State for the coarse cowl of the cloister. Such, in truth, was the great Cistercian Order. It has its history, and it is interesting; for it is long and eventful. The Order passed through troubled days, and it lives buoyant and self-sacrificing as of old. Its members were persecuted by their fellow-man; for Christ has told His disciples that they will be persecuted for being His followers. Its discipline to-day is as severe as it was when St. Bernard was one of its members; and the Cistercians of to-day are as remarkable for mortification and piety as they were when Don Armand De Rance died within its fold.

This is the Order to which the community of Mount Melleray belongs.

As the homeward-bound exile draws in sight of Cork Harbor, and before he has time to paddle up the waters of the "Silvery Lee," his eyes will rest on one of the "fair hills of Eire." It rises up in bold relievo, and seems almost to pierce the clouds. It lies northward on the borders of famed Tipperary, and its name is Galtee Môr. Its sides are heather-grown. Its rocks and precipices are Alpine. Along its crags the elk often bounded, and its recesses afforded shelter to the native wolf. Its wildness secured a home for the eagle. Not a scrap of vegetation was to be seen in its declivities.

This is the highest of that range of mountains that now cast their shadows over the Irish Trappist Monastery.

The excursionist has two ways open to him to get to Melleray. Which of the two is the more picturesque, would require a more than ordinary appreciative eye of Nature's beauties to determine. One way would be from Cork to Mallow, and thence on by the banks of the far-famed Munster Blackwater to Cappoquin, passing *en route* "wooded Lismore." The scenery from Mallow to Cappoquin — the station for Melleray — is, excepting the romantic Gap of Dunloe, the most beautiful, perhaps, that Ireland can boast of. Groves of young trees skirt the line on both sides. Hills raise their green sides at pleasantly recurring intervals; and, lest there should be anything like monotony, smiling fields of mellow grain will here and there relieve the eye. When a view of the outskirting landscape can be caught at times, the

rich pastures and grazing herds will leave on the mind favorable impressions of the fertility of the "Blackwater Valley."

The other route that could be selected would be made by running from Cork to Youghal by train, and thence to paddle up the Blackwater to Cappoquin. A tidy little steam-launch, the *Avonmore*, plies up and down the river once a day. Of the two routes perhaps the latter would be preferable. The scenery of the Irish Rhyne from Youghal to Cappoquin is not much inferior to that of the German river itself. The Blackwater flows through an amphitheatre of hills, all covered with ash and oak that have felt the snows of many winters. Nor does the river flow in one long, dreary, endless line. The Nile has not so many bends. And the constantly changing views — rocks raising their heads precipitously out of the water, mansions picturesquely nestling among young plantations dotted along its banks, abundance of woodland scenery — that meet the eye at every turn of the river are as agreeable in their diversity and beauty as the dissolving views of Alpine scenery in a magic lantern.

From Cappoquin to Melleray is only three miles, and cars are always to be found at the station on the arrival of each train.

The country people who go from Youghal and its vicinity to spend a few days at the monastery, generally go by an old road over the hills that intervene between Melleray and Cappoquin; and could that be conveniently done, it would have its advantage. The eye is now beginning to grow weary. The mind would require some time to be refreshed. On topping a hill an unexpected break of wild heath and rough, unreclaimable mountain-side on which a hard-working peasantry can hardly eke out a living can be well appreciated. Transition has here a charm — and such is the transition the traveller will experience in passing from Cappoquin, on the Blackwater's banks, to the Abbey of Melleray, situated at the foot of the Knockmeldown mountain range.

The first thing that must suggest itself to the mind of the visitor will be the contrast between the monastery with its skilfully laid out grounds and the adjoining squalid mountain hamlets. Like an *oasis* in the desert is Melleray at the base of the Galtees. The old Protestant cry of "lazy monks" is swamped in the progress of ages; but if it survived those who have eyes to see, could see for themselves to-day what the devout souls of Cluny, and Cassino, and Iona did in their day is well realized now. Their spirit still lives.

The tall spire of the Church peers above the trees, with which the Abbey is surrounded, and commands a distant view. A wide, slightly up-hill road skirting the monastery grounds will, in a very short time, bring you to the lodge. Screens of young trees run by the road the whole way, and a nicely clipt thorn-hedge bordering the road, gives an air of tidiness to the place that one could scarcely expect to find on a mountain's brow. An avenue, shaded with trees, leads from the lodge to the monastery. It is about a quarter of a mile in length. Nicely whitewashed walls guard it the whole way. Presently you arrive at the "new lodge," and then for the first time you will rest your eyes on a Trappist of Mount Melleray. He is clothed in a brown habit of coarse material, and a rosary bead hangs by his side. He throws back his

cowl when he sees you, and gives you as hearty a welcome to his mountain home as ever fond mother gave to her dearest child. The lay brother conducts you to the "guest-house" and presents you to one of the Fathers — a priest dressed in white — who will attend to you with all that care for which the Order to which he belongs is justly celebrated.

Every one knows the sad story that once Catholic France must tell to-day. She was once great among European nations, but the foundations on which she built her greatness are no more. The days of Clovis and Clothilda are gone. The eruptions of '89 were not to be forgotten quickly. The rumblings are even felt to-day. Charles X. was banished in 1830, and popular fury did not spare the cloister. The monks had to unfold their sails and steer their bark to some clime far from the soil that gave them birth. Under Abbot Vincent Ryan a small band of Trappists found shelter in the isle that Patrick blessed. They landed on the south coast, and in 1831 — now over half a century ago — set about building themselves a home on a brow of the Galtee Mountains. This is the outline of the history of Mount Melleray.

At first they occupied some small buildings, and cultivated such vegetables as their frugal fare allowed them; and having obtained from the owner of the soil, Sir Richard Keane, about six hundred acres of the mountain-side, set about making it profitable. It is now thoroughly reclaimed. To use the words of Father Faber, the usual indomitable energy of the monks prevailed everywhere. What was once a mountain is to-day rich pasture land. Mr. O'Flanagan, B. L., of Fermoy, called the attention of the Royal Agricultural Commissioners, selected by Mr. Gladstone, to the work done by the Melleray monks, to show what could be done in the way of reclaiming land.

The building commenced in '31. The gentry sent money; the farmer, men and horses; and tradesmen lent their help. Mr. O'Flanagan was informed that 1,500 masons volunteered their craft. In 1834 Mr. Inglis, in his "Tour in Ireland," observed that "the spacious church was capable of containing a dozen Protestant Churches. It measures 185 feet in length, 30 feet in width in the nave, 52 feet in the transept, and 50 feet in length. The spire reaches an elevation of 104 feet."

The monastery forms a quadrilateral area. On three sides are buildings 162 feet in length and 30 feet broad. On the fourth side is situate the church. No attempt is made at anything like costly decoration. Everything is simple in design — the guests' refectory — the reception room — the domitories and all — but plain substantial work will meet the eye at every turn. In the cloister, a long tiled corridor, are to be seen boards on which is painted in large letters the one word "Silence" to remind the passer that for the present he has left the world behind him, and that his thoughts are now to be given to God. The cloister leads to the church, where at two o'clock on every morning of the year, and on festivals at midnight, assemble those who, to use the words of the scoffing Voltaire, "pray for the unfortunate who will not pray for himself."

Barely outside the rectangular building is a place that may well claim the attention of the visitor. Macaulay's pen was never so pliant

as when it was describing the little enclosure where the headless trunk of John Fisher was mouldering to decay. Perhaps this little enclosure, where the dust of the exiled monk is mingled with Irish soil, may call forth a passing sigh. The green grass waves above every mound, and a cross — emblem of his salvation — tells that beneath one awaits his resurrection to a brighter land.

The monks of Mount Melleray belong to the Cistercian Order — one of the most celebrated branches of the great Benedictine family. The rule they follow is substantially the same as the one given at Monte Cassino by St. Benedict. The Order was founded by St. Stephen, who, on his return from Rome joined St. Robert of Molesme and St. Alberec, and with them retired to the desert of Citeaux, about five miles from Dijon where they built themselves a monastery. It was in this Abbey the celebrated St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux passed his novitiate. The name of St. Bernard is a hallowed one in the Cistercian annals.

In the course of time the Cistercian Monasteries swelled to the number of 10,000. In England, at the time of the so-called Reformation, there were 101 houses.

The members of the Order never eat meat, fish or eggs unless when sick. Milk and cheese are the only animal food they partake of. Their Lent commences on the 14th of September and terminates at Easter. They never break silence, except the few tolled off to receive strangers. They rise at two in the morning and sing the whole Divine Office.

Charles Dickens once visited the Cistercian monks of Mount St. Bernard's Abbey, Leicestershire. He, the author of "Pictures from Italy," was not over remarkable for his leaning to Catholicism. Yet here is the way he describes his visit:* — "I take a glance through the glass eye in the door of the well-stocked library in passing, and soon afterwards find myself in the refectory, down each side of which runs a form and a long table, where are ranged a number of mugs of water, covered with a napkin, and a small slip of wood bearing the monastic name of the brother for whom it is intended. A knife, a spoon, and two thick slices of bread complete the service. No; there is a solitary withered apple opposite each brother's place, the very shadow of a dessert. No meat, no fish, no eggs; nothing but bread, water, milk, cheese, and fruit, and sometimes a little table beer. Only a full meal a day in winter and two in summer is allowed." There is no occasion to give the extract in full. Enough is given to enable us to form an idea of the severity of the order.

What John Duns Scotus and Wadding are to the Franciscan, what Thomas Aquinas is to the Dominican, what Ignatius of Loyola and Salmeron are to the Jesuit, St. Bernard is to the Cistercian. We hope, then, to be able in a future number of the MAGAZINE to present to our readers an epitome of the rise and growth of that great Order, with an account of its founder St. Bernard, and of that great and good man John Armand Bouthillier De Rance, Abbot and Reformer of La Trappe.

Ladysbridge, Co. Cork. "VIATOR."

* In "Household Words," with little change.

"First Among Many."

ORDINATION AND FIRST MASS IN ST. PETER'S, ROME, OF THE FIRST NEGRO PRIEST OF THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of *The Catholic Review:* The "In Memoriam" card of Rev. Augustus Tolton, the negro student of this country at the Propaganda, Rome, has just been received by the writer, Dr. O'Connell having kindly sent it to him. The lamented Bishop Baltes sent the young aspirant to Rome several years ago. He is now enjoying the reward of his faithful perseverance. He is "a priest forever according to the Order of Melchisedech." Truly "black but beautiful." This negro priest said his first Mass in St. Peter's Basilica, Rome, on Easter Sunday. The Centre of Unity, where priests "of all nations, and tribes, and tongues" are seen, was the fitting place for this first offering. For the Mother and Mistress of Churches rightfully took under her aegis and sent forth with her blessing this first priestly fruit of the American negro. Easter Sunday, too; what more fitting day? May it prove an augury of the rise of his entire race to all that is holy and ennobling in the Faith! With admirable taste, this young priest selected, as echoing the joy of the heart, this passage of the 115th Psalm: "What shall I render to the Lord, for all the things that He hath rendered to me? I will take the Chalice of salvation and I will call upon (Thy) name." To this holy sentiment the youthful minister of the altar adds the complete offering of himself: "My whole self and all that Thou hast given me in union with the Passion and Death of Thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, I offer to Thee. "Ad multos annos;" may he prove the "first-born among many brethren!"

Apropos of this ordination, the writer may add that he knows a colored youth who is now finishing Rhetoric. He is in a college of good standing in Canada, whither he was obliged to go in order to secure what would be denied him in the United States. Some years ago this young man refused to accept the offer of a gratuitous education in a Presbyterian (colored) University; thus counting the pearl of faith above all price. The President of the college, the professors, his confessor, and all who know the young Rhetorician are convinced that he has a vocation. "The Lord will provide" seems his motto. He is most anxious to be a priest, and his prayer is to labor as a secular priest among his race in the South. "Greater things than these thou shall see." Henceforth the words of the Royal Psalmist will begin to be realized among us: "And before Him, the Ethiopians will fall down." For among the black millions of our land, very soon, let us pray, must cease the wail, "days shall be formed and no one in them."

Richmond, May 11th. J. R. S

Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable.

The Church in Canada.

The following is the substance of a lecture recently delivered in Toronto by Mr. D. A.O' Sullivan, M. A., Counsellor at Law, of that City. He has contributed several articles on the same subject to the *American Catholic Quarterly Review.*

To the student of history the title, "The Church in Canada," can have but one meaning,—the Catholic Church. Indeed, if some speaker to-night, in New York or in San Francisco, adopted as the title of his address, "The Church in North America," meaning thereby the Catholic Church, he need not be long in convincing his audience that his title was appropriate. Long before a foot of soil in Virginia or Massachusetts was chartered to any English or Continental adventurer, the Catholic Church had taken possession of this whole country. Long before the Pilgrim Fathers imported that persecution into the New World which they fled from in the Old, there were French missionaries along the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. The Jesuits were at Quebec before Queen Elizabeth had time to enact more than that she was the head of a new church. For two centuries and three quarters the Catholic Church has been an active visible power in this continent, and there is nothing, there is no institution in American history to-day, that came so promptly and has grown so astonishingly as the Catholic Church.

Canada, it need scarcely be said, was formerly a French colony. During one hundred and fifty years or more, all that territory extending along the St. Lawrence and westward to the Rocky Mountains, with the land along the valley of the Mississippi down to the Gulf of Mexico, made up the New France of North America. The English and Spanish Colonists were between these lines and the Atlantic; the west was uninhabited. The general reader of history may suppose that the loss of Canada to France meant only what is now Ontario and Quebec territory; but it meant a great deal more, because after the fall of Quebec the French were unable to retain all the Mississippi region, and there were necessarily other losses afterwards. It is not with these political changes we have to deal. France in those days had a Catholic Government, which cared for the church in times of peace, and in times of war; and it was always a matter of deep concern that the religious rights of her subjects should be held sacred.

I mention the extent of territory, to show how great the state of France was in the New World, and what a prodigious field was opened up for the church and the missionary. No one who knows anything of history would be believed if he said that the Catholic Church has been afraid to face the task of converting the nations. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the ages of great missionary labor. Societies in Rome and in Paris, sent out missionaries to China, to India, and to the Americas. So far as Canada is concerned two great orders led the way, the Jesuits and the Recollets. In 1611, two Jesuit missionaries came to Quebec, and every few succeeding years thereafter these

pioneers and their successors were reinforced by other brethren, as death in its various forms thinned their ranks. Twelve years thereafter, one of the greatest societies in the Catholic Church was established, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith: and about this time, the energies of the French foreign missionaries were directed to the same great work. In no part of the world was the conversion of the heathen more attended to than this part — North America. The history of the church in Canada, in these early days, is minutely detailed in the records of the Jesuits, and you will find the names of Breboeuf, Lalement, Jogues, and many others, missionaries and marytrs. Later we have the more familiar names of the early explorers, Marquette and Hennepin. Here in our Province we have the missions of Penetanguishene, Sault Ste. Marie, Sandwich, and many others, founded now two hundred years or thereabouts. It a remarkable circumstance, that there is more accessible information regarding the church in Canada, for the first half of the seventeenth century, than there is for the last fifty years of this present century.

This vast territory of New France, was in very early times, placed under the charge of a French Archdiocese [Rouen], and for about fifty years Canada, or New France, was an outlying portion of that diocese.* In the middle of the seventeenth century the church in Canada was put under the immediate control of the Pope, and curiously enough this has been a matter of considerable discussion. You will find it stated with great emphasis that the church in Lower Canada up to the time of the Vatican Council in 1870 was part of the French National Church; and that that was something very different from the Roman or the Catholic Church. These statements are incorrect and untrue. There was something of a contest, it is true, in the middle of the seventeenth century, as to whether or not the church in Canada should be under the immediate control of the Pope, or under that of the Archbishop of Rouen; but the fact is, that in 1659, Bishop Laval took charge of New France as the Vicar of the Pope, as Vicar Apostolic.

The Diocese of Quebec was erected fifteen years afterwards, and there never was a bishop of Quebec, in French times, who was not first nominated to that position by the Pope. Quebec, as the sole diocese in British North America, numbers twelve bishops, six in French, and six in English times. The first of these is the illustrious Bishop Laval; the last is Bishop Plessis, who died in 1825, just the year before the diocese of Kingston was parcelled out for Upper Canada. This distinguished man, Bishop Plessis, is probably the most renowned figure in the Canadian Church or in Canada, and well worthy of the interesting biography of him written by Abbe Ferland. It was he who resisted the encroachments of the Crown to make the Catholic Church a church established by law: he it was who rendered nugatory in this country the act of supremacy of Queen Elizabeth. He it was that

*It has recently been stated and gone the rounds of the Press that under the Quebec diocese and the crozier of Laval there went forth these missioners, martyrs, and explorers, etc. That is more rhetorical than historical. Almost all the missionaries who suffered martyrdom lived and died before Laval came to Canada, and before the Quebec diocese had any existence. D. A. O'S.

insisted in his standing as *bishop* when the bigoted colonists desired him to be recognized but as the *Chief Superintendent* of his church in Canada. But for him, also, it would be difficult to say how the war of 1812 with the United States might not have ended. He procured the division of his great diocese, the largest perhaps ever in the church; and sent bishops to Nova Scotia, to the Gulf Islands, to the North-West, to Montreal, and to this (Upper Canadian) Province. After Quebec itself Newfoundland had first its bishop, Bishop O'Donnell, who was subsequently transferred to Derry in Ireland. Newfoundland has always stood aloof from Canada politically and ecclesiastically, and, to-day, forms no part of the ecclesiastical Provinces of Canada, but is immediately subject to Rome. About the year 1820, some on the same day, and others within a few months thereafter, there were sent out by Bishop Plessis several bishops, French, Irish, and Scotch, and it is to one of these and his Province that I will devote the remainder of my time.

Upper Canada, or Ontario, is now and has been for sixteen years past an ecclesiastical Province with the well-known prelate of this city as its archbishop. Seventy years ago it was an outlying portion of Quebec, and in the year 1819, Bishop McDonell was named an auxiliary of Bishop Plessis, and consecrated bishop on the last day of the year 1820. Six years later, Upper Canada was erected into a diocese with Kingston, as the ecclesiastical see. It need not be said that Bishop McDonell was the first bishop.

The church in Upper Canada starts out with a martial figure in the person of its first bishop. He was a man that might have gone to the Crusades, and doubtless would have prayed and fought as seemed best to him at the time. He came to Canada in the first years of this century, no stranger to hard work or to disheartening difficulties. He was in Ireland as chaplain to the Glengary Fencibles during the troubles of '98; he had lived through the riots against Catholics in Scotland that followed the Gordon riots in England. He probably stood too well with the aristocratic element of Upper Canada to be popular with that element, which has never found favor with the second-hand royalty that comes here to represent the Crown. That is probably more to his credit than to theirs, and it was, no doubt, a matter of gain to the church, that the acting sovereign of Great Britain could have been under such obligations to a simple priest the chaplain of another, a Canadian Glengarry Fencibles. For Father McDonell after his experiences in Ireland, Scotland, and Spain, where he was educated, lived here during the war of 1812, as missionary priest, and during the troubles of the rebellion of '37, as bishop of Kingston.

Kingston was created a diocese just sixty years ago, and is stated to be the first diocese established in a British Colony since the so-called Reformation. In 1819, the diocese of Quebec was erected into an Archdiocese with two auxiliary or suffragan bishops, one for Upper Canada and one for New Brunswick. Bishop McDonell was consecrated on the last day of the year 1820, the new bishop of Montreal some three weeks later, and the bishop of New Brunswick about six months after that. There is no doubt but Montreal might have ranked

before Kingston had not the British Government opposed a division of the Quebec diocese. Indeed, in an old colonial *Gazette* of 1820, there is to be found a notice of the bishop of Montreal and of the archbishop of Quebec, but both of these titles were dropped from motives of prudence. While the disputes with the governor and bishop of Quebec were going on, Bishop McDonell went to England, and arranged matters more satisfactorily, and Kingston was recognized. The old French bishop and all these Scotch bishops took titles from extinct churches in Asia or Africa, usually ones with a long Latin name, and Bishop McDonell at first had one of these, but later he was bishop of Regiopolis. Although this is a foreign word, in close examination it turns out to be nothing more than a Latin form for the King's City, or King's town, or Kingston.

Bishop McDonell lived for thirty-six years in Canada, and died in 1840, the year that Upper and Lower Canada were united. He and three or four clergymen had the whole of this Province to look after for about twenty years. At his death there were some forty priests and a coadjutor bishop in Upper Canada. He lived chiefly in Glengarry, and a gift of land there was the foundation for an endowment afterwards applied towards a Catholic college at Kingston. His letters show that between the Irish, Scotch, and French priests, he had his hands full. He was a member of the Legislative Council of the old Province of Upper Canada, and was, therefore, with the Anglican bishop, an honorable as well as a Right Reverend personage. He had a pension from the Crown of about £600 a year, and the money that the government paid fifty years ago for the support of the church passed through his hands — some $5,000 or $6,000 annually.

Bishop McDonell says that when he took charge of this Province in 1804, there was but one other priest to help him in the missionary work between Glengarry and Sandwich, and that this one soon deserted his post. At the end of about twelve years an old almanac gives the information that there were six priests in Canada West, two in Sandwich, two in Glengarry, one in Perth, and one in Kingston. After the lapse of another dozen years the clergy increased to fifteen in number; but even in those days the missionary labor must have been very great, for two did all the work between Toronto and Kingston, and four attended for all north and west of Toronto. The total number of Catholics in this Province then, in 1830, were probably not as many as now are in the parish of St. Mary's, Toronto. At the end of the next five years the clergy increased to thirty-five, and the Catholic population to over fifteen thousand.

It was at this time that the government of Upper Canada used to give money for the support of churches. In 1833 £900 were paid out to Catholic Churches, and about half that sum in 1834. This does not include what was paid the bishop and clergy, because in the latter years the public account shows that the bishop alone got over £500. The clergy in 1833 got nearly £300. In those good old days, we had four favored denominations in Upper Canada: the Church of England, the Methodist, the Presbyterian, and the Roman Catholic.

After the death of Bishop McDonell in 1840, his coadjutor, Bishop

Gaulin, succeeded to the See of Kingston, and two years later the diocese of Toronto was erected, with Bishop Power as its first bishop. As is better known to some of you than to me, he died of fever, in 1847, while looking after the emigrants.

Two great questions appear on the surface of our past in this country; one of these arose out of the fact that the Crown of England, in order to make suitable provision for its church, set apart one-seventh of the land for its support. This was done at the time Upper Canada was separated from Lower Canada, now nearly one hundred years ago. This appropriation gave rise to what is known in history as the Clergy Reserves, and for fifty years furnished materials for religious strife. It was apparent that this state of things could not continue—the other denominations were equally well entitled to State aid; and so, after much discussion and reporting and a small civil war, the endowments were put an end to, and in time the Reserves disposed of altogether. The Church of England is now in this Province, and indeed in any British Colony in no position different from any other religious body; it is not an Established Church, and in some respects it is legally no part of the Church Establishment of England. Many years ago the members of the local House passed a resolution that the Church of England was not established in this Province, and to show they were in earnest, they notified the chaplain that his services were no longer required. One of the maritime Provinces passed an act establishing the Church of England; and another of them can point with no pride to a regulation forbidding any Roman Catholic from settling therein.

In England we have a good deal of talk now about Established Churches, and it will be recollected that some ten years ago, or more, a case arose in Montreal in which it was endeavored to be shown that the Catholic Church in Quebec was an Established Church. This was the Guibord case; and the point was whether an excommunicated person ought to be buried in a consecrated cemetery. The Privy Council Judges held that Guibord was not an excommunicated person, and therefore was entitled to burial. They did not decide the question of an establishment, though they hinted at it. The Catholic Church, however, in Quebec or any other country at any time in history, has not been an Established Church in the sense in which that phrase is current in popular language. In England the Church was Catholic before it was established, and when it was established it ceased to be Catholic.

The other source of some ill feeling in this country was the question of separate education for children. This school goes back to the first year of this century, especially in Quebec; but in Upper Canada it assumed no great public importance until the Union of 1840. In the very next year the legislation took place, and by this by amendments form the present Separate-School Law. Bishop McDonell devoted a good part of his means to the question of Education, and his great ambition was the founding of a college where his clergy could be educated. . . .

The church in Canada has a brilliant history under circumstances

unknown in any other British Colony in America or elsewhere. Colleges and convents, schools and churches, can be traced back for two hundred years. The church has on its roll illustrious martyrs and brave explorers; it has given its aid to science; it has made history. During all that time there have been troubles, it is true, but no grave scandal. It has stood up for constituted authority; it has repelled invasion; it has preserved this country to its present owners. One need not be reminded that in 1776, the revolutionary period in the United States, three distinguished envoys were sent to Montreal to seek aid as against England; and how their overtures were rejected; or that later, in the war of 1812, the attitude taken by the illustrious bishop of Quebec prevented this country from being a State of the American Union.

There is no church in Canada that, as history goes, has done as much to preserve Canada to the Canadians, to maintain law and order, as the Catholic Church; and there is no church that ever had or ever will have the same power in the State as she has. The Catholic Church in Canada is no insignificant or unworthy part of the Church of Rome; but she has more cause of pride in her relationship than in her own merits. Magnificent and admirable as she is in her share of the conquest of the New World, she still is but a ray or reflection of that august institution that claims her as a child — that claims to be the mother of churches. There is no fact in history, ancient or modern, that bears any proportion to the establishment, the perpetuity, and the expansion of the Catholic Church. Here is a supremacy not kingly nor national, but presiding over the family of nations. To be a part of that Church is to claim connection with humanity for all time; to be exempt from that law of mortality which consumes all earthly things, and to be the chief and irrepressible fact in the world's history. While a Catholic has good reason to be proud of the church in this country, it is the lesser portion of that exultation a man may feel who belongs to a corporation — a guild that has no equal — that is the ever-present fact of the past, and will be the necessary condition of the future; that will survive kingdoms and dynasties, and will be as much the subject of reproach and calumny in a thousand years from this, if the world lasts that long, as it was a thousand years ago — as it is to-day.

A Great Man's Happiest Day. — When the Emperor Napoleon I. was in the height of his prosperity and surrounded by a brilliant company of courtiers and generals, he was asked what day he considered to have been the happiest of his life. All expected he would name the occasion of some great victory or political triumph, but he answered at once, "The happiest day of my life was the day of my first Communion." All remained silent, and he added, "for I was then an innocent child."

Imported Labor not Legitimate Emigration.

THE dynamite bomb which exploded in Chicago a few weeks ago was heard throughout the United States. Mingling with its echoes we hear a murmur of complaint against the foreign-born workman. The man who, through no foresight or management of his own, happened to be born in the United States, is congratulating himself on the fact that his parents, or ancestors, emigrated in time to prevent him from being born a foreigner. He is being patted on the back for being an American, and is told that he is a far "better man than his father before him." It is evident that the intention on the part of some is to align the native and foreign workmen against each other. Jay Gould in his interview of April 30, 1886, said that the workingmen of this country were "under the leadership, for the most part, of . . . men who left their native countries for their native countries' good." Further on in his interview he said:

"The spirit that filled the streets of Paris with blood, and that developed outrage and murder to a Russian science, has been flaunting itself freely along our lines in Missouri, in Kansas, and in Illinois. But America is not France, and the commune has failed. America is not Russia, and Nihilism has not deposed those in authority, nor been able to ruin the property of those who presumed to disobey. Barbarity is a weed that does not thrive well, transplanted from across the ocean here. It is not to the American taste to tear down, cripple, and destroy. Americanism leads to development and a building up. And Americanism in the end, depend upon it, is bound to vindicate and assert itself."

The people of foreign birth who live in the States named are not so desirable as they were at a not very remote period in our country's history. Not a great while ago we were inviting people from every land and clime to come to the United States and stay. We assured them that "there was room for all creation, and Uncle Sam was rich enough to give us all a farm."

It is true that Uncle Sam gave away a great many farms, but he gave them away in the lump. He did not give them to the emigrant nor to the native agriculturist as liberally as to the railroads and speculators; a great many of the people who accepted the invitation to come to this country, discovered that the only land they had access to was that which oozed up between the cobble stones on the streets of our great cities. Some of the imported population would not go on the land; others, not having the means, could not go. They remained in our large trade centres. From "Moody's Land and Labor" I quote this paragraph:

"In New York City five contiguous square miles of territory may be found, upon which are crammed not less than six hundred thousand human beings, sweltering and rolling in their misery, and sprouting the germs of anarchy and destruction. New York is by no means the only city thus afflicted. It is simply pre-eminent."

The poor foreigners who find themselves so situated are not to blame for their surroundings. Nor are they any worse off than their American-born neighbors. How did we manage to import so many

who sprout the germs of anarchy in our large cities, and who flaunt the blood-spilling spirit along the railways of Missouri, Kansas, and Illinois? Let me repeat the language of one of the Chicago bomb-throwers as I find it in the *Chicago News:*

"The man said he could not understand why it is that men could not do as they think best. He had come to this country because the agent who had told him to emigrate had promised him he would come to a free country. He had come here with the idea that this country was a free one, in which a man could do what he pleased."

The question which naturally suggests itself to the mind of the reader is: Who sent the agent over to Europe to induce this "blood-spilling spirit" to come to the United States? Let me answer him by quoting some extracts from Jay Gould's testimony, given before the New York Senate Committee, December 14, 1882, and reported in the *New York Tribune* of the following day:

"*Q.* You stated that speculation promoted immigration. How does it do this?

"Gould. It induces the construction of railroads into new territory, and that induces the roads to send abroad to get immigrants to settle the lands.

"*Q.* To what extent have you influenced immigration?

"Gould. That is impossible to tell. We are advertising in all the lands abroad. The immigrants come and may go on our lands or elsewhere. When I was in Europe you couldn't go anywhere but you saw agents of American land grant companies.

"Mr. Gould then explained the methods practised by the companies and their agents to induce emigration from Europe. Among the roads mentioned by him as having agents in Europe were the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas, Texas Pacific and the St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railways."

The presence of so many "blood-spilling spirits" from Europe along the lines of the Gould system, and in Chicago, which is "elsewhere," is now accounted for. It is evident that a great deal of deception is practised on the alien workman in order to induce him to come to America. The system which tolerates "the agent" will not counsel him to adhere strictly to the truth, when he is portraying to the imagination of the European the beauties of our American institutions. If it suits his purpose to explain how easily things can be revolutionized in America, rest assured he will not allow the still small voice of conscience to influence him. The foreign-born workman is a good fellow, and there is a welcome for him in the land of the free so long as he is content to work for less money than his American brother. Just as soon, however, as he learns the way of the country, it is discovered by such men as send agents abroad that he is not so desirable an acquisition to our population after all. If such men would but cast aside the thin veil of hypocrisy and speak with candor, they would acknowledge the above to be true.

It is no credit to us as a people to have among us a class that prates so much about love of country, "Americanisms," and "American orn citizen," etc., and at the same tin gaged in the nefari usiness of inducing people by lying and deception to come to s ountry to take the places of American citizens. The American-born itizen is no better nor worse than the foreign-born citizen, for if you cratch an American you draw foreign blood, unless, indeed, you

scratch a North-American Indian, and as a genuine American we do not appear to take a great deal of pride in him. We have always welcomed the man who came to our shores of his own free-will. The imported article never was, and never will be, welcomed by the American workingman. Only those who are eligible and willing to don the mantle of American citizenship should be permitted to find an abiding-place in this country.

I hope that, having discovered that "the agents" are sending over too many "blood-spilling spirits," the managers, under whose control these agents work, will call them home.

TERENCE V. POWDERLY.

Words of Wisdom.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN addressed the convention of the Young Men's Catholic Association of the United States, recently assembled in convention at Philadelphia. He expressed his gratification at finding young men from different parts of the country associated in the work of self-improvement and the dissemination of those principles which will be of great advantage to the State itself. "In your capacity as Catholics," he said, "you have nothing to do with politics as such, but with the ethics of politics; these have principles which are of immense importance to the prosperity and continuance of the State, and which are true to every good citizen, to no matter what church he may belong. Edmund Burke was not a Catholic, but I know no better modern political philosophy than Burke's. Sound principles arise from the great truths of your religion." The archbishop also said he was gratified that the societies represented meet for literary study and improvement. "It is important to cultivate your minds and give answer and refutation to the calumny that the church is opposed to the advance of knowledge. We never can fear that there is any contradiction between what God has revealed in nature and what He has revealed in the Bible, for both come from the same cause. Therefore the Catholics are certain they are right, and are fearless that anything can occur to contradict the truth they received from God. I congratulate you, and hope you will continue in this work. The church and the world feel that there is a need now for this conservative power. The German Chancellor feels it, and looks toward Rome, and feels a protection in its power and unity against the evils which attack society. The world is beginning to feel as he does, and, though we do not worship with non-Catholics, we can unite with all men — no matter to what church they belong — who accept those truths for the perservation of human society, and that we may be, as citizens, truly and really Catholics."

A MAN of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

The Catholic Apostolate.

No one of the distinctive marks of the church is, perhaps, so universally shared with all organizations sprung from it as the vital power of growth and expansion, which produces from the smallest germ results the most far-reaching and wide-spreading. The world-shadowing tree, sprung from the grain of mustard-seed, communicates to all its branches its own reproductive power, and the development of the lesser offshoots grafted on the main stem far transcends the original designs of the human instruments employed for their propagation. Among the most wonderful subsidiary organizations created by the church is the great machinery called into existence for fulfilling her primary mission of preaching the gospel to all nations.

On some future occasion we hope to trace the history of the Sacred Congregation and College of Propaganda, established by Urban VIII., with the Pope himself as its centre and mainspring. An illustration of the vigorous vitality communicated to all its ramifications is the growth of an association founded at Lyons sixty-four years ago, which, aiming at first only at the subvention of certain missions in America, has since grown to be an institution whose beneficent action is felt in every quarter of the globe. A brief outline of the growth of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith will enable our readers to judge for themselves as to the vastness of the work achieved by this co-operative union of humble efforts, combined in an organization whose field of operations is the entire world. The preliminary conditions of their task are defined by the general distribution of different forms of religions summed up in the following table: —

		Millions.		
1.	Catholics	217	Christians.	Monotheists.
2.	Protestants	124		
3.	Schismatics	84		
4.	Jews	7		
5.	Mussulmans	169		
6.	Brahminists	170	Idolaters.	
7.	Pure Buddhists	7		
8.	Buddhists, Taouists and Confucianists	390		
9.	Buddhists and Shintoists	36		
10.	Pagans	233		
		1,437		

It will be seen that Buddhism, with kindred associated forms of belief, is the most widely diffused of all creeds, and its adherents equal in number those of Catholicism, Protestantism, and the Greek schism. It is, however, divided into twenty-eight principal sects, many of which are but forms of Nihilism and Atheism, and its empire in China is shared with Confucianism and Taoism, as in Japan with Shintoism.

The followers of the Arabian Prophet come next in numbers, and are diffused over a far wider expanse. Indeed the empire of Islam, the

most aggressive in the world, occupies a quarter of the surface of the globe, and its ever-advancing frontiers extend from the shores of the African Niger to those of the Blue River of China. It is divided into two principal sects, Sunnis and Shiahs, between whom the order of succession to the Caliphate is the main point at issue. Brahminism, confined within the Peninsula of Hindostan, has also split into two branches, formed of the adorers of Vishnu and Siva.

These three sects are, properly speaking, idolaters and pagans ; but as they have sacred books, and have preserved some of the primordial truths, we have distinguished them from the other pagans, of whom the most typical and numerous classes are the Fetichists of Africa and the Shamanists of Siberia.

Catholicity is the most numerous of any body professing one definite doctrine and subject to one Head. All other creeds, like that of Protestantism or of Buddhism, are split into antagonistic sects. Catholicity though outnumbered in population, claims universality in point of space. The remaining confessions are all localized within limits more or less widely extended, and only the Catholic Church is all prevading and all embracing. Buddhism and Brahminism are restricted to the extreme East, Mohamedanism does not pass the 19th degree of West Longitude, the Greek schism has little footing outside the shadow of the Russian Empire, the other European heresies are still more circumscribed in their respective fields of diffusion. The Chair of Peter alone claims supremacy over all peoples and tribes and tongues ; only the Church of Rome acknowledges in space no limit, as in time no term. The whole earth is mapped out between twenty Missionary Societies, some made up of Regulars and some composed of Secular clergy, for whom the College of Propaganda is the oldest and greatest training school. The islands of Japan, the Corean Peninsula, the steppes and forests of Mandchuria, are an appanage of the *Missions Etrangères* of Paris—that heroice novitiate of Martyrdom ; Kansu and Mongolia offer a vast and difficult field to the labors of the Belgian missionaries ; the Middle Kingdom is divided between five Orders ; in the north and centre are the Lazarists and the humble and devoted Franciscans, who gave Pekin its first Archbishop in 1590 ; in the west the Dominicans and Jesuits, the latter the founders of the flourishing missions of the seventeenth century ; and in the east and south again *Les Missions Etrangères,* which have the lion's share, as they occupy more than a third of the superficial area of China.

Passing on to the Indo-Chinese Peninsula, we find the same enterprising society in almost exclusive possession of its vast block of territory, only a seventh of which is shared with the Dominicans and the Milanese Foreign Missions. In Hindostan, the high ground at the foot of the Himalayas is occupied by the Capuchins, while at the three angles of the Peninsula, at Calcutta, at Maduré and Mangalore, the Jesuits are established, with the Mill Hill Missionaries and Irish priests at Madras, and the Salesians of Anneçy, Fathers of the Holy Ghost, Carmelites, Benedictines, and Foreign Missionaries of Paris and Milan in the centre and on other points of the coast. In Ceylon, the Oblates make head against three enemies at once, the gunas of Brahma, the bonzes of Buddha, and the marabouts of Mohammed.

Persia belongs to the Lazarists ; Mesopotamia to the Dominicans ; Syria and Armenia to the French and Italian religious, Jesuits, Franciscans, Lazarists, and Carmelites. Africa offers a field where the energies of all the missionary societies may find ample scope, and in addition to those already existing three new congregations, the Algerian Missionaries, and the African Missions of Lyons and of Verona, have been specially founded for its evangelization. The Jesuits on the Nile and Zambesi, the Fathers of the Holy Ghost on the Zanzibar and Guinea coasts, the Capuchins in Tunis; Lazarists, Franciscans, and Oblates of Mary in other parts of the continent, all vie with each other in the Herculean task of the conversion of Africa.

In the New World the work of the evangelization of the Indians is still being carried on by the Jesuits, who early succeeded in winning the sympathies of these savages, and by the Benedictines, who have entered on the work with a redoubled zeal, while that of the still wilder Patagonians in the extreme south has been recently undertaken for the first time by the Salesians of Turin, founded by Dom Bosco. The scattered islands of the Pacific are divided between the Society of Mary and the Congregation of the Sacred Heart, while the great island of Borneo, only recently rendered accessible, falls to the share of the English Missionaries of Mill Hill ; and New Guinea has just assisted at the first Mass ever said upon its shores, by the Fathers of the Society of Issoudun, to whom that mission has recently been confided. In addition to the regular Orders and Missionary Congregations, a great number of secular priests are working with equal zeal in the Old and New Worlds among North American and East Indians, negroes, and the mixed races of Asia.

To give an idea of the number of priests sent out by Europe to the East, we subjoin some figures, taken mainly from the *Madras Directory* of 1886.

In British India and Siam, *Les Missions Etrangères* of Paris have 8 bishops and 259 priests ; their brethren of Milan, 1 bishop and 25 priests ; the Jesuits, 4 bishops and 241 priests ; the Oblates of Mary, 2 bishops and 72 priests ; Carmelites, 3 bishops and 458 priests ; Capuchins, 3 bishops and 65 priests ; Salesians of Anneçy, 1 bishop and 30 priests ; Benedictines, 2 bishops and 17 priests. In the whole of this region there are 26 bishops, 2 Prefects Apostolic, 1,198 priests, 1,220,-598 Catholics, 1,662 schools and 74,591 children in attendance. In addition to the above, there are 165 priests and 128,513 Catholics under the extraordinary jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Goa. In the further East, 19 bishops and 613 of the *Missions Etrangères*, of Paris, are working side by side with 3 bishops and 37 priests of the Belgian Missionaries, and 2 bishops and 26 priests of the Milanese Foreign Missions with 2 Jesuit bishops and 153 priests, forming, with Lazarists, Franciscans, Dominicans, and other Orders, a total for the Chinese Missions of 47 bishops, 746 European and 649 native priests, 40 colleges, 16 convents, and 1,115,661 Catholics.

Under the headship of the Propaganda, the most active agency for this diffusion of missionary work has been the society for the Propagation of the Faith. Founded in Lyons, in 1822, with comparatively

limited aims, it has become a world-embracing scheme of Christian co-operation. The alms collected and disbursed by it in the sixty years of its existence amount to no less than 222,000,000 francs, not far short of 10,000,000 sterling; and largely through its assistance, more than 270 bishoprics, prefectures, or vicariates-apostolic, have been created by the Holy See in heretic or infidel countries. The stimulus it has given to the Apostolic activity of the church may be estimated by a comparison between the present ecclesiastical jurisdiction in heathen countries and those existing at the time of its foundation. The African continent did not then contain a single episcopal see, and the Cross was only planted on some points of its vast littoral. Two archbishoprics, 12 bishoprics, 16 apostolic prefectures, and 17 vicariates, are now distributed over its surface, leaving a comparatively small portion unappropiated by the church.

The episcopate of Asia numbered in 1822 but 12 sees, 6 in China, 4 in Indo-China, and 2 in India. Hindostan and Ceylon have now 26 bishops and archbishops, with 1,200 priests; while in the Chinese Empire, Indo-China, and Japan, the spiritual wants of a million and a half of faithful are in charge of 50 vicars and Prefects-Apostolic, and 1,400 priests, foreign and native.

In North America, the Church was represented down to 1822 only by the archbishopric of Quebec and bishopric of Montreal, with a vicariate-apostolic for Upper Canada, and by 9 dioceses in the United States, with no more than about 12 priests in each. Now the Dominion contains 30 bishops and 2,000 priests, with a Catholic population of 2,000,000, and the United States 75 bishoprics and archbishoprics, 7,000 priests and 8,000,000 of Catholics.

Australia and Polynesia, which, at the date of the foundation of the Society, were absolutely without Catholic organization, have now twenty-three bishops administering to the wants of increasing congregations in Australia, New Zealand, and the islands of the Pacific. The general distribution of the Catholic population of the globe is as follows: —

	Area Square Miles.	Population.	Catholics.
Europe	3,700,000	328,000,000	153,837,535
Asia	18,250,000	796,000,000	9,234,000
Africa	12,000,000	206,000,000	2,656,000
America	15,600,000	102,000,000	51,033,790
Australia and Polynesia . . .	5,595,534	4,300,000	672,000
Polar Regions	2,298,175	850,000	?
	57,543,709	1,437,150,000	217,433,325

Europe, it will thus be seen, has still the primacy of the religious world, as of that of human science and culture, but this order of things is not necessarily permanent, and the opening of a new cycle may be at hand. The modern revolutionary spirit is universally hostile to all forms of authority, secular or spiritual; but while temporal kingdoms may crumble into anarchy and annihilation before its onslaught, the

church will suffer no shipwreck in the storm, and will still reign supreme, though perhaps under changed conditions. A glance at the foregoing table will show how in the East, West, and South, her empire is fast extending, and how the ground won in these new lands more than counterbalances the defection of older countries. It is an ennobling thought for those who contribute to the great work of the propagation of the Gospel that they may be instrumental in shaping the future of the church, amid those changes of the coming time, which may possibly include a shifting of the world's religious centre of gravity by the transference of the great mass of the Faithful to the non-European continents.

Catholic Missions.

The Man for a Marshal.

PERSONAL SKETCH OF COL. PATRICK T. HANLEY, WHO WAS WITH THE NINTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT FROM FIRST TO LAST.

WHILE a younger and most gifted class of the Irish race in Boston are displaying more and more the high qualities of their well-recognized abilities and patriotism in furthering, in a very substantial manner, the aims of our countrymen at home to secure autonomy for Ireland, they are also prompt to give evidence that they do not slight nor forget the services of the element of the race that threw itself into the war for the preservation of the Union. On this ground, and in token of this distinction, as well as for the gentleman's personal and characteristic worth, they have selected Colonel P. T. Hanley, a veteran from first to last of the gallant fighting Ninth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, to be Grand Marshal of the Parliamentary Fund festival to be held on the evening of June 17, in Mechanics Building in this city.

Not only those who served with Colonel Hanley in the field, through the trials and hardships that beset the soldier in bivouac and battle, but his hosts of warm friends in all the walks of civil life, can justly quote him in the words put by the great dramatist in the mouth of that most gallant and soldierly of English Kings in his address to his troops before Harfleur:

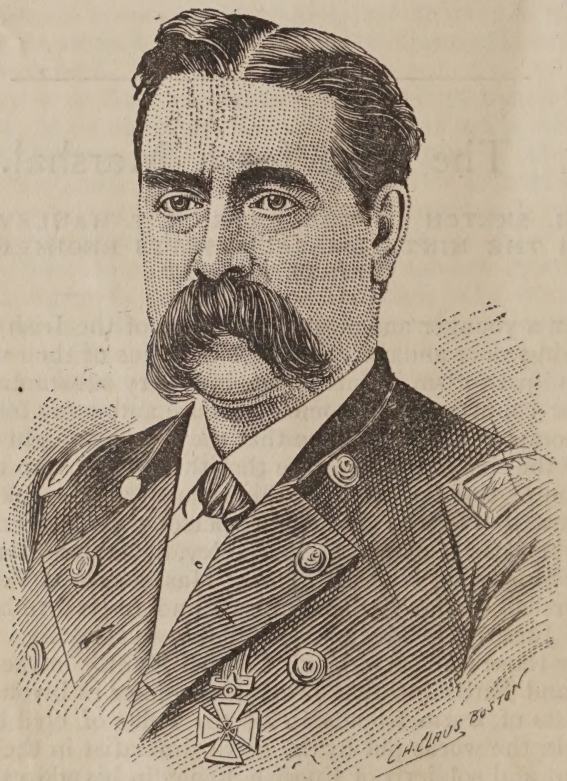
> "In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
> As modest stillness and humility."

But when the blast of war came his spirit was proof in assuming different action and which lent him strong courage to bend every sinew of his to its highest tension, and as a leader at any breach made in the lines of his adopted country's foes was ever ready if need be to,—

> "Close the wall up with our Irish dead."

It is a fact that Colonel Hanley's modesty prevented his wearing the silver eagle, — the United States military emblem of the chief of a

regiment,—long before President Johnson bestowed it upon him and even when that commission came for the services rendered in a long series of battles; for his kind solicitude for the men he commanded, for his good sense and military talents, the star of the general could have been most befittingly bestowed to adorn his shoulder. It needed but very little assertion on his part to have accomplished it; but the consciousness of duty well done was to him of prouder satisfaction than insignias of rank or titles. With these few words of introduction the MAGAZINE is delighted in presenting to its readers a most excellent likeness of Marshal Hanley.



COL. P. T. HANLEY.

As it is from such sources as ours, from periodicals like this one, that the genuine history of the Irish race generations to come will be gleaned, and when a regenerated National Ireland will be gathering into the fond bosom of her archives the lives and deeds of her scattered children abroad, and will, no doubt, try to return remembering love for the love and fidelity which her exiled progeny have unceasingly manifested for her, an occasion like this should not be lost sight of to tell the earlier story of one so conspicuous among our kind in New England as the subject of our sketch.

Patrick T. Hanley was born in Roscommon, Ireland, in 1831, and came to the United States with his people when only twelve years old. He lived for some time after his arrival here at Hamilton, Ohio, and learned there the trade of cooper. In 1848 he moved to Boston at the request of Messrs. Fisher & Chapin, pork merchants, with whom he served as foreman of their packing establishment until the fall of 1860, when in recognition of his worth he received at their hands the compliment of a several months' vacation to visit the land of his birth and home of his boyhood years.

It was in 1853 that young Hanley joined the Columbian Artillery, Fifth Regiment, M. V. M. At that time a Captain Thompson commanded it, and Thomas Cass, who subsequently organized and led to the field and was mortally wounded leading it, the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment, was a lieutenant of the Columbians. Many other men, well known and honored by our fellow-citizens, were active members at the time, including Captains Cornelius and Michael Doherty, both deceased, Quarter-master John Glancy, Hons. Eneas Smyth, Martin Griffin, Register of Voters M. Carney, and enough more to bring it under the ban of Governor Gardner as an Irish company, when that doughty, know-nothing champion sat in the gubernatorial chair. Private Hanley's correct deportment and regularity very soon pointed him out for promotion in the company, and he was chosen clerk, and made a good and popular one. His friend, Captain Cornelius Doherty, presented him with a massive gold signet ring, which he has worn all through the war and since. When the Columbians formally disbanded themselves through the outrageous prejudices of the time, P. T. Hanley became the Clerk, and was a most excellent executive officer for the newly-formed Columbian Association. Although thus deprived of State arms, equipments, uniforms, and an armory, because in surrendering these, and the officers their commissions, they had only in a spirited manner anticipated the action of the governor and military authorities of the State, the company kept up an organization. They hired a hall with suitable quarters at the North End, established a library and reading-room, devoted evenings of each week to debate and literary exercises. They assessed themselves for funds, purchased muskets and equipments, kept up their drills and studies of military tactics. They had means and spirit, and so, on patriotic occasions and anniversaries, they made parades through Boston, bearing arms, and with the stars and stripes and Erin's green flag floating proudly in their midst. Their excursions inland and on the seaboard in summer, and balls and parties in winter, were the Irish social events of the city in those anti-bellum years. Before leaving for Ireland, Clerk Hanley received a very fine testimonial from his Columbian Associates — a beautiful gold-headed ebony cane, which he still preserves, and which bears the legend chased then into its golden ornament: "Presented to P. T. Hanley, October 23, 1860, by the Columbians." He remembers, with pardonable pride, the winning of two medals from the Columbian Company for best shot; one of those prizes being known as the "Cass Medal," of pure gold, which Victor Hanley surrendered to the Guards' Association, then in command of Captain Cornelius Doherty, when the former was going to the war.

Sergeant Hanley returned from Ireland in March, 1861. War's rude clash was already ringing through the Continent. Captain Cass invited his coöperation in raising Company A to be known as the Columbian Guards. He assented with hearty earnestness. In place of again resuming his position with his friends, Messrs. Fisher and Chapin, he thus assisted in forming — himself one of it — the nucleus of the Ninth Regiment, to be mustered in for three years' service, or during the war. This being done, he joined in the labor of forming the second company (B), which was called the "Otis Guard," in honor of Boston's most estimable daughter, Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, a lady whose untiring efforts and patriotic sacrifices lent great energy and spirit to the work of preparing Massachusetts in many ways for the war. Volunteer Hanley was mustered into the United States service as first lieutenant of this company with Captain Chris. Plunkett as its commander. The regiment was formed at Long Island, in Boston Harbor, where it was being organized and drilled for several weeks before it was mustered by Captain Marshall, a United States infantry officer. At Arlington Heights, Virginia, in August, 1861, Lieutenant Hanley succeeded as captain of the Otis Guard; and on the death of Lieut.-Colonel Peard, to whose position Major P. R. Guiney was advanced, Captain Hanley, in January, 1862, was commissioned major. He was then one of the junior captains, perhaps the most recently commissioned as such, but after weighing the matter gravely for some days, Colonel Cass recommended to Governor Andrew his advancement and his commission to wear spurs, and the gold oak leaf soon came from the Adjutant's General's office of this State through the war departments at Washington. His military history is identified with that of the Ninth Regiment already previously recorded in these pages. Its gallantry, sacrifices, and the trust of the general officers who commanded it, were the whole of which his was a worthy part. After the seven days' battles on the peninsula, General Fitz John Porter, commanding the fifth corps, issued special order No. 568, dated July 30, 1862, which embodied the following letter: —

General Fitz John Porter's Letter.

To His Excellency John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts, Boston, Mass.

Head-Quarters of Fifth Army Corps, Harrison's Landing, Va., July, 26, 1862.

Governor, — I have the honor to present for your consideration an order appointing, subject to your approval, field officers in the Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers. I take pleasure in bearing testimony to the admirable conduct of these officers in action especially at the battle of Chickahominy, and to sustain thereby the recommendation of their Brigade Commander, and the choice of the regiment.

It affords me great gratification to express to you my admiration for the noble conduct of the troops from your State under my command in the late actions before Richmond. No troops could have behaved better than did the Ninth and Twenty-Second Regiments, and Martin's Battery, and portions of Allen's, or done more to add to our successes. Their thinned ranks tell of their trials, the brave men lost, their heroic dead, and gallant conduct and devotion to their country. Their discipline was never excelled, and now with undaunted hearts they await, with confidence of success, the order to advance. I hope you will be able to send on men to fill

their depleted ranks, even in parties of ten, as fast as recruited. A few men joining us now gives great heart to all men, and adds to our strength nearly five times the same number in new regiments.

I am, Governor, with high respect, your obedient servant,

F. J. PORTER, *Brigader-General Commanding.*

In this the allusion is special to Colonel Hanley and in Special Order No. 92 "for gallant conduct in the field of battle," General Porter recommends Major Hanley to be promoted to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy made vacant by the promotion of Guiney after the death of Cass. His commission as such was dated in July, 1862. He had well earned this distinction. His gallant command during a good portion of the day at Gaines' Mills, after Colonel Cass had become disabled through the sickness that for weeks had been assailing him, together with the lameness and pain caused by an almost spent bullet that struck him in the foot, evinced his ability to fight a battalion under fire in good form. In the following great battle of Malvern Hill again succeeded Colonel Cass, who was there mortally wounded, in command of the Ninth Regiment. But it was only for about fifteen minutes, when he was felled to the earth, by a rebel missile, which severely wounded him in the right arm.

On the 5th of May, 1864, the Ninth Regiment was among the first infantry Corps to charge the enemy in the Wilderness Campaign. Marching in line of battle to the front Colonel Guiney received a wound that lost him an eye. Colonel Hanley assumed command, entered the battle and sustained heavy loss, because there was a failure on the part of two other regiments to give promised support. Thenceforth through all the desperate and bloody work from the date named until about the 5th of June, Hanley led his brave comrades gallantly. Through Laurel Hill, across the Annas, and many other engagements, he remained unscathed in the command. On the 12th of May a couple inches of the point of his sword was bit off by a bullet aimed at his body, and the mutilated weapon he will leave for his sons to look upon when time will be no more here with him. On June 3, at Cold Harbor, almost on ground where two years before the positions of Federal and Confederate were reversed, Colonel Hanley and all that was then left of the Ninth did their last fighting, and twenty poor fellows, who were that morning eagerly looking for their joyful return to Boston in a few days, alas! bit the dust of that "Sacred Soil" which for the preceding three years encased the bones of many an Irish youth, fallen in the eager haste of battle, whose last resting-place may never be known until the trump of the Archangel sounds the reveille of the resurrection.

"Ah! you are going to get a big reception in Boston," said General Charles Griffin, the brilliant regular army officer, who commanded the division, when Colonel Hanley and the beloved chaplain, Rev. Fr. Eagan, called upon him to bid farewell. "Nothing; nothing more than you well deserve. The Ninth is in the very front rank of the best regiments that ever left Massachusetts." The reception to the regiment here was an ovation. Colonel Hanley brought it to Boston without a single mishap, and all classes of the citizens vied with one another in

doing honor to its survivors. Faneuil Hall's open-hearted hospitality was not sufficient, and each of the various quarters of the city had its entertainment for companies and squads of the returned heroes away into the short hours of the new coming day.

In September, 1864, Colonel Hanley married Miss Sarah C. McTeague, of Charlestown. She is a younger sister of the wife of Mr. James McCormick, the brewer. Thirteen children have blessed this union, — seven boys and six girls. Of these one girl and two boys died. Three of the five daughters are now at Montreal in the convent, receiving the accomplished and Catholic education which the institution is so well adapted to give. Colonel Hanley has been prosperous in his undertakings. For fourteen years he has done the brewing and has had charge of the brewery of Messrs. James McCormick & Co., at Boston Highlands, which until two years ago kept up the old and familiarly known title of "Isaac Cook & Co." Some years ago he built himself a large and handsome stone mansion at the corner of Tremont and Parker Streets, where in solid comfort he resides surrounded by his estimable wife and interesting sons and daughters. He has never held any public office, although repeatedly urged to accept an aldermanic candidacy. There is scarcely an office in his ward and district to which he might aspire that he would not be elected to by the voice of the people, who name him only to praise him. In politics he has always been steadfast to Democratic principles. At fifty-five he is one of the best preserved, hale and fine-looking soldiers of our war.

STUDENT.

Great Home Rule Demonstration in Portland

SPLENDID SPEECH OF HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, LATE CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

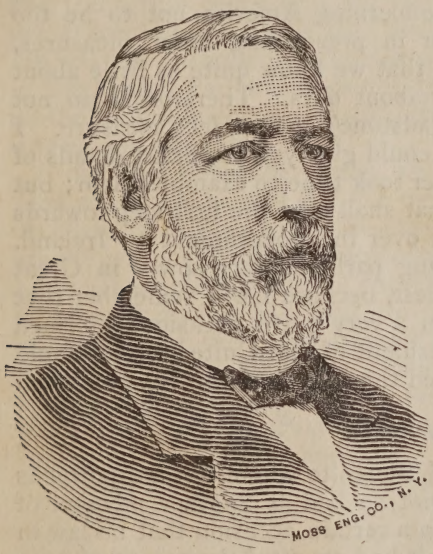
THE Gladstone-Parnell demonstration in honor of James G. Blaine, in City Hall, Portland, Me., on the evening of the 31st of May, was a magnificent success. The hall was absolutely packed, thousands going away unable to get in. The Mayor of the city, the Governor, and a large number of the leading men of the State, were in attendance. The Mayor, Governor, Rev. P. A. McKenna, and others, addressed the vast crowd.

At the close of Father McKenna's speech James G. Blaine was escorted to the platform. With great difficulty a passage was cleared from the street to the platform for the statesman. At last Mr. Blaine appeared, escorted by William H. Looney. Mr. Blaine was cheered from the moment the audience caught sight of him. Governor Robie in vain tried to be heard: his voice was drowned by the wild applause. At last he said: "Ladies and gentlemen — I now have the pleasure of of introducing to you Hon. James G. Blaine — not of Maine, but of the United States."

Chandler's band, that had played "St. Patrick's Day, in the Morning" when Mr. Blaine entered, played a brief selection and then Mr. Blaine came forward and was given what may be described as his second reception. Hats were thrown in the air, cheer after cheer was given, and it was some moments before he could be heard.

Mr. Blaine Said:

YOUR EXCELLENCY. — Directly after the publication of this meeting I received a letter from a venerable citizen in an adjacent county, asking me to explain, if I could, just what the Irish question is. I appreciated the question, or rather I appreciated his request, for in a question that calls forth so much sympathy and sentiment on the part of the world at large, evokes so much opposition among those who are directly interested, there may be danger of not giving attention enough to the simple elementary facts of the case.



HON. JAMES G. BLAINE.

Now, what is home rule?

Why, it is what every State and Territory of the United States enjoys (applause), and it is what Ireland does not enjoy. In a parliament of 658 members Great Britain has 553 and Ireland has 105; and except with the consent of that parliament Ireland cannot organize a gas company (laughter), or a horse railroad company, or a ferry over a stream (laughter), or the slightest thing that implies legislative power. Now, suppose, we bring that home and the State of Maine should be linked with State of New York, relatively as large with State of Maine as England in numbers with Ireland, and your beautiful city here could not take a step for its improvement, nor the State of Maine organize any association of any kind or charter a company of any kind unless the overwhelming galaxy of the New York Legislature gave her consent. How long do you think the people of Maine would stand it? (Applause.)

That is the simple question between England and Ireland, except there is a great fact in addition which would not apply to New York and Maine — that there are centuries of wrongs which have built up monuments of hatred on the part of those who are the subjects of oppression, and which have aggravated the question between Ireland and Great Britain far beyond the limits that would be found between New York and Maine. I suppose if the question were left to the United States to decide we should say: "Adopt the Federal system; have your legislature for Ireland, your legislature for England, your legislature for Wales, your legislature for Scotland and

Your Imperial Parliament

for the British empire. Let questions that are Irish be settled by Irishmen; questions that are English be settled by Englishmen; questions that are Welsh be settled by Welshmen; and questions that are Scotch be settled by Scotchmen. (Applause.)

The questions that affect the whole empire of Great Britain be settled in a Parliament in which the four great constituent elements shall be impartially represented. (Applause.) I say that would be the shorthand method of settling the question, for we have lived that way for one hundred years nearly in the United States of America. (Applause.)

I do not forget, however, that it would be political empiricism to attempt by any prescription to give the exact measure, the exact details of any measure that should settle this long dispute between Great Britain and Ireland. I am admonished by what I have noticed in the British Parliament, in discussions concerning America, not to be too forward in knowledge of details, or in prescribing exact measures, because I suppose they would report that we know quite as little about their precise troubles as they know about ours. Therefore I do not stand here simply to say that Mr. Gladstone's is a perfect measure. I do not stand here to say that I even could give you the exact details of that measure; I do not say that I ever took time to examine them; but I say that I am in favor of any bill that shall take the first step towards righting this wrong, and of handing over the government to Ireland. As to precisional statement regarding parliamentary power in Great Britain, I am admonished to be modest, because I will remember that Lord Palmerston, during our war, on a very grave occasion, informed the House of Commons that the President of the United States could not alone declare war; that it required the assent of the Senate, when

Every Schoolboy Knows

that it is the Congress of the United States to whom the war-power is given. (Laughter.) But that was not so bad as another member of Parliament who assured the House on a certain occasion that no law in the United States was perfect until it had received the assent of two-thirds of the legislatures of the several States (laughter); and a fellow-member corrected him and said: "You are wrong; Congress cannot take up any law to discuss until two-thirds of the legislatures of the States consent." (Great laughter.)

Mr. Seward, on a given occasion, to wit, on a motion made by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons in 1844, to inquire into the condition of Ireland—I said Mr. Seward, I meant Lord Macaulay, but I am sure that the memory of neither will be injured by being mistaken for the other. (Applause.) Lord Macaulay said: "You admit that you govern Ireland not as you govern England, not as you govern Scotland, but as you govern your new conquests in India; not by means of the respect which the people feel for the laws, but by means of bayonets, artillery, and entrenched camps."

Now, if that were true in 1844, I am very sure that I do not

exaggerate when I say that the long period of forty-two years which has intervened, has served to strengthen the truth of Macaulay's word rather than diminish it. (Applause.)

Lord Salisbury gives the remedy. He says if the Irish do not wish to be governed by the British, they should leave. But the Irish have been in Ireland quite as long as Lord Salisbury's ancestors have been in England (laughter), and, very likely, longer, for aught I know, for I have not examined his lordship's lineage in Burke's peerage. Very likely his ancestry were Danish pirates or peasants in Normandy, who came over with William the Conqueror, centuries after the Irish people were known in Ireland. (Applause.) Therefore

We Need not be Surprised,

we who remember Salisbury's course in the Civil War. Therefore we have to say that Lord Salisbury may be called impudent. We would not transgress courtesy if we call him insolent; we would not transgress truth if we called him brutal. We know him in this country. He was the bitterest foe that the government of the United States had in the British Parliament during the Civil War, and he has transferred all the hatred which he hissed forth in the Parliament of Great Britain during our struggle.

Another objection comes, and it comes from a source upon which I am anxious to comment. An objection comes from the Presbyterians of Ulster appealing to the Presbyterians of the United States against granting this bill. Now, I was educated under Presbyterian influences; I have connection with that church by kindred, blood, and infinity that began with my life, and shall not cease until my life ends; and I would be ashamed of the Presbyterian Church of America if it responded to an appeal of that kind which asks that five million Irish people shall be kept from free government because of the remote danger, as they fancy, that a Dublin Parliament would interfere with their liberties as Presbyterians. (Great applause.)

Now, Mr. Chairman, if the Home Rule Bill shall pass, and a Dublin Parliament be granted, there never was an association of men, since human government was instituted, who would assume power with a greater responsibility to the public opinion of the world than the men who would compose the Parliament, because if they are allowed to form it, they form it by reason of the pressure of the public opinion of the world. (Applause.) And I know that the Catholics of Ireland and the Presbyterians of Ireland can live and do just as the Catholics of the United States and the Presbyterians of the United States live. (Applause.) Citizens of one country, each giving to the other perfect right of conscience.

Each Declining to Interfere

in the remotest manner with the perfect liberty of the other. (Applause.)

Mr. Gladstone, in his policy, proposes another bill. He proposes to do something to relieve the Irish from the intolerable oppression of the landlords. Let me here quote Lord Macaulay again. Speaking of

Ireland, whose territory is slightly less than the territory of the State of Maine, perhaps thirty thousand acres less than this State, Lord Macaulay in the same speech says: "In natural fertility it is superior to any area of equal size in Europe, a country" — now I give you his estimate of what Ireland is towards England — "a country far more important to the prosperity, the strength, the dignity of the British empire than all our distant dependencies together; more important than the Canadas, the West Indies, South Africa, Australia, Asia, Ceylon, and the vast dominions of the Mogul."

If an Irishman had said that in America people would exclaim, "Did you ever hear such extravagant men as they are from the Green Isle?" (Laughter.)

Well, reading these statements from this high source, leads me to a practical examination, somewhat minute, if you will pardon it, of the land questions, not in any abstract way, but in a perfectly practicable and farmer-like way. I wanted to test what Lord Macaulay said about the extraordinary fertility of this island, and I took the latest British authority upon which I could lay my hands for statistics. I could get none later than 1880, but I give you the result of my examination for that year and for several years that preceded it. In the year 1880 Ireland produced 4,000,000 bushels of wheat. But wheat is not the crop of Ireland. She produced 8,000,000 bushels of barley; but barley is not one of the great crops of Ireland. Now we begin to strike in the next item something for which she is especially adapted. Of potatoes she produced 110,000,000 bushels. (Applause.) Within 60,000,000 of the whole product of the United States. She produced turnips and mangolds put together, 185,000,000 bushels.

She Produced of Flax

60,000,000 pounds; she produced of cabbage 850,000,000 pounds; she produced of hay 3,800,000 tons; she had on her thousand hills and in her valleys over 4,000,000 head of cattle; in the same pasturage she had 3,500,000 head of sheep; she had 560,000 horses and 210,000 asses and mules. During the year 1880 she exported to England over 700,000 cattle, over 700,000 sheep, and nearly half a million swine. Now, that out of a territory not quite so large as the State of Maine, and out of this magnificent abundance, the like of which has scarcely been known, since the richness of Goshen, there are men in the want of food that appeal to the charity of the stranger. Why should this be in a land that can produce so very abundantly? Why should any want?

The great Lawgiver of Israel ordered that "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," and St. Paul added, in quoting, that, in his Epistle to Timothy, "The laborer is worthy of his reward" (applause); and yet many of the men who are producing these great results that almost turn the imagination in their extent are absolutely in want of sufficient food!

I do not think it is difficult to find the reason. Seven hundred and twenty-nine men own one-half of the land in Ireland, and the other half is owned by about 3,000 more; and of the rural farm land of Ireland

there are but 19,288 owners in all, whereas there are 1,250,000 adult males in Ireland. Produce that condition of affairs in Maine, in New England to-morrow, and the distress here will be as great as the distress in Ireland.

Now Mr. Gladstone says

that this condition of affairs must cease, and by that device the men who till the soil in Ireland must be allowed to purchase and to hold it. (Applause.)

But I did not tell the whole story. Of this land, as the British authority I quote gives it, 3,750 men own over four-fifths, and they take from the tenantry that cultivate the land $60,000,000 rental per annum. Now, mind you, I am talking of the little island not so large as Maine, and they pay a rental of $66,000,000 per annum, and then they pay an imperial tax of $35,000,000 and a local tax of $15,000,000 more. There are $116,000,000 to be wought out of the bone and flesh and the spirit of the Irish peasant, and no wonder he lies crushed and down-trodden. (Applause.)

I believe the day has dawned for her deliverance. (Great applause.) From the experience of Ireland's past it is not wise to be too sauguine of a speedy result. I, therefore, for one shall not be disappointed to see Mr. Gladstone's bills defeated in this parliament. The English members can do it, but there is one thing which the English members cannot do; they cannot defeat the public opinion of the civilized world (applause); and Lord Hartington made a very remarkable admission, when, in a complaining tone, he accused Gladstone of having conceded so much that the Irish would never take less. (Applause.)

Well, I do not know the day, whether this year or next year or the year after, that the final settlement shall be made, but I have entire and absolute confidence that it will never be made on as easy terms as Mr. Gladstone now offers, if his bills are defeated. (Applause.) They complain sometimes in England of just such meetings as this. (Laughter.) They say we are transcending the just and proper duties of a friendly nation. That is bold talk for us who remember 1863-4-5. (Laughter.) They should have longer memories than that (applause), and yet I quite well know that their misconduct during our war would by no means

Justify Any Ill-Conduct

on our part now. I do not mention that as any justification, or as any ground for justification, for as a matter of fact, there has been nothing done in America that is not strictly within the lines of justice and strictly within the limits of international law; nor until the case of Ireland arose had England herself ever failed in her people or in her government, for the last fifty years, to extend sympathy and sometimes the helping hand to struggling nationalities that wanted to get free from tyranny which she could not see she is exercising herself upon Ireland. When Hungary revolted against Austria, Kossuth was as much of a hero in England as he was in America. When Lombardy broke from Austria on the south side of the Alps, the British ministry could scarcely be held back, and when Sicily revolted against the

reign of the Neapolitan Bourbons, the sympathy was so active that Lord Palmerston was accused in Parliament and did not deny that guns from the Woolwich arsenal had been smuggled on to the Island of Sicily to aid in the insurrection. So, quite apart from any argument of tit for tat that the United States might flippantly make, quite apart from any consideration except the broad one of philanthropy and Christianity recognized and encouraged by international law, the United States stands forth as the friend of Ireland. (Great applause.) They do not stand forth as Democrats. They do not stand forth as Republicans. They do not stand forth as Protestants. They do not stand forth as Catholics, but they stand forth as citizens of a free republic. (Applause.)

Now if I had any word of advice to give, or if I was in a position that would authorize me to give advice, it would be this — that the time has come, and is coming, that will probably try the patience and the mettle of the Irish people more severely than in any other age in the progress of their long struggle.

And my Advice is,

that by all means, and with every moral influence that can be used, all acts of violence be withheld. (Applause.) You have earned the consolidated opinion of the Christian world that believes in free government. Do not have it divided. Let no act of imprudence produce a reaction, and never has a cause been conducted with a cooler head, nor with better judgment in its parliamentary relations, than that which has been conducted by Parnell, and an answer which I might have made in place of that which I said concerning the plan of the Ulster Presbyterians, when they attempt to make this a sectarian issue, they are met by the fact that its leader is a Protestant: and that has been the singular, and in some respects, the happy fortune of every Irish trouble, or, at least, of many of the Irish troubles. Robert Emmet, Theobald, Wolf Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Henry Grattan — and I might lengthen the list — I believe were all Protestants. They carried the cause high above and beyond all consideration of sectarian differences and made it one — made it one in the sense in which Mr. Jefferson defined the rights of the colonists to be the right of human nature (applause), and there comes the inquiry of the success of this cause. There has never been a test for liberty by any portion of the British empire composed of white men that was not successful. We have a pretty strong evidence on this side of the ocean in what took place one hundred years ago. The Canadians gained every concession they asked upon the eve of a revolution, and there is nothing which they could ask this side of absolute separation that would not be granted for the asking. I believe there has never been the instance in which the final victory for enfranchisement has not been on the side of those who demanded it of the imperial power.

I have only one word more to say, and that word is that the Irishmen of this country should keep this question as it has been kept thus far — out of our own political struggles. (Great applause.) And mark, any man is at enmity with their cause who seeks to use it for personal or for partisan advancement.

PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND AND WIFE,

Married at the White House, Washington, D. C., June 2, 1886.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

AT home or away, in the alley or street,
Wherever I chance in this wide world to meet
A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy that is wild,
My heart echoes softly, "'Tis some mother's child."

And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled,
Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose spirits are cold:
Be it woman all fallen, or man all defiled,
A voice whispers softly, "Ah! some mother's child."

No matter how far from the right she has strayed,
No matter what inroads dishonor has made:
No matter what elements cankered the pearl —
Though tarnished and sullied, she's some mother's girl.

No matter how wayward his footstops have been:
No matter how deep he is sunken in sin:
No matter how low is his standard of joy;
Though guilty and loathsome, he's some mother's boy.

That head hath been pillowed on some tender breast;
That form hath been wept over, those lips have been pressed;
That soul hath been prayed for, in tones sweet and mild;
For her sake deal gently with — some mother's child.

FLOWERS OF PIETY.

THE Purification flower is the Snowdrop, called also the Fair Maid of February.

The Crocus is dedicated to St. Valentine.

The Lily is our Lady's flower.

The Canterbury Bell is dedicated to St. Augustine of Canterbury, and St. John's Wort to St. John the Baptist.

The Daisy is St. Margaret's flower, and in French it is, therefore, called La Marguerite.

The Anemone is the Easter flower.

THE MESSENGER BIRD.

MADAME NIEL was passionately fond of birds. At her beautiful country seat she had a large aviary, the doors of which were never closed, except when they were shut at night to protect her pets from danger. Every morning, after giving them something to eat, she opened the door of the cage and allowed them to fly out and in at will. Sometimes only a few returned at night, especially during fine weather; but when the wintry winds and chilling frosts set in, the little fugitives were glad to enjoy her hospitality.

But the incident we are going to relate occurred at Madame's house in Paris. The winter had caused great hardships throughout France. Trees which had stood for centuries were destroyed by the intense cold. Villages and isolated houses in the country were attacked by wild beasts, rendered more ferocious than ever by the cravings of hunger. Many a lamb was carried off from the unwary shepherd, and on more than one occasion, babes in their cradles were devoured by hungry wolves. One might have supposed that France, which has usually a genial climate, had changed her position upon the globe, and been suddenly transported to the frozen regions of Greenland or Nova Zembla.

Madame Niel busied herself in assisting the poor. Her charity was exercised in favor of all who approached her, not forgetting the hungry birds. Every day she scattered grain on the terrace till the sparrows became so tame as to come near her, and even to enter the house.

One day, as she amused herself in feeding the birds, one of them perched quite familiarly on her hand, and finally nestled in the folds of

her mantle. Madame at first attributed the courage of the little bird to its half-frozen state, and in her kindness tried every means to restore it to its natural warmth. When she had warmed it, holding it in her hands near the fire, it still seemed unwilling to leave her, whereupon she concluded that it must be a tame sparrow, which had escaped from its owner, and which had been drawn to the terrace by the food she had thrown there. Feeling that its owner must be awaiting its return, she opened the window, and, having caressed the little stranger, she let it fly away.

Next day, while engaged in feeding her little pensioners, the same sparrow flew towards her, and, perching upon her head, seemed anxious to express its pleasure at again seeing its protector. She warmed it with her breath and caressed it until her attention was drawn to a little bag, formed out of the finger of a glove, which was suspended by a blue ribbon from the bird's neck. Madame was astonished on finding that the bag contained a slip of paper, on which were traced the following words: —

"Honest people in your neighborhood pine wi h want; will you do less for them than for the birds you feed each morning?"

"No! certainly not," cried she; "I cannot resist such a touching petition, nor such a charming messenger."

She flew to her desk, took a draft for five pounds, put it into the bag, took the sparrow out upon the terrace, and sent him flying away. She tried to follow him with her eyes, hoping by that means to discover the whereabouts of the poor people who had sent him, but the little creature was quickly lost to sight.

Several days passed, during which Madame thought constantly of her adventure. Sometimes she feared that she might have been the victim of some dishonest trick. But soon the faithful messenger returned, carrying on his neck the same little bag into which Madame had previously put the money. She supposed it contained a still further demand upon her. But what was her astonishment on finding in it a note which ran as follows: "You have saved an artisan and his family from want. The money shall be returned as soon as the spring comes, and our daily labor enables us to restore it." She read the little letter several times over, and detained the little bird until she had penned the following reply: "I meant to confer a favor. But if it be only a loan, the happiness of being useful to you will render me your debtor."

After that the bird did not return. Madame vainly endeavored to recognize him amongst the crowd of sparrows daily on the terrace. Winter passed, and bitter frosts were succeeded by warm sunshine, which brought gladness and verdure to the earth. Only a few sparrows now came for food, since their wants were supplied in the fields. In May Madame Niel retired to her country place. Towards the middle of summer, however, she was obliged to run up to Paris, and while seated at the open window a few days after her arrival, she noticed her little friend of the previous winter, flying backwards and forwards, not seeming to recognize her. In vain she called it and scattered crumbs to attract it towards her; the sparrow continued to fly round and round, and seemed eager and still afraid to rest in its flight. Madame thought

it must be the change in her dress which caused the trouble, and, retiring to her dressing-room, she put on winter garments, such as those in which she had received the sparrow several months before. Although it was a very warm day, she put on a blue satin cloak trimmed with ermine, and a heavy maroon velvet hood. Thus decked, she went forth upon the terrace.

As she had expected, the sparrow instantly came and perched upon her shoulder. Seeing that it still wore the same blue ribbon round its neck, and that the same little bag was suspended from it, Madame at once opened the bag, and found in it a draft for the money and the following note: "We repay the sum which you lent us, but the debt of gratitude remains graven on our hearts."

A few days afterwards, as Madame Niel walked in the Horticultural Gardens with some friends, she was surprised to see the messenger-bird fly to her from the hand of a little girl who was seated upon the grass.

"It is my pet sparrow," cried she, caressing it.

"Excuse me, madame," said the little girl, "the bird belongs to my sister."

"And which is your sister, my little friend?"

"That girl dressed in white with father and mother. This bird belongs to her, and she would not part with it for the world."

While speaking, she pointed to a girl of sixteen, whose face was radiant with joy as she said to her parents, "It is she!" Suddenly Madame found herself surrounded by the father, the mother, and six children, who gave expression to their thanks and made apologies for their boldness. Then Elisa told Madame that her father, attacked by a long illness, had been reduced to absolute want. Having heard of Madame's generosity, she determined to solicit her help without the knowledge of her parents. She told how in her distress she trusted her cause to her pet bird, and how well and faithfully the little creature had fulfilled his mission.

"But," said Madame, "I cannot comprehend how you could teach your little messenger to find me out."

"Oh, if you only knew how much it cost me," she replied. "I was often obliged to leave it without food for several days, so that, attracted by the crumbs which you scattered to other birds, it might become accustomed to see you and to approach you. From the window of my room I could see you distributing food to your little pensioners when I sent my famished darling forth. At last I was delighted one day to see it alight upon your head. The next morning when you were engaged in your usual work of charity, I placed my petition in the little bag, which I tied round my darling's neck. You know the rest."

Madame embraced the young girl, thanking her for having chosen her as the instrument by which her family were saved from destitution. She begged her, at the same time, not to let the sparrow forget to visit her daily, and as she went home she said to herself,—

"As it is better to pardon the guilty than to condemn the innocent, so the fear of encouraging vice or fraud should not deter us from the attempt to assist honest poverty."

AN APRIL SHOWER.

THE young squire of Methleigh was on his way home, after a tour round the world of two years. The sun, which had shone uncertainly for the last hour, as he walked up and down the steep Devonshire hills from the station towards home, suddenly disappeared, and a sharp little shower came on, so that in two minutes' time the road was a series of swift-flowing rivulets. Fortunately for the young squire, a little way-side inn, the "Methleigh Arms," was but a few hundred yards further. He hastened on, and took shelter till the shower chose to pass over, under the wide, old-fashioned gateway. A carriage with the Methleigh crest upon it had already taken refuge there, he found. The coachman, who was standing at the head of the fiery young mare, touched his hat, and a smile of delighted recognition lighted up his old face.

"Brumby, my man! You here!" said the young squire, hastening to shake hands warmly with the old servant. "Right glad to see you again! I meant my return to be a surprise to them at home. Neither my father nor mother have any notion of my coming."

"I'm sure we'll be right glad to have you home again from them furrin' parts, Master Noel — I beg your pardon, Mr. Methleigh," said the coachman. "The place hasn't been the same since you left it."

"I suppose they are all pretty well, Brumby?" inquired Noel Methleigh.

"Oh, yes, sir. My master, he's up in town still; and my mistress — well, I'm just off to fetch her from the station when this here shower gives over. She has been down to Lady Anne's tennis-party. But p'raps you'd wish me to drive you on to the Hall first, Mr. Methleigh, there'll be time enough for me to go down to the train afterwards. This mare goes like a good 'un!"

"Thanks, Brumby; but I think I'll wait about this place till you return, and then you can pick me up. Say nothing to my mother about my being here, mind! And before you go, Brumby, I've a mind to treat you to a glass of something warm — if there's anything fit to drink to be had in this rustic hole!"

Brumby shook his head.

"I've given up that bad habit o' mine, and took the pledge since you left, Mr. Noel. It's nigh upon two years since I've touched a drop, let alone a drop too much. And I'm another man for it. The squire don't talk about havin' to get rid of me in these days, I can tell you, Mr. Noel!"

"Yes, you're certainly an improvement upon yourself when I saw you last, Brumby," said the young squire. "You've grown a dozen years younger, let me tell you! There's no doubt temperance is a good thing for those who have strength of mind enough to go in for it. But there's also no use in driving a good thing too far. Extremes are bad, you know. You can take a drop in honor of my having sailed round the world, and come home safe and sound, without going home a confirmed drunkard. That's the blunder you teetotallers make — you drive temperance to an extreme!"

"A drop never did mean a drop for me in olden times, Master Noel," said the coachman, shaking his head. "I'm better right out of temptation's way."

"For this once I am ready to take the responsibility on my own shoulders, Brumby," said the young squire, gaily. "You needn't leave the mare. Waiter, a good glass of hot whiskey-and-water for our friend here, and the same for me indoors."

The coachman shook his head, but allowed himself to be over-persuaded; and when the spirits came, he drank them off, and even called for another glass at his own expense.

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The shower was over; the sun shone forth brightly, and Brumby drove on to the station. Noel Methleigh sat lazily smoking and sipping his glass of spirits in the stuffy little parlor of the inn, until it occurred to him that the carriage ought to be returning. He got up and shook himself, and then turned out to gaze across the hills for the vehicle. Surely that was none other than the Methleigh carriage standing before the door of the inn midway between the "Methleigh Arms" and the station!

"Hang that man Brumby! What can he be doing there, wasting his time?" the young squire muttered impatiently, and he went back to the parlor and his pipe.

The time went on, and still the carriage did not arrive. Noel Methleigh turned out of doors again, to see if it was still standing before the inn door. But not a shadow of the carriage was in sight. The road to the station was empty. The young squire's mind misgave him sadly. What could be the matter? Had the young mare bolted? The road over the hills was frightfully dangerous: on one side a precipitous incline, on the other the deep banks of the river.

He left his travelling-bag, and hastened in the direction of the station. Not many hundred yards away, his worst fears seemed realized. On a grassy level, some twenty feet below the level of the road, lay the carriage, completely shattered, and the mare dead as a stone beside it.

"My mother! God help us all!" groaned the poor young squire, as with trembling limbs, and a face bathed in cold perspiration, he hastened down to the scene of the disaster.

A few yards above the carriage, he found Brumby. The coachman had fallen on a soft, grassy spot, and though he had been at first completely stunned by the shock of the fall, he seemed to have sustained no other damage.

"Master Noel," he said faintly, "thank God *she* hadn't come! There was a telegram — the shower kept her back."

"Thanks be to God for that shower!" cried Noel Methleigh, in a voice choked with emotion.

Then, taking a little brandy-flask from his pocket, he held it to the coachman's lips.

"Drink," he said, "and presently you will be able to mount the

hill, and walk as far as the inn with my help. We shall get horse and cart there."

"Drink!" muttered the man, turning away with an expression of intense loathing. "Never again! If I had had but the courage to stick to my pledge, this would not have happened."

Just then a cart happened to be coming along the road. It was one of the squire's, and in it the young squire and Brumby were driven to the Hall. On the way the coachman explained how the accident had happened. It seemed that, both in going and returning, he had stopped to "liquor" at the inn, where Noel Methleigh had seen the carriage standing. Once yielded to, the old temptation to drink had returned upon him with a force not to be resisted. "You see, sir," he said, sadly; "it's the same with me as with many more. The first cup'll never be the last. You treated me at the 'Arms,' and I treated myself at the 'Lion.' I wasn't used to the drink, and it flew to my head like fire. I could no more hold that fiery young mare in check than a child. She flew like the wind, until she came to the place of the accident. There, all of a sudden, she seemed to see her danger, and she flung herself back on her haunches — but it was too late. She went over the ledge, and the carriage after her. It was the providence of God, Mr. Noel, that things were no worse — what if my mistress had returned by that train as she said?"

"Oh, my God, that would indeed have been fearful!" exclaimed the young squire, shuddering. "Yes, it is true! I might be standing now before God — the murderer of you and of my own mother, solely through having persuaded you to break your pledge, and take that first fatal cup! Brumby, you must let me do all I can to make amends for the fearful wrong I have done you. You and I will go down to the very next meeting of the League of the Cross; there you will renew your pledge, and I will take it. From this day forward, not a drop of spirits shall pass my lips."

And the young squire kept his word.

FRANCES KERSHAW, in *League of the Cross Magazine.*

THE WEDDING PRESENT.

"Now, Con, I want to make a bargain with you," said Maggie Hurley on her wedding-day. "I want to make a bargain with you: you shall promise me not to drink more than two pints a day, and you shall allow me half a pint of stout for my dinner and supper."

"Well, that's fair enough," replied Cornelius Hurley; "I'll agree to that."

And so things went on pretty much as they do after the much-looked-for wedding-day. They settled down quietly, and Mrs. Hurley, who was really an industrious, painstaking woman, managed to keep things clean and comfortable at home, until at last Con fell in with a drinking set, and broke his promise.

"Come in," they said to him one day when he was not working, "come in and shelter a bit, man, out of the cold."

It would have been better for Con if he had gone *home* to shelter, but it was a temptation and he yielded, quite intending not to drink; but the rain pelted against the window, and as time went on, he thought, "Well, there'll be no harm in my paying for glasses round — I need not drink myself."

Poor Con! innocent boy! to think that you could resist such a temptation! And so Cornelius Hurley went home that night very cross, and somewhat the worse for liquor. The rest is soon told; the promise once broken was often broken, and now he often used "*to go and shelter a bit*" at the public house. Still, Con was not a bad boy entirely, and coming home one night rather earlier than usual and quite sober, he found his wife preparing for a little feast for to-morrow, which was Sunday, and the anniversary of their wedding-day. He had forgotten all about it; not so the faithful wife, who had been praying hard for her husband, that he might come home early that Saturday, and go with her to Confession and to Communion on Sunday morning. She reminded him of its being their wedding-day to-morrow, and said:

"Would not it be nice, Con, to go and see your mother? I am sure you could spare Monday."

"Yes, that is all very well; I could spare Tuesday, too, for the matter of that; but where's the money to come from? Why, the single fare is at least five shillings and sixpence, and I haven't a penny to spare; in fact, I owe some money now at the Swan."

His loving wife said no more, but went up stairs and brought down a purse containing 4*£* 11*s.* 3*d.*, and emptied it into her husband's hands, saying, "See, Con, there's plenty of money, if you will go."

"Where did you get this, Maggie?" said he.

"Why, that's the wedding-present you allowed me when we were married — a pint of stout a day. I did not drink it, but saved it for you."

Con was overcome; he was ashamed and glad by turns; while he had been squandering his wages, and oftentimes making his wife very short, she had been denying herself every day. They went to Communion together the next morning, and in the afternoon started for his mother's home. That "wedding-present" made a changed man of Cornelius Hurley; and whenever he was tempted again to go and "*shelter a bit*," he used to think of his faithful, loving wife, and say "No, thank you," like a man.

"I SEE, father," said Rollo, "that two boys in Maine were frozen to death while going to school."

"Quite likely, my son," replied Rollo's father, "quite likely; a thing that is liable to happen anywhere, even in July. But you never heard of a boy freezing to death while coming from school. Never my son."

And that gave Rollo something to think about all that morning.

OBEDIENCE REWARDED.

In a stable lived a goat with its child, a pretty little kid. One day she said to the kid, "My dear, I am going out to get you some dinner. Lock the door, and do not on any account go out while I am away. If any one knocks, look out of the window to see who it is."

"Do not fear, dear mother, I'll do as you say."

So off trotted the old goat.

A wolf who lived near saw her pass by. "Ah! ah!" said he, "now the old mother is out I will go and eat that silly little kid." Away he ran to the stable, hoping to get in, but the door was fastened. He knocked at it with his paw.

"Who's there?" asked the kid.

"I, your mother. Let me in, my dear, I'm in a hurry."

"If you are my mother, you will wait till I see you," and the wise little kid peeped out. "Oh, you bad wolf!" said she, "to try to cheat me. You may go away. Ha! ha! you will not eat me to-day. I take care to mind my mother, Master Wolf."

The wolf growled, but as he could not reach the kid, he went away. Soon the goat came back and knocked.

"Who's there?" asked the kid.

"It is I, your mother, darling," said the goat.

"I'll look out and be sure," said the kid. So she looked out, and saw her own dear mother. "Oh, mother, a great big wolf came here, and I did as you bade me, and he could not get in," said the kid.

"You were a good and wise little kid," said the goat; "if he had got in he would certainly have eaten you up. Remember always that your only safety is in obedience."

A travelled trader told stories so marvellous, that Father Burke took means to show him that, although he might have made a fortune in wool, he had failed in the yarn trade. "I was once passing the Apennines," said Father Burke, "when I found myself suddenly engulfed to the chin in snow; there I lay waiting in darkness for the Angel of Death, but in great dread of wolves. I shuddered on at last feeling their noses sniff my features. Happily they proved to be the dogs of St. Bernard. One bore a brandy flask round his neck; presently a basket of sandwiches was thrust by another dog into my face, accompanied by a copy of 'St. Liguori's Preparation for Death.' Finally the good dogs put their tails under me and bore me to the Hospice." All admitted that the man of wool was worsted.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JULY, 1886.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

NEW IRISH BISHOPS. — Two vacant Episcopal Sees have been recently formed in Ireland — one in the province of Ulster and the other in the province of Munster. The Ecclesiastics selected in both instances are distinguished for their learning, piety, and religious zeal. Dr. Finnegan, the Bishop-designate of Kilmore, was for some years president of St. Patrick's College, Cavan. The announcement of Dr. O'Dwyer's elevation to the See of Limerick has been hailed with public rejoicings in that city.

MARSHAL MACMAHON'S MEMOIRS. — Marshal MacMahon, the illustrious general of whom France is justly proud, is engaged upon the compilation of his memoirs. They will not, however, be published in his lifetime, his intention being to bequeath them to his children, who after his death will be free to give them to the world if they think fit, or, in his own modest phrase "if they consider them likely to interest any one." He has naturally been visited by enterprising journalists eager to obtain a glimpse at records which deal with events of the highest importance in the history of France; but he has refused to vouchsafe the least information. He explains, however, that the memoirs date back to 1830, when he commerced his military career in Algeria, where he was an actor in and a spectator of many brilliant military episodes. A special section will be devoted to the active part he played in politics during his six years' occupancy of the Presidency of the Republic, and to an exposition of the motives which induced him, after so much hesitation, to accept that position, and to follow the line of action which has been criticised from so many different stand-points and in such varied tones. The marshal, it may be added, enjoys robust health, and may frequently be seen taking his morning ride in the Bois de Boulogne.

THE MINISTER OF WAR AND THE SISTERS. — From the censures so justly passed by Catholics upon the present French Cabinet, General Boulanger, the active and "reforming" Minister of War, must henceforth be excepted. His claim to this exemption was recently indicated. While on a visit to the Val-de-Grâce, he called at the Military School of Medicine, and having walked through the wards of the hospital he was about to retire, when Medical Inspector Baudoin, one of the Directors at the War Office, who accompanied him, reminded him that he had not seen the Superioress of the Sisters of Charity at the Val-de-Grâce — the Baroness de Moissac — for over thirty-five years. General Boulanger at once asked him to go upstairs to the venerable Sister, and beg her to descend and exchange a few words with him. In a few minutes the Superioress nimbly descended the stairs, in spite of her eighty-five years; and in presence of the assembled staff of officers and students the General said: "Allow me, madame, to thank you here, on behalf of the army, for the devotion and disinterestedness of which your Sisters give daily proof in nursing our soldiers." Then he added: "Yes; it would a disaster if we were deprived of you." These avowals are the more important because of the reported intention of the War authorities to expel the Sisters from the military hospitals as they have been expelled from the civil ones. General Boulanger will certainly not permit the commission of such an outrage.

The Catholic Herald of New York begins its thirteenth volume under very favorable circumstances. It is now a stock company with $25,000 capital, employing the best writers at home and abroad. The *Young Folks' Column* is one of its popular features. $2.50 per year; clubs of ten, $2.00 each. Office, 29 Park Row, New York City.

A CIRCULAR issued by the United States Bureau of Education, shows the comparative statistics of elementary, secondary and superior education in sixty principal countries, wherein we find Ireland heading the list, with an average of twenty per cent. of her population of 5,159,829 attending school. The United States comes second, with a percentage of nineteen and three-fifths in a population of 50,155,783. The next in line is Germany, with fifteen and nine-tenths of a population of 45,149,172. England and Wales are below even Switzerland. Russia sends but one and a half per cent. of her population of 78,500,000 to school, giving an average attendance of pupils little greater than Ireland with her five millions of inhabitants only.—*San Francisco Monitor.*

JUST before the outbreak of the rebellion Jeff Davis in a speech said: "Fellow-citizens:—If there is to be war, let it come. We can be ready in ten days. In another ten days we will take Washington. Philadelphia will be ours ten days later. In ten days more New York will fall into our hands. Boston we don't want, because we don't care for baked beans."

DIAMOND WEDDING.—Friday, May 21, was a red-letter day for the students of St. Mary's College, who attended Low Mass at 9 o'clock in the Church of the Gesu, Montreal, the occasion being the sixtieth anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. Father Point, S. J. The church was crowded with the faithful and clergymen from the different parishes, among whom were the Rev. Fathers Primeau, cure of Boucherville, Donnelly, of the Episcopate, the Superior of the Oblate Fathers, and many priests from the Seminary of St. Sulpice. The boys of the college, assisted by the young scholastics of the Immaculate Conception, composed the choir. Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Point, who, although over eighty-six years of age, is still active and in perfect health. His lordship, Bishop Fabre, delivered the sermon of the day. After Mass the venerable clergyman retired to St. Mary's College, where he was surrounded by his many friends, lay and religious, who offered their congratulations and made him the recipient of several rich bouquets of flowers.

SIGHT RESTORED.—St. Patrick was one of those upon whom God set His seal, even in infancy, manifesting by miraculous gifts and favors, the designs which He had formed concerning him. The priest to whom the child was brought for baptism was blind, and no water could be procured for the sacrament; by a sudden inspiration the priest took the hand of the infant, and with it made the sign of the Cross upon the ground; forthwith a fountain broke forth, in which the priest baptized the child, then washing his own eyes in the miraculous waters, his sight was restored.

A PURE TABLE OIL.—An oil for table use absolutely pure, in these days of countless adulterations in many articles of food, is a difficult thing to find. Mr. Alfred E. Hughes, 29 India St., Boston, imports an olive oil which he guarantees to be of a high grade made from the best selected olives and absolutely pure. Not satisfied with the sworn affidavit of the consignees, Mr. Hughes had samples of this oil examined by State Assayer Sharples, who pronounces it pure and of a high quality. Mr. Hughes also imports and keeps on sale, maccaroni, olives, Canton ginger and fancy groceries of all kinds.

GOLDEN WEDDING.—The forty-ninth anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. Fr. Dowd, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, was celebrated on Friday morning, May 21, in the parish church. The Rev. Father Dowd has served forty out of the forty-nine years of his priestly life in Montreal. On the twentieth of May his parishioners, who love him so well, had the opportunity of attending his golden wedding celebration. During the past year he has suffered greatly from indisposition, but, despite his prolonged illness, he is again fresh and hale; and will soon have recovered his health of former years.

WHAT A KENTUCKIAN SAYS OF MASSACHUSETTS. — *Central Catholic Advocate:* Massachusetts is the mother of the public school system as now conducted in this country. In that State it has reached and maintained for years a degree of perfection that is, what its friends call perfection — in advance of any State in the Union, and with nearly all of her population in or near to towns, Massachusetts people have far better facilities and opportunities for education than those of any other State. Has this general education of the masses brought about the great moral reform and millennium, decrease of crime, elevated the moral tone of the people? No. On the other hand, criminals have increased in Massachusetts in thirty years about one hundred per cent. from 1 to every 804 to 1 in every 487. Nor is this due to the great influx of "ignorant foreigners," as sometimes claimed; the native element holding up its end of the record fully to the standard of progress, increasing from 1 in 1,267 to 1 in 615.

So it needs something more than mere education to civilize, elevate and bring up a moral people. It requires the teaching, enforcing and maintaining of Christian precepts — and this cannot be very well done without having God somewhere. No God, no Christianity; no Christianity, no morality — no matter how much of scientific, classical bookology may be crammed into the juvenile cranium. A fully developed mind thoroughly educated in this way, and a corrupt heart, are the make-up of an accomplished rascal; and it is not exaggerating in the least to say that our country is full of them in every sphere, a few in the penitentiary, but more out than in, their education enabling them to violate the law without being caught and punished like their more ignorant brethren.

JEWELRY RETURNED. — Some time ago, Mrs. James H. Temple, while traveling from Huntington, L. I., to New York by the way of Brooklyn, left a small handbag in a Fulton Ferry boat, and did not miss it until she had entered a cab and had nearly reached the Rossmore Hotel, her destination. The bag contained about $5,000 worth of diamonds. The usual advertisements failed to bring back the jewelry, and it was given up as lost. On Tuesday, Father James J. Dougherty, of St. Monica's church, called on Mr. Temple at the Rossmore Hotel and handed to him the handbag and all its contents. It had been picked up by a man in the ferryboat whose conscience would not permit him to lie about it when he went to confession. The priest ordered him to give up the jewelry. Father Dougherty had seen the advertisement for the diamonds.

DRUNKENNESS IN WALES. — The annual return of the arrests for drunkenness on Sunday in Wales, just issued, shows that the Sunday Closing Act for Wales has tended to increase drunkenness in all the large centres of population in the Principality. The total number of arrests for the year was 451, of which 394 were in Glamorganshire alone. In Cardiff and Swansea drunkenness on Sundays has more than doubled since the adoption of the Act.

BACILLUS OF CONSUMPTION.—Dr. Cantani, of Naples, having in mind the fact that the bacillus of consumption is destroyed when other bacteria are grown in the same soil, has proposed to eradicate consumption by introducing into the system other bacilla which are injurious only to the germs of the disease. If an organ of the body be attached by a bacillus dangerous to human life, he would introduce another, harmless to man, but fatal to the destructive bacillus. In the case of a consumptive patient, Dr. Cantani introduced a harmless organism, known as the *Bacterium termo*, and found that the *Bacillus tuberculosis* gradually disappeared from the patient's expectorations. The widespread desolation wrought by consumption is more than sufficient to urge the strongest effort on the part of the medical fraternity to discover a successful treatment. It may be possible that this suggestion will bear fruits of the greatest importance. We hope, at least, that it will receive careful investigation.

AT Plymouth Catholic Cathedral, England, on March 25th, Bishop Vaughan ordained Lord Charles Thynne, a deacon, with a view to his becoming a priest. Lord Charles, who is uncle of the Marquis of Bath, and father-in-law of Lord Kenmare, was formerly a clergyman of the Church of England, and was a Canon of Canterbury from 1845 to 1852. His lordship, who is now seventy-three years of age, became a Catholic in 1853.

THE ULSTER ORANGEMEN. — In the course of a speech in the House of Commons, Mr. Labouchere said: The Orangemen of Ulster, were steady, sensible, law-abiding men but once a year they were seized with a sort of erratic season beginning about the 1st of July and continuing until the 15th. During this time it was dangerous for a Catholic to come in their way.

This was called celebrating the battle of of the Boyne, and afterwards the Orangemen became perfectly reasonable human beings. Their religion was intolerant. As to their loyalty, they confederated to prevent the Queen from coming to the throne, desiring to confer the crown on that most disreputable being, the Duke of Cumberland. They now threatened war upon the empire, but they raised that very same swagger and made the same boasts when the Irish Church was disestablished. If Mr. Chamberlain applied his proposal to the whole of Ulster, could anything more atrocious be conceived than a large Catholic body being subjected to the rule of such gentlemen as compose the Orange body sent to the House of Commons. As a matter of fact, the Catholics of Ireland are far less intolerable than the Orangemen. The leader of the National party is a Protestant, and the National movement has abolished all species of religious intolerance.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE and the *Catholic Youth*, a very good juvenile paper both for $2.25 a year. Address DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, or the *Catholic Youth*, Brooklyn, N.Y.

CARDINAL MANNING writes that he is in favor of preserving inviolate imperial unity and the imperial Parliament. He has always desired to see Ireland possessed of the largest powers of managing her own local and national affairs. He agrees with the aim of the present Home Rule Bill, but thinks that the measure needs extensive revision.

IRELAND'S FIRST VICTORY.—Mr. Timothy Harrington, Nationalist, M. P., for Dublin, in the House of Commons moved the second reading of the bill, providing that the elections of poor-law guardians in Ireland shall be by ballot, abolishing proxies and reducing the number of *ex officio* members. The Orange members bitterly opposed the motion. Mr. John Morley, Chief Secretary for Ireland, warmly supported the measure, and the motion was carried by two hundred and seven to one hundred and five amidst tumultuous cheers from the government and Parnelite members.

THE ORANGEMEN have no more righ to make Ulster separate from Ireland than the Irishmen have to make Liverpool separate from England.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, the Attorney-General in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, speaking in the House on the Home Rule Bill, threw some light on the manner in which the Catholics of Ulster are treated by the Protestant minority. His exposure of the facts caused not a little sensation, especially coming from a minister and the first law officer of the Crown in Great Britain. He asked, and his question was meant as an argument in favor of home rule: "Does the House know, for I speak of what I know, being an Ulster man myself, that in the management of Ulster estates — I do not speak of exceptions, but I speak of the whole — a Catholic had no chance of getting a farm if a Protestant or Presbyterian could be had as a tenant? The result was that the worst land and in the worst places fell to their lot; and in the North of Ireland to this day, and in the South of Ireland to this day, the Catholics are known by the name of the Mountainy men, because they had to go to the barren lands of the mountains and try to push fertility up the hill."

SATURDAY EVENING'S WORK.—Bishop Hendricken, of Providence, R. I., throws his powerful influence on the side of the excellent agitation for the early closing on Saturdays. His arguments are no less powerful than his personal or official influence. He says to his clergy, "There is a movement on foot to influence the leading dry goods merchants of the city to close their stores on Saturday evenings at six o'clock, for the purpose of alleviating in part the laborious work of the young lady and gentleman clerks employed by them. Be so good as to promote this object from the pulpit, on the altar, and in every way you can, for, above all people living, it is our business to come to the cry of distress and give help where help is sadly needed. Few of these young people can reach their homes much

before eleven o'clock on Saturday nights; not all of them can afford even the small sum necessary to take a street-car. Follow them to their firesides, where, weary and worn, with the feet swollen from the long standing, and heads aching from their efforts in selling, they prepare for rest, and you will be easily convinced of the intolerable wrong that is done them. They complain, but it is only in the midst of their own families, where alone sympathy meets them, for the thoughtless public still continue their rounds of nightly shopping, regardless of the cruelties they are needlessly causing. Beg the ladies of your flock to abandon henceforth this nightly shopping, and thus confer a lasting favor on the most moral and most generous of the young ladies and gentlemen of the city."

SOUTHERN SKETCHES. — We conclude in this issue the interesting papers under this heading, which have been going through our MAGAZINE for upwards of a year. We learn that it is the intention of the author to print them in book form. They will make an extremely interesting volume.

JAMES O'KELLY says that it is in order to cripple the power of the Irish government. Chamberlain wants to establish a separate government in Ulster, on the plea that Ulster is Protestant and Anglo-Saxon. Both pretences are false. Ulster is as Celtic as any other province of Ireland, and the majority of its population is Catholic and national.

WHEN Archbishop Gibbons denounces Anarchists from his pulpit as "land pirates, preying upon the industry, commerce and trade of the country," who would "retain for themselves the lion's share of freedom, leaving for others only a morsel," it is very clear, says the *Boston Herald*, that the powerful church for which he speaks intends to exert its influence actively on the side of "law, order and authority."

THE LATE FATHER RYAN AND GEN. B. F. BUTLER.—An anecdote is related of his stay in New Orleans. It was during the war, when General Ben. Butler was in charge of the city. A Catholic soldier in the Union forces died, and because some one blundered, no religious rites were observed at the funeral. It was reported to Butler that Father Ryan had refused to read the burial service. In a towering rage, Butler sent for the priest, and in the most peremptory and offensive way, demanded to know why he had not given all the honors of the church to the deceased. Father Ryan quietly explained the matter, showing that he was not to blame: that the fault was due to the comrades of the dead soldier, and added: "It is, therefore, not true that I refused to bury him. It is also not true that I have publicly and repeatedly refused to officiate at the funeral of any Federal soldier or officer. On the contrary, it is the reverse of the truth, for, General, it would give me great pleasure to bury the whole lot of you!" Butler's stern face relaxed into a grim smile, and from that day he and Father Ryan had no further trouble in common.

A CATHOLIC who will not send his children to a good Catholic school, when one is provided, is a very sorry Catholic.

SECRET SOCIETIES.— Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, Fort Wayne, Ia., says: "Many labor unions and societies are not secret societies in the same sense as Masonic societies; yet where these societies openly profess and defend revolutionary principles, at variance with Christianity, opposed to the law of God, opposed to law and order, Catholics must keep aloof from such organizations. When these labor unions resort to violence, arson, and bloodshed, Catholics must abhor them. Every man is free to belong to a good, honest labor union or society, but no labor union can force others to belong to them. They have no right to prevent non-union men from working. Neither can they lay hands on property that does not belong to them. These infidel social revolutionists are not the true friends of the laboring man."

BISMARCK ON THE FALK LAWS.— Prince Bismarck recently declared in the Prussian Diet that the time had arrived to abolish the penal laws enacted against the Catholics of Germany. He was persuaded that no loss of dignity would result to Emperor William in attempting to meet the wishes of his Catholic subjects. The prince minister also declared his preference to treat directly with the Pope,

because he "had found the Pope better disposed toward Germany" than the majority in the Reichstag. Bismarck is finding out lots of things lately. Among other things, that the Catholic Church is pre-eminently conservative and the best promoter, as well as defender, of law and order.

A MINISTER ON MIXED MARRIAGES. — A Protestant clergyman preached a sermon recently in Philadelphia, and took for his subject, "That Beau of Yours." In the course of his remarks he said: "Marriages between persons of contrary faith or denominations generally result in the children compromising the matter by becoming nothingarians. Exceptions to the unhappiness of such unions only prove the rule." He spoke the cold, solid, hard truth. Therefore a Protestant should not marry a Catholic, nor a Catholic a Protestant.

NUNS TO INSTRUCT THE INDIANS.— Three Sisters from the Ursuline Convent, in Cleveland, Ohio, and one from the Convent of the same order in Toledo, have gone to Montana, to instruct the children of the Indians. There are at present fifteen Ursulines from the Cleveland Diocese in the Indian missions under the jurisdiction and direction of the Right Rev. Bishop Brondel.

THE ORANGEMEN are hard at it, "Waving orange banners and beating drums" to save Ireland. They will man the hedges and ditches of Ulster with 100,000 men; and to prove their loyalty they are again going to kick the crown into the Boyne. These are the same Orangemen whom Generals Napier and Abercrombie in 1798 said "were formidable to everybody but the enemy," and Lord Cornwallis pronounced as "ferocious and cowardly in the extreme."

RENEGADES. — *Catholic Columbian*, Columbus, O.: — The *Golden Rule*, of Boston, says that "Rome hates renegades." No, that is not true. Rome pities the renegade, loves the renegade, longs to save the renegade, yearns for the renegade to return to his Father's house. The welcome of the Prodigal Son awaits him. The open arms of Christ on the Cross are extended to him, beseeching him to come back, and assuring him of a cordial reception. But Rome detests, loathes, abominates the sin itself which made the renegade. It hates the crime, but not the criminal. Our contemporary being now instructed on this distinction, may we ask it, if the Golden Rule of Boston is to lie about your neighbor? if not, it has no claim to that title.

UNION INSTITUTION FOR SAVINGS. — The trustees of this excellent bank has declared a semi-annual dividend at the rate of four per cent. per annum. William S. Pelletier was elected Treasurer. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Hugh O'Brien; Vice-President, Joseph D. Fallon; Clerk, John J. McCluskey; Executive Committee, Hugh O'Brien, Joseph D. Fallon, J. C. Crowley, J. W. Dunphy, C. P. Harkins, P. H. Kendricken, M. J. Ward.

RHODE ISLAND, the Republican State, has adopted by the requisite three-fifths of the popular vote, a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage in that State, although the Republican party managers condemned and opposed it.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP RYAN, of Philadelphia, has made public in the Cathedral the position taken by the recent Council of Baltimore relative to the sale of liquor on Sunday. He announced that all Catholics in the Archdiocese must either abstain from selling intoxicants on Sunday or else leave the church. Should they disregard this injunction the priests will refuse to grant them absolution in the confessional, and thus deprive them of the sacraments of the church. All Catholics are likewise forbidden to sell to intoxicated persons or to children at any time, and are earnestly requested to abandon the business.

THE ANCIENT ORDER.—*Catholic Columbian:* Before accepting the Ancient Order of Hibernians as a Catholic society, Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, has demanded that the members shall declare that they are faithful Catholics, that they desire their organization to be considered a Catholic association; that they pledge themselves to conduct all its affairs in

accordance with the regulations of the church for Catholic societies; that they submit to the bishop's ordinances, existing or prospective, relative to Catholic societies, and that they will abide by the diocesan prohibitions against the holding of balls or dances by Catholic societies; against the holding of picnics on Sundays or holidays of obligation; and against the selling of liquor at picnics or on excursions. If they do not make these declarations, the order will be forbidden in the Diocese of St. Paul, and Catholics may still belong to it, but they cannot have chaplains, nor approach Holy Communion in a body, nor receive the other honors that the Church holds out to Catholic societies.

The Catholic University.

A MEETING of the Board of Directors of the Catholic University was held in Baltimore recently. It was attended by Archbishops Gibbons, of Baltimore; Williams, of Boston; Corrigan, of New York, and Ryan, of Philadelphia; Bishops Keane, of Richmond; Spalding, of Peoria, and Marty, of Dakota; Mgr. Farley, of New York; Fathers Foley, of Baltimore, and Chapelle, of Washington, and Messrs. Eugene Kelly, Michael Jenkins, E. N. Fere and Thomas E. Waggaman. The selection of a rector was left to the four archbishops, their choice to be announced at the next meeting. Ten plans for the buildings were submitted and three were selected, from which the final selection is to be made.

FATHER JUAN GRAECO, of Tacubaya, Mexico, has a Pompeian statue of Hercules that was a favorite treasure of the ill-fated Maximilian. He bought it for $25 in a pawnshop, and has since refused an offer of $4,000 for it.

SPIRITUALISM. — *Catholic Columbian:* Why does God allow "Spiritualism" to go on? It is true that the phenomena of Spiritualism are due to demons; it is also true that the evil spirits work for the deception and destruction of their dupes. But God draws good out of evil in this way (and this possibly may be one answer to the question above)—in a materialistic age He makes them bear testimony to the supernatural, and this among the multitude who will not hear the church. They are, as it were, missionaries spreading information concerning the existence of the other world; and, although their manifestations are usually silly, their teachings elusive, their direct influence baneful, their pretenses of being the spirits of the departed false, and their dealings with their deluded worshippers maleficent, still their presence and operations are proofs that there are realities superior to nature. They are guide-posts on the road to eternity; but guide-posts to be shunned, for the directions they give are to be read backwards; but guide-posts all the same!

THE General of the Jesuits has published the statistics of the Order, showing that it now counts 2,500 missionaries. and that it can boast of having had 248 saints, 1,500 martyrs, 13 popes, 60 cardinals, 4,000 archbishops and bishops, and 6,000 authors.

A BIG CLOCK. — The works of the immense clock which has been put up in the Board of Trade building in Chicago are pronounced a most perfect reproduction of those of the great Westminster Palace clock in London, but with some additions and improvements adapted to its commercial purpose. It is constructed of iron, bronze, and steel, and weighs ten tons without the bell, the latter adding some forty-five hundred pounds more. The pendulum alone weighs seven hundred and fifty pounds. In its arrangement the works are divided into a time train, a hand train, and a striking train, these several trains comprising separate machines, resting, side by side, on separate frames. Each of the trains is operated by a weight, and the three weights together reach some thirty-five hundred pounds. The hammer that strikes the bell weighs eighty pounds, the clock-work is below the dials, which are ten feet ten inches in diameter, and the bell is above them, or two hundred and fifty feet above the ground. The pendulum swings one way in two seconds.

A STRANGE scene was recently witnessed, in the Church of St. Roch, in the Rue St. Honoré, Paris. All the deaf and dumb people in Paris had been invited to a sermon which was to be preached to them by signs. About three or four hundred persons responded to the invitation, and followed the motions of the preacher with unflagging attention.

METHODIST MISSIONARIES find it rather hard to "convert" "the heathen Chinee." They have been working some thirty years in China, and the result of their labors and an enormous expenditure of money is a membership of one hundred and sixty-three. The Rev. Julian C. Brown, in an American Methodist print, very frankly acknowledges that this crop, which, it is hinted, has been gathered from the most unworthy classes, is a poor return for so many years of singing and praying and talking and giving. It is calculated that at the present rate of progress it would require some two hundred milleniums to "convert" the population of the Chinese Empire to Methodism; and even then the work would not be fairly done. Mr. Brown thinks it is time for the Methodists "to quit the miserable experiment." The signs are against them; the figures are against them; and heaven does not smile upon them under Mongolian skies.

ON occasion of the feast of Easter, the Holy Father, desirous of assisting the poor of his city of Rome, distributed to them, through the Apostolic Almoner, the sum of 14,000 francs.

NOT IRISH-AMERICANS. — Says the *Chicago Tribune*, speaking of the anarchists of that city: "Augustus Spies, the chief of the anarchists, is a Hessian. Fielden, the most rapid spouter to Sunday crowds, is an Englishman. Parsons, probably the biggest scoundrel of the lot, is an American-born Southern ex-rebel, son of the confederate chief, General Parsons. A riffraff of smaller leaders are Bohemians, with here and there a Dane or a Pole, and one old fellow calling himself a doctor is an American; but no Irishman figures among the would-be subverters of American civilization. The Irish have sins enough of their own to account for, but of the blackest of all, anarchism, they are not guilty.

A CONVINCING ARGUMENT. — Judge Fitzgerald, of the Cincinnati police court, is a justice of uncommon discernment. Thomas Gorman, a working man and an old soldier, knocked down a fellow named Charles Miller who insisted that a labor demonstration would be incomplete without the red flag. When arraigned Gorman pleaded guilty to the assault, but added: "I forgot myself and knocked him down; I fought under the Stars and Stripes, and I couldn't stand it." To which the judge promptly replied: "You can go. I only wish there had been one hundred Gormans at Bellevue on May 2." The red flag fellow was then severely reprimanded.

PROTESTANTISM IN ROME. — On the Esquiline the foundations of a new Protestant place of worship have been laid. This will form the twenty-second which has been raised in Rome since 1870. "The number of temples increases," says the *Italie* — a Journal not suspected of kindly feelings towards the Catholic Church — "but that does not mean that the Evangelicals have many adepts. On Sundays at the sermon the preachers talk to empty benches. There are at Rome either fervent Catholics or indifferent individuals. Neither the one nor the other can follow the Protestants in their propagandism."

JUNE is the month of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

THIS year was the silver jubilee of the priesthood of the late Rev. Abram J. Ryan. He was born at Norfolk, Va., and not in Ireland.

ECONOMICAL CHINAMEN. — Among the humble classes of Chinese working in San Francisco living is very cheap. A man who earns only four cents a day will live on two cents and two meals: the remaining two cents will pay for the shelf on which he lies at night and what clothing he may need. For ten cents a day a Chinaman can get in Chinatown two meals of rice, salt fish and vegetables, and wash each meal down with a cup of good Cargon. Ten persons eating twice a day of two kinds of meat and vegetables, and the never absent rice and tea can board for $1.25 each a month.

EDWARD HARRIGAN AT THE MUSEUM. Mr. Edward Harrigan, the clever author-actor, who opened an engagement at the Boston Museum, June 14, is a New York boy born and bred, his father and mother being of Irish birth. He knows New York from the Battery to the Park, and from the Sailors' Rest on South Street, to the Tramps' Home on West Street. Baxter Alley and Paradise Park are familiar haunts, and he understands the

vagaries of the Lime Kiln man, as well as the eccentricities of "Old Lavender," or the whimsicalities of Pete, the rat-catcher. In his metropolitan home a dashing, rollicking, Irish-strained boy, he sprang to the front of the variety stage, waving in one hand his Erin-go-Bragh and in the other the E Pluribus Unum. Genius like his can no more be kept down than steam can be kept hissing safely in a boiler. He first bubbled forth in sketches, then worked his way up to acts, until to-day when he has a right to look for his place upon the plane of dramatic authorship, the successful writer, composer, stage director of the most laughter-provoking plays.

The Distress in Donegal.

GWEEDORE CO., DONEGAL.
May 15, 1886.

My Dear Mr. Donahoe: I duly received the generous contribution of Elizabeth Smith towards the alleviation of misery and wretchedness amongst my people. At the time of its arrival I was actively engaged in the paramount work of providing seed, to enable the poor farmers to put down an average crop. It could not have come at a more fitting time, and I ardently hope that the good lady will receive a reward "exceeding great" for this valuable assistance of £2 4*s*. Just a few days before I was made the recipient of the magnificent help of £40 from the *Irish World* through the noble Mr. Davitt. By these messages of encouragement and assistance I was emboldened to extend the area of my usefulness; and I owe it to my friends in America that the little fields and plots of the poor, hard-working householders of Gweedore are to-day fairly filled with oats and potatoes, and that the people may reasonably look forward to the coming harvest to release them from the grip of hunger and starvation. But in the generosity of my desires I stepped far beyond the limit of my means, and I now find myself deeply in debt after emerging from the crisis of getting in the crop. Worse. I find my hands completely empty for the work of supplying food for the hundreds of starving creatures; and I must, with pain and reluctance, instruct them that they can no longer look for relief to him, in whom, and in whom alone, they have hitherto placed their trust. The government has passed a law by which deserving cases may be allowed out-door relief; but they have placed the administration of this law in the hands of our enemies, the landlord guardians, who have never done aught for the people but to grind and oppress them; and it is not likely that they will alter their ways now. But I will take prompt action to test the matter, and I will, if possible, place the responsibility of saving the lives of the people on the proper shoulders, and not on the shoulders of the hard-toiling sons and daughters of Ireland in America.

I remain, my near Mr. Donahoe, yours very sincerely,

JAMES MCFADDEN, P. P.

THE FUND for the benefit of the policemen who were injured, and the families of those who were murdered, by the anarchists' cowardly bomb in Chicago, now amounts to more than $67,000. Officer Patrick McNulty, who was injured in the riot, is reported as being very low, and the physicians say he can hardly live. Should McNulty die, he will be the seventh victim of the bomb.

OUR HOLY FATHER THE POPE is credited by a newspaper correspondent with a keen sense of humor. According to this more or less veracious writer there is accredited to the Papal Court a functionary who represents the political interests of four Central American Republics, and who is already bedizened with the stars of almost every order created by the Pontificate. Not long ago a fresh negotiation was concluded satisfactorily, and the custom of giving a new distinction required to be kept up, but how to do it perplexed the Papal chamberlain. On application in the emergency to Pope Leo himself the latter said: "This time give him a snuff-box with my portrait." The diplomatist accepted the golden gift, detached the portrait therefrom, and appeared at the next audience with this, too, hanging from his neck. Another state negotiation unexpectedly arose, and when it was solved again there came up the question of an honorarium. "This time," said the Holy Father with a twinkle in his eye, "give him a marble statue and see if he will wear that around his neck."

IRISH OYSTERS.—On Lord Wallscourt's fisheries at Ardee, a large amount of money is now expended to work the existing oyster beds on modern principles. "Natives" are bred there, and French oysters

are found to fatten there with such rapidity that they soon become even fatter than "natives." It is anticipated, says *London Truth*, that there will be a large monetary return on the outlay, and, in any case, a good deal of remunerative occupation will be found for the human natives in the neighborhood.

Death of John Kelly.

JOHN KELLY died at 3.30 on the afternoon of June 1st. Mr. Kelly has been ill for seven months. Mr. Kelly's death was painless, although he was conscious to the last. Only Mrs. Kelly and her two children were present when the patient passed away. He was perfectly conscious and possessed of all his faculties. He seemed to show no regret, but appeared to be willing to let go his grip on life. "I have always tried to live as a good Catholic," he said, "and I wish to die a good Catholic. I wish for the services of the church when I am dead, but I want no demonstration, no display. I want my funeral to be plain and simple." Rev. Father Clarkson, of the order of Dominicans, attended Mr. Kelly thoughout his illness, and administered the sacraments to the dying man. The obsequies took place in St. Patrick's Cathedral, morning of the 5th. Archbishop Corrigan officiated. Interment was made in the family vault in old St. Patrick's Cathedral in Mulberry street, where the deceased members of his immediate family are buried. John Kelly was born in New York City, April 21, 1821, and received his education in the common schools. After leaving school he learned the trade of a mason, which calling he followed for many years. In his youth he was of a bright, cheerful disposition, and the love of power, which was so marked in after years, was even then plainly apparent. In his connection with the Carroll Volunteers, the Emmet Guards, and the volunteer fire department, he displayed a genius for leadership that made him a power among his fellows. During the Know-nothing riots Kelly came to the front as a champion of Irish Catholics, and at the head of an armed force defended the St. Patrick's Cathedral against a mob which attempted to burn the building. His first venture in politics was made by running for the office of ward assessor. He was defeated by the regular Tammany candidate. He was defeated later for the position of assistant alderman, by the Tammany power. In 1853 Kelly ran on a ticket in the fourteenth ward primaries in the interest of old Isaac Fowler, who was at that time the dominant spirit of Tammany Hall. Fowler won, and Kelly was shoved into the board of aldermen, and in a short time was the recognized leader of the hottest political district in the city.

In 1854 Kelly defeated Mike Walsh for Congress. At Washington he made a name for himself. He became noted for his savage assaults upon the Know-Nothings and his defence of Irish Catholic institutions. For the second time he was

HON. JOHN KELLY.

elected to Congress, and his experience at Washington served to temper his rugged, domineering manner of dealing with men. It was remarked that in methods he much resembled Martin Van Buren. Alexander H. Stephens became his warm personal friend, and he began to command the respect and fear of the ablest political men of the State. In 1858 Kelly resigned his seat in Congress to accept the office of high sheriff, secured for him by the support of Tammany. He held the office for two terms and then went abroad, where he remained three years. On his return in 1871, the city was deep in the struggle between Tweed, his corrupt gang on the one side, and the

courts, press and Legislature on the other. The reform element in Tammany made Kelly its leader. Finally the Tweed ring was broken and its leaders were outcasts. Then it was that John Kelly was elected leader in the most powerful political body in the country. For thirteen years he was almost a political autocrat by virtue of his position, indomitable will and far-reaching political insight. Mr. Kelly made a hard fight against Mr. Tilden in 1876 at St. Louis, but accepted the situation after the Governor's nomination, and during the campaign that followed worked hard to carry the State for the Democrats. In 1878 Kelly defeated the re-election of Governor Robinson, and in 1880 he worked body and soul for the nomination of General Hancock for the presidency. In 1883 Kelly made a most vigorous, but unsuccessful, opposition to the candidacy of Cleveland, and this was the last important episode in his political career. About two years ago his health began to fail, and his rule in Tammany Hall began to wane. He never recovered his health, and during the past winter his sickness took a serious turn and his life was despaired of. Since that time, although at times he has seemed to improve, his death at any moment would have caused no surprise. In the death of Mr. Kelly the most noted figure that has ever wielded the political sceptre in New York has been removed. As a chief of Tammany he stood without a peer, and it is a question if another leader can command a tithe of the implicit obedience and prodigious political influence which he simply arrogated by sheer strength of mind and character.

BOILER INSURANCE.— The Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co. issues policies of insurance after a careful inspection of the boilers, covering all loss or damage to boilers, buildings, machinery and life, arising from steam boiler explosions. The business of the company includes all kinds of steam boilers. This company, which we can vouch for as being thoroughly reliable, with able and competent men in its mana ement, has already issued policies of insurance upon the boilers in a large number of Catholic churches and institutions throughout the country amounting to many thousands of dollars. These boilers are chiefly used for heating purposes, and remaining idle during the summer months are liable to corode and injure, and it is only by careful inspections made by competent experts that these matters are corrected, and defects are discovered, which many times would cause trouble if left neglected. The Boston General Agent is Mr. C. E. Roberts, whose office is at 35 Pemberton Square, who is always willing to give full information concerning the company's business and on the matter of boilers, steam heating, etc., generally.

THE Chicago packing house of Armour & Co. has just executed a contract to supply the French Government with seven million pounds of beef in cans, to be put up in the special can adopted for use by the French army. This is stated to be the largest individual contract ever awarded to one firm in the meat-packing industry.

THE VERY REV. J. ROONEY, D.D., who is a native of Dublin, has been appointed as Coadjutor to the Most Rev. Dr. Leonard, Bishop of the Western Province of the Cape of Good Hope, and Vicar Apostolic of Clarendon. Dr. Rooney's consecration is expected to take place in a few months.

ALTAR WINES. — We would direct the attention of the Rev. Clergy and others to the advertisement of the California Wine Co. We have seen letters from several of the Clergy testifying to the purity and excellence of the altar wine and to the other wines sold by this company. MR. MITCHELL, the manager, is a gentlemen of unimpeachable veracity, and will not sell an article which is not as he represents it.

THE $5 PARLIAMENTARY FUND, inaugurated in Boston, will foot up, after the 17th of June, $20,000! A grand showing.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS has received an official communication from Cardinal Jacobini, Papal Secretary of State, informing him of his election to the Cardinalate by Pope Leo XIII. It had been the intention of the Pope to have conferred the dignity on Archbishop Gibbons in March last, but the Consistory usually held in that month was postponed, and the official notification was withheld until May 6, the date of Cardinal Jacobini's letter.

Catholic Young Men's Union.

THE twelfth annual convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union was held in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the nineteenth and twentieth of May. The delegates, over two hundred in number, attended Mass in the Cathedral. Archbishop Ryan delivered an address of welcome. The delegates marched in procession to the Academy. Rev. J. H. Mitchell, President of Brooklyn, called the session to order. Representatives were present from New York, Providence, Boston, Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston, Brooklyn, Albany, Newark, Buffalo, Trenton, Scranton, Cincinnati, Ogdensburg, and Philadelphia. Mayor Smith tendered the delegates the freedom of the city, congratulating them on the success of their work in the past, and wished them success in the future. An address was also delivered by Monsignor Doane, Vicar-General of Newark. Henry St. J. Brady, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, welcomed the delegates on behalf of the Philadelphians. Reports were received from the different societies. More than seventy societies were represented, with an aggregate membership of more than eight thousand. The principal work done by the societies has been the banding together of Catholic young men. Night schools for poor boys have been established, as have also several employment bureaus. Hundreds of travelling cards have been issued to members who have travelled about from place to place, and are entitled to the courtesy of societies in different parts of the country.

At the second day's session, E. P. Farrell, of Harrison, N. J., read a paper on "Catholic Young Men and Secular Organization." John M. McCabe, of Albany, said a few words on the reception of the documents of the Union; and Major Edmund Mallet, of Carroll Institute, Washington, D. C., spoke upon the "Uses of the Library." The subject further discussed by Rev. Thomas D. McMillan, of New York City; A. J. Faust, Ph. D., of Washington, and C. B. Northrop, of Charleston, S. C., M. E. McLaughlin, of Newark, N. J., spoke of the "Objects of Diocesan Unions," recommending the establishment of a fund for carrying them out. A committee was appointed to consider this subject.

The following officers were duly elected: President, Rev. Joseph H. Meehan, of Elizabethport, N. J.; First Vice-President, Rev. P. J. Mollon, of Philadelphia; Second Vice-President, John P. Leahy, of Boston; Secretary and Treasurer, Thos. H. Byrnes, of New York. Diocesan vice-presidents and secretaries were also named. New York was selected as the place for the next meeting of the Convention.

WALKING THIRTEEN MILES TO SAY MASS.—For the first time since the Reformation, Holy Mass was said at Uppingham, England, the famous school-town of Rutland, on May 1, by the Rev. E. Van Dale, rector of Stamford, who travelled the same morning from the latter, a distance of thirteen miles, heard confessions, and administered Holy Communion to several people. The Catholics are very much scattered in the neighborhood, and the district which the Rev. E. Van Dale attends to is really very extensive, including, as it does, Oakham, Uppingham, Tallington, Barnack, Tolethorpe, Collyweston, etc., in all of which one or more families reside.

A Son is Born to Spain.

THE Queen Regent of Spain gave birth to a son on the 17th of May, which has caused great rejoicing. To the people of Spain who cling to dynastic precedents and traditions, the event is one of considerable importance. When King Alfonso died, it was agreed among his partisans that his daughter Mercedes should succeed to the throne unless a son should be born to the Queen Regent. The Carlists did not subscribe to this view, as they hold that the old law fixing the line of succession with the male descendant of the reigning family is still in force, although it was annulled or revoked by Ferdinand VII., the father of Queen Isabella and grandfather of Alfonso. To quiet opposition from the Carlist faction, a marriage was arranged between the two branches of the Spanish Bourbons, but there was still much intriguing. The birth of a son to the Queen Regent quiets the opposition of those who were disinclined to accept the regency of Christina on the theory that a daughter could not succeed to the throne. Now there is no dispute as to the succession and prerogatives of Christina, as Queen Regent must be admitted. The Spaniards who favor a monarchy rejoice in the event, because, with dynastic quarrels settled, there is more chance for peace. Under the constitution of 1876, the son born becomes

king. If he dies, his eldest sister becomes queen. If all the children of Alfonso die, the succession is in this order: First, to Alfonso's sister; next, to his Aunt Luisa, the wife of the Duc de Montpensier, sixth son of Louis Philippe, and to her children, Princess Isabella, wife of the Count of Paris, and Prince Antoine); and next to Alfonso's uncles and their descendents (Don Carlos), unless they have been excluded by law. If all the lines become extinct, "the nation will elect its monarch."

NEW FRENCH CARDINALS.—His Holiness, Leo XIII., has at length consented to create three French Cardinals, so that France may again have the representation in the Sacred College which she had before her rulers began to persecute the church and despoil her ministers. Negotiations had been going forward for a considerable time between the Holy See and the government in reference to the suppression of the annual allowance formerly granted to French Cardinals, in order to enable them to maintain befittingly their exalted dignity. But not all the diplomatic tact and persuasive pleading of Mgr. di Rende, the Apostolic Nuncio at Paris, could induce the government to restore to the Budget the paltry sums that had been withdrawn in order to cater to the wishes of the revolutionary groups. The Holy Father, however, has shown that he places the interests of religion in France above every other consideration; and this fresh example of conciliation on his part will not, in all probability, be without effect upon French statesmen who allow their anti-religious prejudices to urge them to the adoption of policies which breed discord among the people and jeopardize the welfare of the country.

STICK A PIN THERE.— Not a man of Irish birth or extraction was found in the ranks of the Chicago rioters.

THE SIGNING OF THE BILL appropriating $15,000 to complete the Pilgrim monument at Plymouth, by the President, recalls a bright saying by a youngster at the time the figure of Faith was erected. The first Sunday evening after the figure was placed in position, and before the scaffolding was taken down, a young Irish boy climbed up to the top of the monument. The hill was crowded with people examining the statue, and a man in the crowd shouted to the boy: "What kind of a Bible is that Faith is holding in her hand, Johnnie?"—"A Catholic Bible, sir," was the quick response. "How do you know?" persisted the questioner. "I can see Patrick Donahoe's name on the cover," was the quick-witted and instant reply.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE AND THE CATHOLIC HERALD.— These two publications will be sent to subscribers for $3.50. The price of the *Herald* is $2.50, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE $2.00 — both for $3.50. Address the MAGAZINE, Boston, or *Herald*, New York. Money always to accompany the order.

THE URSULINE CONVENT at Charlestown, Mass., was destroyed by a mob on the 11th of August, 1835.

AN INCIDENT OF THE STRIKE.— Here is one of the humors of the strike. Everybody in Boston and vicinity knows that the religious order called the Redemptorists has a fine church in the Highland district, on the road to Brookline. The Saunterer happened to drop in there a short time ago, and noticed that two men were engaged in painting at one end of the church. Presently two men entered, who were evidently strikers on picket duty. They approached a wearer of a cassock, who was walking up and down, and said, "Where did you get those men?" The priest, with a smile, said, "Well, perhaps you had better ask that question of the painters themselves." Away sped the pickets, only to learn that the wielders of the brushes were lay brothers of the Order, to the great amusement of the good-natured clergyman.

A PRETTY American girl who spent several years abroad said she was anxious to marry into the nobility, but the only noblemen she met were Barren of Cash and Barren of Ideas, and she concluded a plain United States voter was better than anything could find among the effete nationalities of Europe.

DURING the month of March, 3,324 emigrants left Ireland, as compared with 3,645 in the same month last year. The total number of Irish Emigrants for the three months ended 31st March was 10,014.

PERSONAL.

ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS, of Baltimore, has received the official notification from Rome of his elevation to the Cardinalate. Our Holy Father, the Pope, could not confer the honor on a more distinguished prelate. Not only the Catholic body, but our fellow-citizens of every denomination rejoice at the honor conferred on the church and the United States.

FATHER RIOUX, of St. Monique, Can.' who has given, during the last few years' much remarkable evidence of talent as a painter, and whose efforts have found a place in several churches in the Dominion, has gone to Rome, where he will spend the next two years with the best masters of the Eternal City.

MISS CONSTANCE EDGAR, step-daughter of Colonel Jerome Bonaparte, and a prominent figure in Washington and Baltimore society, made her profession in religion, and was invested with the black veil at the Visitation Convent in Baltimore on Wednesday, May the 5th. Archbishop Gibbons officiated. Miss Edgar will be known in religion as Sister Mary de Sales.

THE Buffalo Historical Society has honored Martin I. J. Griffin, of the *I. C. B. U. Journal*, by electing him a Corresponding Member. The only other Philadelphians on whom this distinction has ever been conferred, are Geo. W. Childs, Charles Henry Hart, John A. McAllister, and Thompson Wescott. So Mr. Griffin has as associates gentlemen of the highest social and historical distinction.

REV. JOSHUA P. BODFISH, chancellor of the archdiocese of Boston, and secretary to Archbishop Williams, arrived in Rome recently, and had the privilege of assisting at the Mass celebrated by Pope Leo in his private chapel, and of receiving Holy Communion from his hands. Fr. Bodfish was also present in the Roman forum when the learned German archæologist, Herr Henry Jordan, opened excavations in the vicinity of the Temple of Vesta, for the purpose of seeking what traces might be left of the ancient Regia, the residence of the Pontifex Maximus in his quality of paternal guardian of the Vestals. The original Regia was built by Numa Pompilius, and it is exceedingly probable that the tufa wall, at the excavation of which Fr. Bodfish was present, will be recognized as the foundation of the original construction. Fr. Bodfish then left Rome for Naples, to assist at the liquefaction of the blood of St. Janarius, and has now arrived home in good health.

RIGHT REV. THOMAS A. BECKER was installed in the Savannah Cathedral on the 16 of May, as Bishop of Savannah. The installation was impressive in character. Bishop Northrop, of Charleston, and Bishop Moore, of St. Augustine, Fla., were present. Bishop Moore delivered the sermon. Not only is Bishop Becker familiar with the principal tongues of the European continent — French, Italian, Spanish and German — and with several dead languages, but he can speak Irish with such purity as to give delight to the hearts of Irish emigrants who glory in the majesty of their native Erse. This varied accomplishment by which the mind of Bishop Becker is adorned is of special value to a clergyman in a new country into which colonists are pouring from all points of the compass.

CANADA'S CARDINAL.—We give in our MAGAZINE this month a good portrait of Cardinal Taschereau, who has received official dispatches informing him of his elevation to the purple. The event was the occasion of great rejoicing throughout the Dominion. Flags were displayed all over the city of Quebec, and a torchlight procession, with bands, proceeded to the cardinal's palace and serenaded him. Fireworks were sent off from the Laval University grounds. The communication fixes the seventh of June as the day of installation. The Legislature adopted congratulatory resolutions to the new cardinal.

GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE, the well-known author and lecturer, and who was formerly United States Consul at Manchester, Eng., is at present engaged upon a "Young Folk's History of Ireland," undertaken at the suggestion of his friend John Boyle O'Rielly. The volume, which will be plentifully illustrated, will be a companion one to his "Young Folk's History of England" and will be published early in the fall by Lee & Shepard of this city.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Benziger Bros., N.Y., Cin. and St. Louis.

A CATECHISM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE, prepared and enjoined by order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. Price, 25 cents.

This is an illustrated edition of the new Catechism ordered and approved by the recent Council held in Baltimore. It is not only intended for the Sunday School, but for use in Parochial Schools and in the family. The illustrations are numerous and well executed.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

IN PRIMROSE TIME. A New Irish Garland. By Sarah M. B. Piatt, author of a "Voyage to the Fortunate Isles," "An Irish Garland," etc. Price $1.

The contents of this beautifully gotten-up book, are: In Primrose Time; The Awakening of the Birds; A Portrait at Youghal; An Irish Fairy Story; An Emigrant Singing from a Ship; A Party in a Dream; Two Innocents Abroad; Bird's-Nesting in Ireland; The Legend of Monkstown; In St. Mary's Church; The Ivy of Ireland; One Happy Woman. We give elsewhere one of these delightful pieces — "In Primrose Time." It may be taken as a fair sample of the others.

The Catholic Publication Society Co., N.Y.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. WITH NOTES BY JOHN OLDCASTLE.

The whole number of *Merry England* for May is devoted to the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, containing events of Passion Sunday, 1857; portraits from 1812 to 1886; the letters of thirty-five years; landmarks of a lifetime, given elsewhere in this issue of our MAGAZINE. *Merry England* has been bound and sold for 75 cents. The portraits, from infancy to old age, are worth more money.

MESSRS. NOONAN & CO. have all the above books.

MUSIC.

White, Smith, & Co.

Vocal: "Come to Me," Duet, by E. Stephens. "Gloria," from Farmer's Mass in B flat. "Joys of Youth," Song, by W. N. Manning. "Thy Will Be Done," Sacred Song, by Carl Pflueger. "Two Marionettes," words by Arthur Law, music by Edith Cooke. "Flora," Madrigal, by Prof. F. Nicholls Crouch. "Mollie," Ballad, by same author. "Supplication," Sacred Duet, by Bendel.

Instrumental: "Le Petit Carnival," by L. Streabbog, consisting of six pieces: 1. Valse; 2. Polka; 3. Schottische; 4. Polka Mazurka; 5. Galop; 6. Lanciers Quadrille. "Potpourri," from "Gypsy Baron," by Strauss. "Sweetheart Waltz," from same. "Lotus Club Polka," "White Boy's Polka," and "Clayton's Grand March," for Banjo, by Geo. Dobson. "See Saw Waltzes," by A. G. Crowe, arranged for four hands. "Polacca Glide Schottische," by A. W. Sweet. "Pensee d'Amour," by Wilson G. Smith. "Balleriven," six dances, by G. Lange, comprising, 1. March; 2. Polonaise; 3. Waltz; 4. Polka; 5. Landler; 6. Galop. "Bid Me Good-By," Waltz, arranged by H. W. De Camors. "Third Air Varie," for Violin and Piano, by Charles Dancla. "Fifth Air Varie," by same author. "Mattie's Polka," by H. Lichner. "May's Galop," by same author. "In the Twilight Waltzes," by Coote. "Grand Galop de Concert," by Ketterer. "Tarantella," by Pieczonka. "Romantic Thoughts," by Leybach. "Waltz," "March," and "Overture," from "Erminie," Comic Opera; libretto, by Claxson Bellany and Harry Paulton; music by E. Jakobouski. "Bicycle Polka," by A. C. Andrew, arranged for four hands by C. D. Blake. "The Mikado Waltz," arranged for Violin, Cornet, and Piano. "La Madonna," Meditation, by A. S. Sweet.

Books: "The Violin and Piano Quarterly Journal, devoted to Duets for Violin or Flute, and Piano with Cornet ad libitum." Vol. 1; Book 1. "Erminie," Comic Opera, by E. Jakobouski. Both these works published by White, Smith & Co.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

REV. LOUIS A. LAMBERT, of Waterloo, N. Y., author of "Notes on Ingersoll," etc., is bringing out a new book, entitled "Tactics of Infidels Explained."

CARPETS. — Buy your carpets, rugs, etc., of Messrs. Thos. O'Callaghan & Co., 601 Washington St. (opposite Globe Theatre).

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

REV. A. P. MCCRANOR, O. S. A., died at Mechanicsville, N. Y., on Saturday, May 15. He was pastor of St. Paul's Church of that place. The death of this young priest and religious affords another proof of Young's oft-quoted line: "Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow."

REV. ARTHUR P. HAVILAND, pastor of the Church of the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin, Bustleton, Philadelphia, died late on Saturday afternoon, May 22, at St. Joseph's Hospital, of which he had been an inmate for over two months. Father Haviland was born at Templemoyle, parish of Banagher, and near the town of Dungiven, in the County Derry, Ireland, in May, sixty-one years ago.

THE Very Rev. J. Dominic Tarlatina died recently at Toluca, Mexico. He was the first provincial of the Passionists in the United States, and was finally elected consultor general, with residence in Rome. He was visiting the houses of the Order when he died.

NUMBERS of our readers will hear, with personal regret, of the death of the Irish Jesuit missionary, Rev. Edward Murphy, S. J., who visited this country some years ago, and then was sent to Australia, where, after abundant and faithful labors in the missionary pulpit, he took charge of the work of the Apostleship of Prayer. He was a true son of St. Ignatius, and a loving child of Ireland. May he rest in peace.

SELDOM has a journal announced the death of a more zealous or exemplary priest than the Rev. Michael Cody, of the Congregation of the Mission, and chaplain to the Mountjoy Male Convict Prison, Dublin. His ministrations, tender and true, transformed many a despised and cast-away criminal into an honest and industrious citizen. The obsequies were celebrated in St. Peter's Church, Phibsborough, after which the remains of the beloved priest were interred in the cemetery of the Vincentian Fathers at Castleknock.

SISTER.

AT the Convent of the Good Shepherd in this city, on the fifth day of the chosen month of Mary, Sister Mary of St. Priscilla Healy breathed forth her purified soul in sentiments of most fervent contrition, confidence, and love; and was, we humbly trust, received by Mary whom, with her dying lips, she so tenderly implored "to be to her a mother." In this young and lamented Sister the community has lost a charitable, amiable, and obedient religious. One ever devoted to God and her superiors; most kind and obliging to her sisters; beloved by all because of her many winning virtues and sterling qualities. She had the happiness of being called to the service of God at the early age of nineteen years, and most faithfully and generously did she respond to the invitation of the Divine Spouse, "Follow me," renouncing with joy the sweet attractions of home, parents, friends, and all that makes life most dear. After ten years spent in the fold of the Good Shepherd, her loving sacrifice has been crowned by the gift of gifts, a most holy death. Assisted by the Mother Superior and her sisters in religion, with her crucifix tightly clasped in her hand, she repeated aloud most touching aspirations until about three minutes before she expired. Her malady was consumption, from which she had suffered for a number of years. She was a native of the State of Maine, of Irish parentage, aged thirty years and three months. R. I. P.

LAY PEOPLE.

THE father of the Right Rev. Bishop Ireland,— Richard Ireland, Esq.,— a gentleman highly respected, died recently at St. Paul, Minn. May he rest in peace!

DR. DIO LEWIS, the author and reformer, died on the twenty-first of May at his home, Yonkers, N. Y., from erysipelas, after an illness of two or three days. At his bequest his body was cremated.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XVI. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1886. No. 2.

"UNLESS our mammoth capitalists and corporations learn and practise justice, fairness and consideration for their employees; unless they abstain from the illegal, unjust and extortionate measures of which they are notoriously guilty; unless they themselves respect and obey the law, we risk nothing in predicting that, before another generation comes upon the stage of active life, there will be here in the United States, a social revolution that will involve indescribable confusion and destruction of property and life. —*American Catholic Quarterly Review.*

Winkleried.

I.

"OUR foes are a host, Herr Winkleried —
Our foes are a host," they cried,
"As many as sands on the desert strands,
Or waves on the ocean tide;
And we are but few, Herr Winkleried,
Here in the pass alone —
By discord rent, and shattered in strength,
And baffled and overthown!"
"'Tis faith — not numbers — will do this deed,"
Said Arnold Winkleried!

II.

"Lo! see thro' the mist, Herr Winkleried,
Where a rift in the cloud appears,
The sheen of their casques and nodding plumes,
And the blaze of their myriad spears!
Go, furl that flag, and sheathe that sword!
'Twere death to be brave and bold,
For we're but as lambs, Herr Winkleried,
That bleat in the lion's fold!"
"Some lambs may be lions at times indeed,"
Said Arnold Winkleried!

III.

"Of Might and Right the stronger we ween,
Is certainly Might," they cried:
"'Twere better to live as sensible folk,
Than die as enthusiasts died;

So, fly with us to the beetling crags,
By the purest of breezes fanned:
'Twere foolish to shed one's precious blood
In the cause of a fallen land!"
"Tho' I be alone to bleed — I bleed,"
Said Arnold Winkleried!

IV.

"They will pierce this breast with their myriad spears,
They will spit on my trampled clay;
But my dust will be cement for Freedom's shrine
To be reared in a coming day!"
They speared his breast, and they spat on his dust;
Yet lo! from his bleaching bones
A temple hath risen that shall survive
The reign of a thousand thrones!
Such were the words, and such the deed
Of Arnold Winkleried!

MILAN, ITALY, May, 1886. EUGENE DAVIS.

Pen Sketches of Irish Literatteurs.

IV.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

— "Tell how his boyhood was one drear night hour;
How shone for him though his grief and gloom
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb." —
— THE NAMELESS ONE.

FOR the first time, after the lapse of nearly half a century, the literary life-work of Mangan has been presented to the public in a manner which does justice to the author's reputation as a poet of great and versatile genius.* The confined labor of editor and publisher in making the present edition of his writings acceptable to every admirer of Mangan, is, we think, the best apology which might be offered for the delay hitherto attending their publication. Moreover, when a great writer is to formally assume that place among his intellectual compeers which

*"*Anthologia Germanica;* or, A garland from the German Poets and Miscellaneous Poems." By James Clarence Mangan. Dublin: Duffy & Sons.

"The Poets and Poetry of Munster." A selection of Irish Songs by the Poets of the last Century. With Poetical Translations by the late James Clarence Mangan, and the Original Music; Biographical Sketches of the Authors; and Irish Text revised by W. M. Hennessy, M. R. I. A. Edited by C. P. Meehan, C. C. Fourth Edition. Dublin: Duffy & Sons.

"Essays in Prose and Verse." By J. Clarence Mangan. Edited by C. P. Meehan. C. C. Duffy & Sons.

is to be assigned him by the fiat of public criticism, no amount of care or time bestowed on the final task of selecting and arranging his works can be deemed excessive or superfluous. Unlike many a great writer whose reputation has suffered from the evil of hasty editing, Mangan has been singularly fortunate in the auspices which have attended his literary debut. For of all, in the number of his gifted contemporaries who have paid the final debt of nature or who still live, no one could be better qualified, by acquaintance or ability, to do him justice than the good priest, who, as his dearest friend, had always shared his undivided confidence.

It is a subject for much curious conjecture, why Mangan has failed as yet to become more universally popular. We do not mean with the greater body of his educated countrymen, as there is very little to be wished for in this respect — but with all classes of the English-speaking world. Apart from the eloquent testimony borne to his great abilities by men whose literary opinions are unimpeachable, his poetry is characterized by many of the acceptable qualities which excite the interest and touch the sympathies of all classes of the general public. The language is simple and flowing ; the sentiment is homely, pleasing, and always sincere ; while the wonderful mechanism of his verse has always been a subject for special wonder and delight. Contemporary criticism, however, has never been a safe criterion by which to form an estimate of the real merit of an author's work, and his chances thereby for lasting popularity. We know that some of the poems which now find equal favor with all classes, and which, in all likelihood, are destined to preserve their popularity, are precisely those, which at the period of their first publication were very unfavorably received. Collins' "Ode to the Passions," on its first appearing in print, placed its author in the pillory for the gibbering parodies and coarse witticisms of every scribbling critic. The "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," ushered into notice by the dainty press of Walpole, elicited but a growl of surly disapprobation from such an eminent man of letters as Samuel Johnson. Many other causes remain to any one of which might be justly attributed the slow growth of Mangan's widespread popularity. His death took place when the last spark of the Young Ireland excitement had flickered out its life in the fever sheds of the famine and the cholera ; he had never, in the sense of out-of-door politics, been a conspicuous figure before the public ; and the men who could best appreciate and make known the work he had done, were dead or in exile. Succeeding years, however, have seen restored the spirit of national enthusiasm and enterprise, which Duffy and Davis first succeeded in awakening ; and we may now look forward with no apprehensive misgivings for the speedy realization of a national literature. If the name of the Rev. C. P. Meehan had not already been a household word with every lover of the Irish cause, and every reader of Irish history, he would have deserved very much of his countrymen, all the world over, for the zeal and success with which he has performed this last, but not least, great service to the memory of his dead friend. The biographical introduction is invaluable as an authentic account of one whose incidental life is destined at no very distant day to be a matter for interesting inquiry to

educated Irishmen. In it have been cleared up two errors which the poet's biographers have hitherto almost invariably made. Father Meehan distinctly states that Mangan was not addicted to the vice of opium, and that his knowledge of languages, outside of those which are taught in the ordinary college curriculum, was purely mythical. The slight glimpse, which the Reverend editor has suffered us to take of the distinguished occupants of the little literary attic, has but whetted our curiosity for a closer acquaintance. We would fain draw near, and linger on the threshold and catch a glimpse of the men who made Irish history fifty years ago. We would wish to hear Meagher recite, or Duffy speak of his dear dead friend, or Dalton Williams sing in all the pastoral tenderness of his "dying girl"; but, most of all, to see Mangan, the cynosure of the little literary group; with whom the subject of eloquent discussion invariably originates; whose opinions many may not hold, but few venture to gainsay; whose quaint sallies of elfin humor, and odd comments on men and things, never allow the lateness of the hour to outlive the general interest, or the general interest to dissociate from his presence the anomalous commingling of so much genius and so much wretchedness in the melancholy story of his strange and eventful career.

James Clarence Mangan was born in the city of Dublin on the 1st of May, 1803. He was the eldest in a family consisting of four children, three sons and a daughter, who died young. His father was a man of a most unhappy temper, and had a taste for speculation, which by slow gradations reduced him to ultimate poverty. Too much absorbed in the interests of others, he had no time to give to his own; the worst consequence of which was, that he paid no attention to the education of his little children. Fortunately, however, his brother, more mindful of a parent's duty, took little Mangan under his special protection, and sent him to a school, then conducted by the Jesuits in a private part of the city. On the day of his arrival Mangan's precocious intelligence astonished a party of visitors, and secured the good opinions of his professors. "What is a parenthesis?" said the teacher, wishing to exhibit the philological capabilities of a class of juveniles, at the bottom of which stood the new scholar. Unanswered, the enigma passed from one child to another until the eye of the questioner rested on Mangan. 'Sir," replied he with a gravity that was in strange keeping with his diminutive size and youthful appearance, "I have only come into the school to-day, and have not had time to look at the grammer; but I should suppose a parenthesis to be something included in a sentence, but which might be omitted from the sentence without injury to the meaning of the sentence."—"Go up, sir," said the master, "to the head of the class." The studious self-absorption of the little scholar, his serious methods of work, his ready and apt replies, attracted the favorable notice of many of the local clergy, who were frequent visitors to the school. His promotion was rapid, and a short time after entering he was permitted to study German and Spanish, thus laying at an early date the foundation of that linguistic knowledge which he was afterwards to turn to most profitable account. Few, if any, of the poet's biographers have endeavored to account for much of his subsequent

dissipation by reference to this portion of his career. Yet there is good reason to suppose that in this respect his infancy is responsible for more than his manhood.

As we shall see later on, the sum total of Mangan's misfortunes arose from his lack of will-power and self-control, governing properties indispensable for the true formation of character, and dependent for their gradual acquirement on a proper system of education begun when the mind is most susceptible of impressions. But Mangan's life, when much might have been done to save him, was influenced by the counsel or command of no guiding protector. His father took little notice of the boy provided he did not happen to come in his immediate way. It was a favorite boast of this good man that his children were as terrified at his presence and as timorous at his approach as a rat in a hole. It is little, therefore, to be wondered at, that a child of fine sensibilities should feel to a morbid degree the loss of that parental affection which his acute understanding taught him he had every right to expect. Physically too weak to join in the rough sports of boys of his own age, he spent his leisure moments in a more congenial manner. He had been an omnivorous reader. Books seemed to have absorbed every desire for companionship. The many free hours spent in silence and study gradually begot a longing for retirement that made the company of strangers tedious and embarrassing. He became shy and silent. His occasional walks into the neighboring country were shared by no companion, who might disturb his visionary dreaming and recall his wandering thoughts from an ideal world to the real world in which he moved. Such an odd and desultory manner of employing the golden hours of his youth, while it had great disadvantages, was well calculated to develop and improve the poetic faculty with which he was so rarely endowed. When Mangan had attained his fifteenth year he was forced to come out of his solitude, abandon his books and his ramblings, and betake himself to work for a livelihood. His father had at last reduced himself to beggary by a lack of management in administering his business affairs, which would reflect discredit on the expected good sense of a child of twelve. By thrifty carefulness he had risen from small beginnings until his savings enabled him to set up an independent business as a grocer. Fortune still rewarded his industry with a success, which had every indication of soon becoming a settled prosperity. But, unhappily, as his profits increased his anxieties diminished. As his mind was no longer occupied with the concerns of a settled pursuit, he began with busy idleness to look around him and see how he might still farther amass money. On the representation of interested parties he sold out his thriving business and set up as a vintner. Then he speculated in old houses. Of course, a man of such a restless disposition could succeed at nothing. The good qualities of a tender heart and a generous nature which characterized him made him an easy victim to the wiles of every needy borrower and mendicant sharper in the city. When he found himself a beggar, he was surprised to find that of all whom he had succored, none were now willing to reach him a helping hand. Years of indolent prosperity had left him unfit to essay another battle with adversity. For the first time he recalled to mind that he

had a son, and that this son might win for him the bread of an easy life. The thought would never seem to have occurred to him, that in putting his boy to work, he was about to reverse the established order of things, and disobey the gospel prescript, which provided that the father should work for the child, and not the child for the father. If it did, his predetermination remained unchanged, for Mangan, when but a mere boy, was apprenticed in the office of a scrivener. The companions with whom he was forced to consort in his new occupation, he has panegyrized, with no very great exaggeration, in his poem of "The Nameless One," the stanzas of which might be characterized as so many sobs of a breaking heart:

—"Tell how this Nameless condemned for years long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things which made him with groans and tears long
For even death."

His gentle mind, accustomed from infancy to live in a world peopled by the beautiful ideals of a grand, creative imagination, could only shudder and shut out with a forced forgetfulness, the curses, the oaths, and the horrible obscenities, which were uttered in his presence. Against such wicked example he was well fortified by the lessons of religion which he had learned in the Jesuit school; and never by written or spoken word did he then, or afterward, depart from the high standard of Christian modesty, which the Catholic Church sets up to be followed by her children. But it would be difficult to suppose that he could entirely escape contagion situated as he was continually in the presence of evil disease, and little schooled by those whose duty it was to train him for personal contact with the world. The serpent of the wine cup began to fascinate his gaze, and secure him little by little in its fatal folds. Amid the squalor and misery of these days there was one advantage which Mangan's otherwise unhappy state afforded. There were odd moments when he might perfect himself in the art of versification. A poem which he composed at this time has a literary excellence the undoubted result of long practice and patient labor.

When the term of Mangan's apprenticeship had expired, he accepted a position in a lawyer's office, which, in a pecuniary sense, and in no other, was more advantageous for him than the role of a scrivener. His new associates were, if possible, of a lower caste than the *canaille* of his late occupation. The work he was obliged to do was more confining. He had fewer opportunities to obey the irresistible impulse that was continually urging him to transmute his freight of burning thought into the spirit and life of passionate song. His sensitive spirit sickened as advancing years made the bitter truth more bitter still, that his fine abilities had been prostituted to supply the mere animal wants of those whose duty it was to labor and spin for his sake; that with little adaptation for his present work he was neglecting those higher duties, for the successful fulfilment of which he had been endowed with every facility. To mental worriment was superadded a fit of dissipation, which soon brought on an attack of brain fever, so that Mangan was compelled to resign his position in favor of a younger brother. His illness was severe, but despite his great physical weakness he gradually

recovered, and after some months left the hospital in which he had been confined. Freedom from low associates, and a return to more congenial pursuits produced a more healthy effect. His religious duties were more scrupulously observed. He renewed his acquaintance with the mute but eloquent companions of his younger years, and visited again the chosen localities which had formerly wooed him away from the privacy of his little room. The miseries he had so lately endured would have worn away under more brightening influences; but the terrible thirst for drink was the lurking devil which, with few intermittent cessations, dogged his footsteps with a fatal persistency.

He was now in his twenty-fifth year. For the next seven years he was mainly indebted to literature for a livelihood. He wrote for a number of Dublin periodicals which had a short-lived existence, and which are now only remembered or sought after for having once had such a contributor as Mangan. In the year 1832, in company with O'Keefe, O'Donovan, and O'Curry, Mangan was in the employment of Dr. Petrie, the celebrated archæologist, then engaged on the "Ordnance Survey Memoir of Ireland." Petrie was also editor of the *Dublin Penny Journal*, a weekly publication almost exclusively devoted to the study of Irish historical and literary antiquities. Mangan, under the pseudonym of "Clarence," was a frequent contributor. He transferred into English verse the literal prose versions which O'Curry had made from the Irish text. In this way originated his beautiful "Lamentation for the Tironian and Tirconnelian Princes," full of the cadenced flow and reminiscent pathos of Irish grief; the "Wail over the Ruins of the Donegal Castle," as full of pensive beauty and solemn mournfulness as Scott's "Melrose"; and the "Lament for Kincora," a voiceful threnody reaching down from the days when McLiag's harp sang the praise of Brian, in the halls of Tara. But it is from the time of his connection, in the year 1834, with the *Dublin University Magazine*, that Mangan's literary career properly begins. His first contribution was a metrical English version of Schiller's "Pilgrim," and thenceforward he continued to translate for a long period the best short poems of all the great Teutonic singers. While Gavan Duffy was as yet the obscure editor of a provincial newspaper, he had made the acquaintance of the future "essential poet" of the "Nation." The broad humor and homely satire of the "Woman of Three Cows" first attracted attention in the pages of the *Belfast Vindicator*, the editorial chair of which Duffy occupied in 1840. A few years later and the editor had became one of that potent triumvirate which strove so successfully to infuse a new soul into the prostrate form of Irish Nationality. Sparta had a Tyrtæus and Hastings a Tallifer to fire the patriot's daring to deeds of high renown. Mangan was the Filea of the eloquent war of the young Irelanders. When Davis had found his grave "on the opening lawn, under the drip of the wetted trees," Duffy tried hard to supply the loss his death occasioned by inducing Mangan to contribute more frequently. He succeeded to a partial extent. Some of the best original poems which Mangan has left us were written for the *Nation*,—"Dark Rosaleen," and the "Lament for Banba"; "O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire" and "Cahal Mor." It was owing to Duffy's generous munificence that

two volumes of Mangan's collected translations from the German appeared in the year 1845. The first edition was quickly exhausted, and a new one published at the beginning of the next year. It was one of the very few works of the kind that did not receive rough treatment from the big quarterlies. Mangan, however, possessed in an exceptional degree all the essential qualifications which could fit him for this kind of literary work. The best translator is assuredly he who best succeeds in divesting himself of all personality, and becoming a passive instrument in the hands of the original writer. From infancy Mangan had, to a great extent, dwelt in a world of his own creation. For the little influence which his mind received from the persons and things around him, he might almost have lived in the world of Brobdignag. To such a man the necessary power of abstraction, and of poetical assimilation, presented no great obstacle to the execution of his task. He had, moreover, mastered German so thoroughly, that his knowledge extended to its idioms and provincialisms. The conjuror's skill, with which he overcame the most seeming impossibilities of rhyme and metre, enabled him not merely to make his translation a process of fusion, but to recast it in its most delicate and minute peculiarities. If, at intervals, he departs from the meaning of the literal text, it is to do what Coleridge has often done for Schiller. His mind, when heated by poetic ardor, frequently emits a further flash which is often the finest in the whole poem. An instance of this has been pointed out in his translation of Freilgrath's "Spectre Caravan," where he strikes out the magnificent thought:

> "Never quail before these shadows!
> Ye are children of the Sun!

Between September, 1837 and 1840, whilst employed in T. C. Library, he also published a series of poems in the *Dublin University Magazine* under the title of "Literæ Orientals." They were in great part original poems disguised under a variety of foreign names. Two of these, "The Wail and Warning of the Three Khalendeers"—better known as "Boating down the Bosphorus"—and "The Time of the Barmecides," have become universal favorites, and would alone have given Mangan undisputed title to a high place among the great lyricists of any age of poetry.

While Mangan's literary writings were eagerly sought for by thousands of delighted readers, a great dissimiliarity was existing between his real life and the life his admirers were associating with one who could add the wisdom of a moralist to the fire and feeling of a poet. At times, his perseverance in carrying out a good resolution would astonish even those who had least reason to look for the fulfilment of anything he proposed to do. He would abstain for months at a time from all intoxicating stimulants. He would devote himself zealously to literary work. His presence would seldom be missing from a little circle of literatteurs who were wont to assemble at a fixed part of the city; and who, for genius and learning, might recall the wits and conversationalists of Pope's garden parties, or of Johnson's Club. On such occasions Mangan would be the honored guest. He would forget his

melancholy ; emerge from the web of his inwrapt self-communion ; and catch the changing spirit arising from every turn of conversation. He would give *viva voce* criticisms of the relative merits of the great foreign poets ; or defend, with the warmth of a zealot, the phrenological doctrines of Spurzeim and Lavater. Sometimes he would retail the most amusing anecdotes of crazed Maturin, whose *bulls* for farcial comicality outrivalled many of those which made Sir Boyle Roche famous ; or of Sir Harcourt Lees, the eccentric church-dignitary and rampant Orangeman, who used to mention O'Connell and the Devil in the same breath, who dressed like a Tom O'Bedlam, and who, whether he went on foot or on horseback was perpetually whistling the "Fox-Hunter's Jig." On such occasions the anxieties of Mangan's friends, their coaxings, their upbraidings, their expostulations would have seemed to have produced a final good result. But never was trembling hope doomed to more certain disappointment ; and never in the career of the most wayward child of genius would there be witnessed such an appalling descent from the comforting prospects of settled sobriety to the deepest gulf of misery and despair. When a month of squalid dissipation would have made away with his small heap of accumulated savings, he would proceed to strip the one room which he shared with a sick brother not of those little ornaments which contribute so much to make the hearthstone of the humblest home the dearest spot on earth, but of the essential articles of furniture, without which the blank-walls close in upon the life of an occupant with the oppressive feeling of a prison.

The lethargic slumber of the wine-bibber has a rude and painful awakening, nature's retributive punishment for the violation of her laws. When every possible resource by which more drink could be obtained was exhausted, Mangan's real misery would begin. Under the influence of his excessive sensibility and excited imagination peccadillos, which would not have cost the ordinary toper a thought, would be magnified by Mangan into crimes for which no expiatory atonement could be made either here or hereafter. Resolutions broken, engagements unfilled, the words of counsel and manifold services of his best friends despised and forgotten, he would begin like Cowper and Bunyan, to look upon himself as a symbol of divine wrath set up as a warning to the sons of men ; a brand reserved for the unconsuming flames of the inextinguishable fire. The first and most violent pangs of remorse would gradually subside into gentler feelings of affection and pity, as he looked about the bare, unfurnished room, and beheld his sick brother stretched on a blanketless pallet. Trembling with nervous excitement he would summon to his aid the ready pen whose fount of poetic inspiration never ran dry during the worst stage of his sufferings. We read that some of Chatterton's finest poetry was written on the floor of his garret, while the gentle moonlight streamed down upon his scroll through the gaps and crevices of the rotten roof. It was under circumstances not very dissimiliar that Mangan wrote such poems as the "Marvellous Bell," and the "Lament for Moreen." Occasionally, unable to keep pace with distress, he would indite a letter of piteous appeal to some friend who, he knew, would be willing to forgive and forget on his promising to strive and do better. The following touching letter to a

distinguished philanthropist, was written under pressure of such privation as we have just recorded:

"*Dear and Respected Sir,*—Perhaps I may venture to hope that you have not altogether forgotten me. I, on my part, have never ceased to remember my promise to you. That promise has, if I may so speak, burned itself into my brain and memory. It is written on my heart, and chronicled on the tablets of my spirit. It forms my last thought as I lie down at night—my first when I rise in the morning.

"Can you, or will you, dear sir, help me to fulfil it? I trust in the Almighty God that you will. For in addressing you, I address no common man. I am aware that I appeal to, perhaps, the most distinguished philanthropist of our era. The stronger, therefore, is my confidence that you will not refuse me the aid I seek at your hands.

"I write to you, dear sir, from a fireless and furnitureless room, with a sick brother near me whom I have supported for years. My heart sinks within me as I contemplate the desolation around us. I myself have abstained from animal food for a long period; yet, I regretted that I was unable to buy him more than an egg on Christmas Day. But this matter of diet is a trifle. Healthy persons require little nourishment; they can subsist on bread and water. It was the apothecary's bill which on Christmas Eve left us without a shilling, and has obliged me even to resort since to the pawnbroker.

I call on you, dear sir, with this note; but perhaps you may not have leisure to see me.

Your very obedient servant,

J. C. Mangan.

The last two years of his life witnessed his uncontrollable descent into a deeper and deeper quagmire of dissipation. Friends looked sadly on, powerless to prevent the riotous waste of great gifts so rarely and so generously bestowed. Flattering inducements repeatedly held out to lead him from the brink of the fatal precipice, were all of no avail,—the assured comforts of a settled home, the company of the wise and good, the congenial prospect of a life of lettered ease. He preferred the close atmosphere of the smelling rum-shop, and the narrow alleys leading homewards in the dark, and the remorseful solitude of his crazy two-pair back room.

In the year 1848 he was a patient under the care of the good Sisters in St. Vincent's Hospital. As the attending physicians had forbidden him the use of all stimulants, he stole out of doors, and in a moment of tipsy unconsciousness, fell into a deep pit newly dug for the foundation of a house. Bruised and bleeding he was removed to the Meath Hospital; and when he again came forth, the cholera fiend had entered the city. It was at this period, or a little later, that, in partnership with his faithful friend, John O'Daly, he published the "Poets and Poetry of Munster." The work consists of a series of translations from the poets of the last century who wrote in the Irish vernacular.

O'Daly, as O'Curry had done on a former occasion, gave the literal version which Mangan rendered back into graceful English verse. Many good reasons might be alleged for supposing that, of all the poet's works, this volume, his parting legacy to the literature of his country, will have the greatest charm for Irish readers. Its songs are associated with that epoch of Irish history across which is drawn the darkest curtain of political despair and despotic misgovernment. The writers were exclusively men of the proscribed faith, who had received in other lands the education which a statute of the good Prince of Orange had withheld from them at home. The profession of itinerant schoolmasters which, through motives of religion and patriotism, they generally adopted on returning, made them outlaws of society, with the price of blood set upon their heads. Their famous "hedge-schools" where men and boys met by stealth "feloniously to learn," trained up many a subject for the holy priesthood, in days when the essentials were all that could be expected of a candidate for ordination. Their songs were the only channel through which the pent-up feeling of Irish Nationality could for a long time find an outpouring. The matronly *vanithee*, in cap of snowy linen, kept time with her spinning-wheel as she crooned a soft lament for Eire's woes:

"A noble tribe, moreover, are now the hapless Gael,
On the fair hills of Eire, O!
A tribe in Battle's hour unused to shrink or fail
On the fair hills of Eire, O!
For this is my lament in bitterness outpoured,
To see them slain or scattered by the Saxon sword.
Oh, woe of woes, to see a foreign spoiler horde
On the fair hills of Eire, O!"

The humble cottier digging on the hillside paused in his song to watch the evening sun sink in the golden west, and wonder if his returning light would ever again shine out upon an unfettered race. The burden of the poet's meditation is generally set in mournful and pensive retrospect. He walks abroad through meadows gay with flowers, and woodlands happy with the songs of birds; or more frequently, by the shores of the wide-spreading sea. Suddenly he sees as in a vision the face and figure of a lady of surpassing loveliness. Her eyes are as the stars of heaven; her teeth are smiling pearls; her golden tresses fall ringletted to the emerald sward at her feet. Her wide blue eye has a far-off look awaiting the approach of an expected deliverer whose advent is to free her from captivity. This is Ireland awaiting the return of those forces which are to free her from Saxon rule.

Like Moore and Davis, there is no chord in the many-fibred and high-strung Celtic nature which Mangan has left untouched; but he has surpassed them both in idealizing human sorrow in all its stages, from gentle melancholy to the violent paroxysm that robs of reason and crushes the heart. The genuis of Buerger never wrought into weird existence a conception of such harrowing desolation as Mangan has left us in "O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire," or in the "Nameless One," where he has summarised with too painful exactness, if not exaggeration, the brief chronicle of his own blighted career. When the

manuscript of his last work was in the hands of the publisher the progress of the cholera had become marked by an appalling mortality, which was every day increasing. As incredulous of the theory which held certain maladies to be infectious, as he felt confidence in the curative properties of tar-water, Mangan at last but too painfully realized his mistake, when he had become a victim to the fatal disease. He was again, and for the last time, a patient in the Meath Hospital. Feeling that his end was fast approaching, he sent for the good priest who had been his kindly counsellor and steadfast friend when the offices of both were most severely tested and sorely needed. "I feel," said he, "that I am going; I know that I must go; but you must not let me go 'unshriven' and 'unanointed'." When he had received the last rites of Holy Church, with hands devotedly crossed upon his breast, and eyes piously uplifted, he kept repeating, "O Mary, Queen of Mercy!" the refrain of the beautiful translation he had made from the German of Simrock. He expired on the night of Wednesday, 20th June, 1849, and was buried on the Friday following. Public attention was too much distracted at the time to honor his obsequies with the ceremony befitting a man who had rendered such eminent services to his country.

A few months elapsed and the danger had passed away. People again sought their homes, to find many a vacant chair awaiting their return. Mangan had few friends left to mourn his loss. Yet there were those whose sorrow for his parting was not less bitter than any which was suffered at that sad time; who could well make allowance for his faults in that he had injured no man; in that he had done much for the service of religion; and that in the blackest hour of his misfortunes he never despaired in the mercy of his Saviour. Many, too, who knew him merely by sight, looked back with a feeling not unmixed of regret, as they missed that familiar presence from the streets—the attenuated figure wrapped in the blue Carmelite mantle; the face of spectral whiteness surmounted by the steeple-shaped hat; the wonderful blue eyes kindling into unwonted brilliancy at sight of a mouldy bookstore; the abstracted air with which he walked, carrying the inevitable umbrella, looking like a Scotch bag-pipe, under cover of the cloak.

Oxford, N. J. JAMES H. GAVIN.

[WE have received a portrait of Mr. Mangan, which will go in our next issue.]

MONKS CHASTISING ROBBERS.—The monks residing in the Trappist convent at Chimay, Belgium, addressed a letter to Gen. Von Der Smissen praying that protection might be sent them from socialist robbers during the recent disturbances. The general replied that eighty-four well-fed robust monks, armed with big bludgeons, certainly ought to be more than a match for any band of robbers in Belgium. The monks took courage at this, and armed themselves forthwith. That night the convent was attacked, and the monks sallied forth in its defence. They scattered their assailants in all directions, and one of the mob, who was afterward arrested, declared, that Trappist monks were more dangerous adversaries than Belgian troops.

True Image of the Holy Face of Our Lord.

A. M. D. G.

THE Holy Face of our Lord Jesus Christ, offered to our veneration, is not His Face radiant with beauty, but torn with thorns, covered with spittle, bruised with buffets, and all bleeding, such as It was disfigured by the cruelty of His executioners and by our sins. We have seen It, said the prophet; It had nothing of Its brightness nor beauty; It could not be known.

It is a copy of the one that the Lord Jesus left imprinted on the veil of St. Veronica when that courageous woman, advancing in the midst of the soldiers, offered her veil to the Lord, so that with it He might wipe His Face all bathed with sweat and blood. Our Lord gave it back to her with His Holy Face printed on it so naturally that we see the head of the Saviour on it all pierced with thorns, His forehead bleeding, His eyes swollen and full of blood, His Face livid and blackened. On His right cheek, besides the wounds, we distinguish something like the print of the gauntlet of Malchus, who struck Him cruelly in the house of Annas, and on the other cheek several stains of spittle. His nose was bruised and bleeding, His mouth open and full of blood, His beard and hair pulled out in several places. This holy picture considered with the eyes of faith is of nature to lead souls to a tender compassion for the sufferings of the Saviour and to a lively sorrow for their sins.

St. Veronica, delighted to possess so precious a treasure, kept it piously at home. Then, having gone to Rome, she gave, before her death, this sacred picture to Pope St. Clement, third successor of St. Peter, who governed the church from the year 91 to 100.

During the persecutions of the three first centuries, Clement and his successors secretly preserved the holy relic in the depths of the catacombs. But when peace was restored to the church the Emperor Constantine had a magnificent basilica built, where Pope St. Sylvester placed this Holy Face.

At present it is in one of the niches of one of the four pillars which sustain the dome of the basilica of St. Peter.

There it is kept with the greatest care. At certain feasts of the year, and in all public calamities, it is exposed with great solemnity and every one may come and adore and contemplate it.

Until lately it was not allowed to have copies drawn of it, and that is why this venerable image is so little spread throughout the Christian world; but in our days, the Sovereign Pontiffs have permitted the reproduction of this Holy Face, so as to reanimate in all our hearts by its veneration, the spirit of compunction, the love of our Lord, the necessity of imitating the virtues of which He gave as the example during His passion, such as His mildness, His humility, His resignation in sufferings.

The face is the expression of the feelings of the soul. When a

person's heart is troubled, afflicted, provoked, his brow is clouded, his eyes fill with tears, sadness is imprinted on all his features.

The Sacred Face of our Lord, pale, livid, sad, bruised, stained with blood, expresses the profound grief with which His heart is filled at the sight of the sins of men. But, as the sins and particularly the blasphemies of the wicked are as so much spittle and dust thrown in the August Face of Jesus Christ, the Sacred Face is offered to our veneration as an idea of reparation. It is the express will of our Lord.

He expresses Himself thus to a Carmelite religious, Sister St. Pierre, who died in the order of sanctity at Tours, 1848. It should be the sensible sign of the reparation.

The love of our Lord is extremely outraged in these wicked times by the blasphemies which men of every condition utter against Himself, His Adorable Father, His Immaculate mother, the August Sacrament of Baptism, and our good Jesus presents His Sad Face to us to excite us to repair these outrages.

Our Lord made me understand, again says Sister Mary of St. Peter, that as the Sacred Heart of Jesus is the sensible object offered to our adoration to represent His immense love in the most Holy Sacrament of the Altar, so the adorable Face of our Lord is the sensible object offered to our adoration, to repair the outrages committed by blasphemers against the majesty and sovereignty of God of whom this Sacred Face is the figure, the mirror and the expression and by virtue of this Holy Face offered to the Eternal Father we may appease His wrath and obtain the conversion of the impious and blasphemous.

Musings from Foreign Poets.

TWO SONNETS.

From the German of Heine.

I.

I'm wont to hold my head erect always,
Haughty, self-willed, — in this not overwise;
And tho' a king should look me in the eyes

I would not lower them before his gaze.
Yet oft I say it, mother, in thy praise,
When thou art near no scornful thoughts uprise,
The pride that swells my bosom wholly dies.
Is it because thy nobler spirit sways

My being with some subtle spell of might,
That to my heart's recesses flashes bright
Thy calm, grave glance, winged with celestial light?

It pains me to remember, mother mine,
How oft I've saddened that fond heart of thine,
That heart which loves me with a love divine.

II.

In mad delusion once I strayed from thee,
Resolved to travel earth from shore to shore,
Find love and make it mine forevermore.
On every street and highway ceaselessly

I sought for love, and oft on bended knee,
With hand outstretched, I begged at every door
The alms of love, I craved it o'er and o'er —
Hatred's cold smile was all they vouchsafed me.

And still in quest of love I wandered ever,
Wandered in quest of love, but found it never:
Homeward I turned in weariness and pain,
Thou camest forth to meet thy erring child —
Then, beaming in thine eyes serenely mild,
Was ah! that kindly love, long sought in vain.

THE BUTTERFLY.

From the French of Lamartine.

Born with the spring, and dying with the rose;
Floating on zephyr's wings thro' leafy bowers;
Sipping the sweets of every shrub that blows,
Steeped in the fragrance of a thousand flowers,
Shaking still young the dust from off thy pinions,
And soaring like a breath from earth's dominions:
Such is the butterfly's strange destiny —
Type of that yearning in the human breast,
Which vainly seeking here below for rest,
Mounts in its quest to realms beyond the sky.

Rev. John Costello.

Ingersoll and Eternity. — In the proceedings against the Western Union Telegraph Company, in New York, Tuesday, for cutting the Bankers' and Merchants' wires, Colonel Bob Ingersoll, of counsel for the latter company, protested, as he claimed, "in the interest of time and eternity," against a proposed inquiry by Mr. Choate, of opposing counsel. But Mr. Choate turned the laugh on the Colonel by replying: "I am astonished. I did not know the learned counsel took any interest in eternity." Judge Lawrence closed the colloquy by remarking: "As to time, I think honors are easy between the counsel on either side."

The Dark Man of Inchiquin.

I WAS on a visit some years ago to friends of mine in Ireland. They inhabited one of those pretty domains which border upon Lake Inchiquin, in the county of Clare,—as lovely a spot as in all my wanderings I have ever set eyes upon. The season was peculiarly propitious. It was one of those May-times of which poets have sung, and romance writers made thereby the baseless fabric of their dreams. A May-time in Ireland is usually, when there is not too much rain, as near as possible to the perfection of climate. The scenery in the neighborhood, as I have hinted, approached very closely to some of those fairy landscapes seen in dreams, or in the poet's imagination. Does any one remember that exquisite bit in Dante, when, having escaped from the aer brim of hell, he finds himself in the loveliness of a most elysian twilight, an earthly dawn, with something of the holy calm of that purgatorial region towards which he was hastening. I was often reminded of this as I gazed upon the peaceful loveliness of a May evening on Lake Inchiquin. So perfectly untroubled as it lay, the neighboring hills renewed beneath its crystal surface, the meadows to the southward, and the green, swelling uplands continuing its image of perfect rest, and the solitary island upon its bosom, breaking the monotony, and riveting the eyes as it riveted the thoughts. For upon this little island, or, more properly speaking, peninsula, stood out boldly a defiant conqueror of time, the ruins of an ancient keep, around which cluster legends as grim and hoary as the square pile itself battlemented and enclosed by frowning walls and barbican tower.

It was a lovely May afternoon, full of the dewiness, the freshness, the balminess, that belong of right to this favored month, that my friend, Miss O'Brien, and I strolled out together, and down through the smooth and well-kept gravel walks of her father's property, to the very border of the lake. A boat stood temptingly near the shore. Beside it lounged, clay pipe in mouth, and caubeen on head, a very good type of an old family retainer.

"Lucy," said Miss O'Brien, suddenly, "what would you think of a row over to the island this lovely afternoon? Here is Myles Murphy ready to take us at a moment's notice."

"That I am, Miss Elizabeth, ma'am," says Myles Murphy, before I had time to reply; "and never before nor since would ye find a betther time to go over there than this blessed afternoon."

He pointed with his thumb energetically over his frieze-covered shoulder.

"Why this afternoon more than any other time?" asked Miss O'Brien.

"Oh, then," said Myles, making a variety of gestures both with hands and head, "don't ask me. Once ye're seated in the boat, where there'll be no call to raise my voice, I'll tell ye all about it."

"Shall we go, Lucy?" said the young lady, appealing to me. I

answered that I desired nothing better, and we were soon seated on the luxurious cushions of Elizabeth O'Brien's pleasure-boat, listening with amusement to the mountain out of a mole-hill, which Myles Murphy was making out of his preference for visiting the island upon that day.

"Well, Miss Elizabeth, ma'am, and you, honored lady, there's not a man in the barony would consent to take you, as the matter stands, over to yonder island at any other season of the year, or, for the matter of that, any later on in this."

"I have always known," said Miss O'Brien, reflectively, "that there was some objection against one going there except at this time of year. But I never heard any cause assigned, and, in fact, since I was at school in England, I had forgotten all about it."

"Sure, then, Miss Elizabeth, Lord love ye," said Myles, bending forward till his broad, Milesian countenance came almost into juxtaposition with Miss O'Brien's shell-like ear, "have ye never heard tell of the dark man of the island?"

As he spoke the awful words, Myles looked around him on every side. Somewhat to my surprise, Elizabeth O'Brien appeared a trifle disturbed, and, unless my fancy deceived me, turned a shade or two paler.

"Who is this dark man of whom you speak?" she asked nervously.

"Whisht, Miss Elizabeth, whisht!" said Myles, in genuine alarm, and going through a perfect pantomime of signs to enforce caution; "sure, it's no one upon earth that knows. He's not a human crathure at all. But whether it be a fairy-man, barrin' his size, for he's big enough, or a sperrit that's permitted to inhabit this worruld for a time, it ud puzzle the wisest of us to say. And even Mr. O'Brien, God love him, never says a word, but just shakes his head, and bids us neither make nor meddle with the like o' him. Why, the priest, Father O'Rourke, is the only man in the county bold enough to speak above a whisper in his neighborhood. It's his reverence laughed in my face when I told him, a half score of years ago, what I'm telling you now, and bid me to have sinse, for a great omedhawn. But he never speaks of him now, good, bad, nor indifferent, and mebbe he's found out more about him. But, anyway, the clergy haven't that same fear of the departed that other folks have."

"But why," questioned I, "is it safer for us to venture into this ghostly man's dominions to-day any more than on any other day?"

"Well, you see, honored lady, in the May of the year he takes himself off every time, and he goes, as we suppose, to his appointed place, and divil a sight of him we get from the 1st to the 31st. But on the first June morning there he is, as large as life. And you see, this is the thirtieth day of the month, and I would not take you there — no, nor go myself, later than this, for all you could pay me."

"Elizabeth," said I, bending over a laughing face to the grave one of my fair hostess, "are you growing afraid, or shall we beard not the lion in his den, but the den without the lion?"

Elizabeth paused a moment.

"Of course," said she, at last, "it is all nonsense. But such a

peculiar feeling came over me when Myles began to talk about this mysterious neighbor of ours."

"Don't be afeard, Miss Elizabeth, dear," said the man, "he's away in the other world, or wherever it may be. Since his first coming he's never seen here on a May day. The people about do say it's because it's Holy Mary's month."

"The man," said I, in Elizabeth's ear, "is probably a coiner or a fugitive from justice. However, we could not venture there if he were at home, not for any supernatural reasons, but for far more substantial ones."

Elizabeth's nervousness seemed to have completely vanished, and we both looked out upon the lake, as the boat cleaved its noiseless way through the waters.

"Isn't it lovely!" I said at last. "Nothing could be more beautiful!"

"And I like the legend about it," added Elizabeth; "I think it is so very pretty."

"I never heard it," admitted I.

"Never heard the legend of Inchiquin Lake?" said Elizabeth, leaning back in the cushions and letting her hand trail idly in the water. "I must tell it to you if I can put it in words at all."

I was looking at her while she stopped to collect her thoughts, and it occurred to me that, fair as was the lake in the shimmer of the waning sun, Elizabeth O'Brien rivalled it in beauty. She was tall and slender, with a figure that, without exaggeration, might be said to be exquisitely moulded. Her head was small and daintily set, her features delicate, her gray eyes full of feeling and intelligence. Her type of face was one which, for want of a more expressive word, I shall call aristocratic, her whole appearance full of distinction. At the English school where she and I had laid the foundation of our friendship, she was always chosen in the plays or dramas to represent the part of princesses, queens, or even goddesses. Her beauty had, indeed, made her the subject of a good deal of schoolgirl heroine worship. But she was not at all spoiled by it. She had as simple and truthful a mind as I ever met, a manner full of graciousness, and a really kind heart. For myself, I regarded her as perfection.

"You know," said she, speaking slowly and dreamily, with her eyes fixed upon the hills beyond us, "this lake was supposed to be the enchanted city of the O'Quins. The peasantry believe that sooner or later it is to be freed from the spell, and that the key of it, which is to restore its ancient form, is buried with Conan the Bold. His grave is on the bleak mountain height of Callan, close by the lake of the sun. It is said that one of the maidens, who once inhabited this city, appears upon the surface of the lake every once and awhile. One of these mysterious visitors, as story-tellers say, charmed the last descendant of the O'Quins, who married her privately; but she afterwards left him and returned to these watery depths."

"And sure, Miss Elizabeth," said Myles, who had been eagerly watching for an opportunity to break in, "it's by reason of that very marriage, as wise people say, that he's here to the fore in the ould

castle, still in his mortal form, though it's hundreds of years since the time of his death. He's waiting still for the key to be found, and the lake to be disenchanted, when he'll find his young wife again. But it's believed by some that he's permitted to visit her in the month of May every year. That's why I spake low, for mebbe it's just under our boat he'd be. The Lord be good to us, what's that?"

It was a fish that had jumped up in unhappy coincidence with the old man's last remark, and Myles soon joined in our hearty laugh at his expense.

"It's meself that's as nervous as a witch this time back," he said good-humoredly. "My good woman tells me it's since I tuk the pledge and gave up the taste of whiskey I used to take morn and night. But here we are, ladies, at the island; and if you wait a minnit I'll just make the boat fast for yez to get out convaniently."

We landed, and, accompanied by our faithful Myles, proceeded to explore the ruins. Time had laid his vandal hand upon them in many directions, but these symptoms of decay seemed only to enhance the majesty and emphasize the sternness of those lofty walls and frowning parapets. Full of the enthusiasm which the place engendered, we roamed about, within the courtyard first, where the moss spread a carpet beneath our feet, and lichens sprouted here and there from crevices in the stones, while creepers twined in and out through portcullis and casement, weaving their pretty legend of new life upspringing from the old, into the grim tales of warrior feats, of which the stones remained as witnesses. It was all profoundly interesting, and as we passed within the building itself, and became absorbed in what remained to tell of its ancient glory, our guide pointed with an awe-stricken gesture, to what at once attracted our own attention. This was a species of hut constructed in the rudest manner, and occupying a dim and distant corner of the ancient fortress. A solitary aperture gave light within. Unconsciously, we both drew closer to him, as Myles, his voice tremulous with awe, informed us that this was the abode of the mysterious dark man.

"Lucy," said Elizabeth, nervously, "let us go home; we have seen enough."

I assented readily enough. A sudden darkness had overspread the sky, which added to the mystery of the place, and filled us with vague alarm. But when we stepped out we discovered, to our discomfiture, that a storm was at hand. A streak of forked lightning almost blinded us, and a crash, as of thunder, deafened us.

"Stop here, ladies dear," cried Myles, "till I just run down and bring in the cushions of the boat; we're in for it now, good or bad, for we'll have to stay in shelter till the storm passes over."

Knowing the uselessness of any argument, as it would have been absolutely dangerous to venture upon the lake, we again sought the shelter of the old building.

"No wonder the peasantry are afraid of this place," said I, with a half shiver, "and of the man who inhabits it. The last of the O'Quins, or whoever he may be."

"Don't speak of it," said Elizabeth, shivering responsively. "Fancy

a man who ought to be dead some hundreds of years ago, building himself a house in this place. What on earth can the last of the O'Quins want here?"

"Only to be of service in the present instance," said a voice, so finely modulated, so pleasant in its sound, that, despite our alarm, we could not help taking note of it. We both turned, horrified to find ourselves confronted by a tall, slender man, wearing a riding-coat, or cloak, which, it seemed to our disturbed imaginations, was certainly of an ancient fashion. The face was that of a gentleman, clear cut, refined, distinguished. The black hair was thickly streaked with gray. His dark eyes regarded us with an expression at once grave and courteous.

"As I see you will have to remain here for some time," he said quietly, "allow me to provide you with seats. The last of the O'Quins may at least offer so much hospitality in the castle of his ancestors."

We were both too much overcome to speak. If this was a ghost, he was certainly a very presentable one. Another and equally alarming thought crossed my mind. His calling himself the last O'Quin, in curious coincidence with what Myles had told us. Could he be a lunatic? He retired into the hut, and was in the very act of handing us a couple of wooden settees, when Myles bustled in loaded with cushions, and talking away in his usual rambling fashion. All at once he caught sight of the figure beside us. His consternation was indescribable. Seized with a trembling in all his limbs, the poor fellow could only fall upon his knees in mute terror, which soon, however, found voice.

"Oh, then, it's brought him up out of the lake we have. Even his fairy wife couldn't hould him when he seed us coming here to his very door. Oh, then, Holy Mary, Mother of God, deliver us from him this day! Oh, sorrow be on me that brought the ladies and meself into his clutches."

"My good fellow," said the supposed spirit, in a tone of calm authority, "when you have finished your devotions or whatever you are engaged in, would you bring over a couple of cushions to make these chairs more comfortable for the ladies?"

"In the name of the Father," said Myles, getting up from the floor slowly, "and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

So saying, and making the sign of the Cross in a most conspicuous manner, he advanced, keeping a sidelong glance fixed upon the stranger.

"What in the name of mischief are you about?" said the gentleman, impatiently. "Give me those cushions at once."

In his impatience, he advanced to take hold of them; but as he did, Myles retreated, beginning again to make the sign of the Cross vigorously.

"Father O'Neil himself baptized me!" he cried out in a voice choked with terror; "and as I hope for heaven one day, I'm in a state of grace this blessed minnit. So, avaunt, I say, by the Cross of Christ get thee gone."

"Ladies," said the stranger, despairingly, "I must ask you to interfere, for whether it be that your attended is deranged, or——"

"There is some mistake," I said, joining in the conversation with a courage born of the conviction that the stranger of the island was our fellow mortal, and at that moment, at all events, as sane as could be desired; "you are, perhaps, not aware that your solitary habits of life, has produced a strange misapprehension among the peasantry, and inspired them with a most unaccountable terror."

He smiled a curious smile. Possibly he remembered my own remark which he could not fail to have overheard. "You surprise me," he said, and it will prove to you how my solitary way of life has deprived me of the habit of observation, when I tell you, that during my residence here for the last ten years, I have never become aware of the circumstances."

"You will readily believe," said Elizabeth, breaking silence for the first time, "that had we known you were at home, we should never have intruded, Mr. ——, she hesitated.

"O'Quin!" said the stranger, bowing.

"Oh, then, the Lord save us," said Myles, from his outpost," d'ye hear him say it himself.

"It is true I am usually absent about this time of year," continued the stranger.

"Down at the bottom o' the lake, or the divil knows where," groaned Myles audibly; "it must ha' been the ould fellow himself that tould him we were here."

As we were seated now upon the rude wooden settees which the stranger had arranged very comfortably for us with the cushions, he began to converse with us, upon the fortress, its architecture, and its original owners.

"You know, of course," he said, "how Theige O'Brien of Thomond is supposed to have built it, as it is now, early in the fifteenth century."

"Oh, yes," said Elizabeth, her cheeks flushing slightly, "my father is supposed to be his lineal descendant."

"Indeed," said the stranger, looking with an interest with which admiration was clearly blended at the young girl, "then you and I must have a common interest in these ruins. You know that the O'Quins or O'Cuins were the earlier owners of the site at least, and I am, as I believe, the last of their race."

"Sure, he makes no concealment of it at all," said Myles, in a still more despairing tone of voice. "Holy Mary pray for us. Amen.

"I thought," said Elizabeth, with slight hesitation, "that they had died out long ago."

"There are many traditions to that effect," said the stranger smiling, "some say that the last O'Quin was he, who had married a fairy wife, and himself suffered death by starvation in a dungeon of this very castle."

"And who since revisits the earth," said I, with a mischievous glance at Myles, who was still so terror-striken, as to be a sight for gods and men.

"And shall till the lake turns back again into a city," said he, with a smile gathering about his eyes.

"Are you not aware," said I, boldly, "that you are presumed to be, by the people hereabouts, the hero of that very tale?"

His look of intense surprise ended in a hearty laugh.

"My story is sad enough," said he; "but not quite so bad as that, the Irish Salathiel, the Celtic Wandering Jew. I may assure you, ladies, for the comfort of your attendant, that my birth does not date farther back than forty years, and that the parish register contains its full announcement. For like our worthy friend I, too, was baptized."

While we were conversing thus, the storm had gradually cleared away, and presently we saw the evening sun, stealing in through the ruined casements. We arose simultaneously at this welcome sight, and soon were down upon the shore attended courteously by our singular host. As we rowed off we watched him stand a moment to look after us, then turn slowly backwards, till he disappeared into the ruin.

"How absurd to have thought he was a ghost," said Elizabeth, cordially.

"He is the most charming man I have met in a long time," said I, emphatically.

"See, how he put his fairy comether on them," sighed Myles, "the cunning witch man that he is. It was the scapulars and the blessed medal we had about our necks that saved us from him."

But Myles' soliloquies only amused us, and we eagerly awaited an opportunity to ask Mr. O'Brien at dinner that evening about the stranger of the island. He was much annoyed at the adventure, and severely blamed our imprudence; but nevertheless vouchsafed us the information, that the stranger was undoubtedly a gentleman, and a descendant of the ancient family, who, in consequence of having become involved in some political troubles, was living in this retirement.

Reader, will it surprise you as much as it did me, some three years from this time, when I was very far, indeed, from the enchanted lake, and the lovely county of Clare, to hear that the mysterious stranger of the ruins, the last descendant of the O'Quins, had united his fortunes to those of Elizabeth O'Brien. Time, and certain influences which were brought to bear, had relieved him from the consequences of his youthful indiscretion, and restored him to a position which enabled him to aspire to the hand of one of the wealthiest heiresses, and most desirable matches in the country.

ANNA T. SADLIER.

A PRIEST of Namur, the Abbé Thirion, has invented a new kind of roofing, which has attracted considerable attention among French architects, who praise it very highly. The idea is exceedingly simple. The roofing is done by ordinary slates, but these are fastened, not at the top, but at their lower part. "Simple, indeed," says the *Cosmos*, "but it wanted thinking of; it is the old story of Columbus and the egg. Besides, it was necessary, after thinking of it, to invent some practical process to render the new idea practical. This M. Thirion has done." The details which are given are very ingenious and quite merit the enconiums passed upon them.

Notes on "Ulster."

Catholic Ulster.

THE "loyal minority" folk always talk of "Ulster" as if it was exclusively their own. This is a downright fraud and imposture. There are in Ulster nine counties, of which five contain a majority of Catholics, and four a majority of Protestants. The counties having Catholic majorities are—

Cavan, 2 members; Donegal, 4; Fermanagh, 2; Tyrone, 4; Monaghan, 2.

The counties having Protestant majorities are—

Antrim, 4 members; Armagh, 3; Down, 4; Londonderry, 2.

There are in Ulster three borough constituencies, viz: Belfast, returning 4 members, Derry 1, and Newry 1.

In Ulster, a majority of the nine counties have Catholic majorities, and of the 33 constituencies, a majority return Nationalist members. The religious census of the county constituencies stands thus:

	Catholics.	All other Creeds.
Donegal	167,608	48,427
Cavan	104,685	24,791
Tyrone	109 793	87,926
Monagan	75,715	27,034
Fermanagh	47,359	37,540

	All other Creeds.	Catholics.
Antrim	178,217	50,896
Armagh	85,020	72,212
Down	163,876	69,664
Londonderry	78,628	57,201

The borough populations are cut out of the county populations, and are not given in the above. Their religious census is as follows:—

	All other Creeds.	Catholics.
Belfast	159,062	62,250
Derry	13,089	16,073
Newry	5,679	10,111

In the portion occupied by the 52 per cent. of the inhabitants of Ulster, there are 845,279 Catholics as against 366,647 Protestants. That is to say, the Catholics are two-thirds of the population over all Donegal, Tyrone, Londonderry, Fermanagh, Cavan, Monaghan, and a great portion of Armagh and Down. In the other portion, comprising Antrim and part of Down and Armagh, the non-Catholics are three-fourths of the population. In other words, the Protestants are in a majority only in a fragment of the northeast of Ulster, comprising one entire county and parts of two others. What nonsense, then, it is to speak of Ulster as anti-National! There is absolutely only one county in Ulster, that is Antrim, to which the epithet "loyalist," in the anti-National sense, can truthfully be applied.

National Ulster.

From these figures it will be seen that in the entire county constituencies of Ulster the Catholics alone are vastly in excess of every other creed, and no creed combined. Moreover, in two out of the three borough constituencies, the Catholics numerically exceed persons of all other and no denominations. If we omit Belfast, the Catholics are the majority over the remainder of Ulster. Even in Belfast the Catholics are man for man, equal to the Episcopalian Protestants; and there is absolute certainty that a large body of the Presbyterians and Methodists, and other Protestant denominations, are Nationalists.

So far, therefore, as Ulster is concerned, it is decidedly and pronouncedly national. If there were a separate parliament for Ulster, the anti-Nationalists would be in a minority, as they would be in a parliament for all Ireland. As the map which is published shows, in order that the anti-Nationalists should have a parliament in which they would have a majority, they should get a separate parliament for a narrow fringe of the northeast coast of Ulster. If the question of home rule were left to be decided by a plebiscit in Ulster, there can be no doubt that the vote would be decisively and overwhelmingly pro-national. In four of the nine Ulster counties Nationalists hold *all* the seats, viz.: in Donegal, Fermanagh, Cavan, and Monaghan. Of Tyrone, they hold three of the four seats, and of Derry, one out of two. It is only, then, in three counties — Armagh, Down, and Antrim — that the anti-Nationalists have a majority in the representation. Even in these three counties they secured a majority only in a shameless manner, by which the seats were gerrymandered and the voters' lists manipulated by revising barristers of well-known Tory proclivities. Where, then, is the so-called loyal Ulster? Simply non-existent. Under a fairly-arranged distribution of seats, and with an impartially prepared voters' list, there can be no doubt that Nationalists would be returned for three-fourths or more of the Ulster seats.

The Vaunted Prosperity of Ulster.

Some of the "loyal" orators are fond of stating that it is Ulster, as representing the wealth and intelligence of the country, that has returned anti-Nationalist members. The income-tax assessments clearly prove that the proportion paid her head in Ulster is lower than in either Leinster or Munster, as may be seen from the following table:—

	Population, 1881.	Income-tax Assessments, 1879-36	Income-tax Assessments per Inhabitant.
Leinster .	1,282,881	£13,272,202	£10 6 9
Munster .	1,324,910	7,980,076	6 0 7
Ulster . .	1,739,542	9,952,289	5 14 5
Connaught .	813,606	2,995,438	3 13 8

There is another standard of comparison by which it will be seen that, however looked at, Ulster only rates third in point of wealth among the Irish provinces. The standard is the valuation of the rateable property:—

	Population, 1881.	Valuation of Rateable Property.	Valuation per Inhabitant.
Leinster .	1,282,881	£4,711,193	£3 13 5
Munster .	1,323,910	3,395,182	2 10 0
Ulster . .	1,739,542	4,348,713	2 9 11
Connaught .	813,506	1,431,019	1 15 2

The decrease in the population of Ulster from 1871 to 1881, was greater than in either of the other provinces. The following is the percentage of decrease:—

Ulster, 5.38; Munster, 5.26; Leinster, 4.68; Connaught, 3.59 per cent.

So much for the exclusive preponderating prosperity of Ulster. Indeed, the distress in Belfast last year was of the most appalling severity. Are the people of Ulster more comfortable than the inhabitants of the rest of Ireland? Judge from the numbers of the worst class of houses, those rated at under £1 in each of the provinces.

Ulster, 152,499; Connaught, 105,009; Munster, 92,632; Leinster, 85,040.

The number of houses rated at £12 and under in each of the provinces, is given as follows in the same parliamentary report for 1884, from which we took the foregoing:—

Leinster, 18,745; Ulster, 11,940; Munster, 6,598; Connaught, 2,452.

Education.

As to the claim that Ulster is the best educated portion of the country, the percentage of persons able to read and write in the four provinces, which we take from the census returns, shows that claim to be equally unfounded: Leinster, 58.5; Ulster, 53.4; Munster, 53.2; Connaught. 41.5.

A return of the illiterate voters at the elections in Ireland will throw further light on this part of the inquiry. The number of illiterate voters who recorded their votes was:

In Belfast, 1,569; in Cork, 1,297; in Dublin, 869; in Londonderry, 637; in Limerick, 425; in Waterford, 416; in Galway, 381. Waterford and Derry are about the same size, and yet there were two hundred more illiterate votes given in Derry than in Waterford. There were seven hundred more illiterate votes recorded in Loyalist Belfast than in Nationalist Dublin. What, then, becomes of the oft-reiterated vaunt as to the superior education of the Ulster loyalists? It is as unfounded as the pretence that Ulster is the exceptionally thriving portion of the country.

Whatever prosperity exists in Ulster, is easily explainable. Undeniable historical facts fully account for it:

The native population were turned out of their lands, and English and Scotch colonists planted there by James I. This new race of agriculturists were, through all the succeeding years, allowed to have fixity of tenture, tenant-right, and other such privileges upon their farms. Their landlords, being of the same origin and creed, allowed them to "live and thrive." So they prospered.

Then the linen trade, which was the specially Ulster trade, was

spared by British legislation, and encouraged by the rulers of England, when the woollen trade, which was spread throughout the rest of the country, was discouraged, crippled, and *destroyed.*

Under these conditions "Ulster"—or rather a certain class of people in certain parts of Ulster—prospered, while the native Catholic race in other parts of Ireland, under the pressure of penal laws and hostile landlords, were driven into a condition of misery, poverty, squalor, ignorance, and almost of savagery. That, in a few words, is the whole story of Ulster prosperity and Munster wretchedness.

What a Scotchman Says.

The following extract, taken from a letter by Mr. Galloway Rigg, a Scotchman, will give a good idea of the way in which Protestants and Catholics are distributed over Ulster:—

"In October last, a return was issued by Parliament, at the instance of Mr. T. M. Healy, showing the religious denominations of the population in each constituency formed in Ulster by the Redistribution of Seats Act, 1885. From this return it appears that the population of Ulster is divisible into two distinctly different portions, namely, fifty-eight per cent., occupying about three-fourths of its surface, and forty-two per cent. on the fourth which remains.

"The surface of Ulster occupied by the fifty-eight per cent., comprises the entire western, central, and southern counties, as well as a portion of the south-eastern; that is to say, Donegal, Tyrone, Londonderry, Fermanagh, Cavan, Monaghan, and the southern divisions of Armagh and Down. On the other hand, the forty-two per cent. may almost be said to be crammed within the limits of a couple of counties, and, as a matter of strict fact, they occupy the whole of Antrim, three-fourths of Down, and two-thirds of Armagh."

The Training of Priests.

In a Pastoral Letter read in the churches of his diocese on the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster observes that although great scandals, here and there, have indeed been found even under the eyes of the most faithful and fervent priest, the whole level of the people will never be low when the life and spirit of the priesthood is high. It is in God's hand the first and sustaining principle of the life of the Christian world, and "if it lose its savour, wherewith shall it be salted?" There is nothing left; no source of renewal; no provision to supply its place. A holy priesthood converted the world once; and, if God so will, would convert it again. The priesthood is the instrumental means whereby the whole body edifies itself. It is taken by a Divine act out of the body, and consecrated to re-act upon itself again. The training of the priesthood must rest first and chiefly upon the priesthood itself, and upon the bishops. It is their most vital work. The call and formation of the Apostles was the first care of our Master; and their ordination was the last act of His life. In its reach and importance it transcended even His miracles. It was a part of the promulgation of

the word of life; for it provided for the perpetuity of His divine voice, for the daily offering of His Precious Body and Blood, and for the pastoral care of His disciples. . . . To bear such an office, a life of preparation would not be too long. Therefore the Church has, by a decree, guided the episcopate to begin the training of youth for the priesthood at the sacred age of twelve years at which our Lord sat and questioned the doctors in the temple. A boyhood fresh from the innocence of home, a youth devoted to piety, a manhood trained in the science of faith, and chastened by the discipline of obedience, twelve years spent in serving and ascending the altar; such is the preparation by which the Church desires that its priests should be formed for the Pastoral care. His Eminence continues: This then is our first and chief responsibility. We are bound to see that no man blemished in soul, by want of spiritual science or of the love of souls, should be a pastor of the flock. But, next to us, and in the most intimate union with us, the obligation to help us in this most anxious work rests upon you. First, parents are bound, when God calls their sons to His service, to let no ambition, no avarice, nor worldly pride, set a bar or a stumbling-block in the way of their vocation. God is not narrow of heart in bestowing vocations to the priesthood. They are abundant. But many are lost, because parents, too often, either obstruct them or neglect to cherish them. It is an unwise and a blind love that robs a son of God's greatest grace. . . . When we ask you to help us in training the future priesthood of the diocese, we appeal to you for your own sakes and for your truest welfare. If our responsibility is greater than yours, your personal interest is more intimate than ours. A good pastor is the happiness and safety of his people. If he be wanting, you are the first to suffer. In times of persecution our forefathers clearly saw this need and generously provided, not for their own day only, but for the future. If it had not been for their providence, we should now be more heavily burdened even than we are. But since their day the church in this land has multiplied by hundreds of thousands; new flocks have been gathered all over England; new missions have sprung up, and more will be continually wanted; new works of education and of charity are daily multiplying; all these things demand a prompt and equal multiplication of our clergy. Under God the future of England depends upon the future of the Catholic Church; and the future spread and health and vigor and fertility of the church depend first and above all upon the multiplication and the sanctification of its priesthood. Another demand is made on us of which our forefathers knew little. They had to maintain the Catholic Faith against men who believed in God and His revelation. We at this day have not only to defend the faith against Christian error, but against the usurpations and pretensions of men of so-called science, who, because they cannot find God by their arbitrary tests, say that He does not exist, or that He cannot be known. We say men of so-called science; because there is not to be found a demonstration in the exact sciences which is in conflict with the faith: the theories and hypotheses of experiment and of conjecture are not science till they have been demonstrated by proof. No such assertion in conflict with faith has as yet been demonstrated.

There is a sense in which it is enough for an apostle to "know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified." But there is a sense in which, at this day, it is not enough. No knowledge of truth or of science can be useless to a priest. In the manifold intellectual diseases of our modern life a priest may at any moment have to deal with the morbid anatomy of scientific unbelief. It is good, therefore, to be prepared. The intellectual needs of the nineteenth century are special, and demand a special study. The foundations of all truth, both supernatural and natural, in faith and morals, are being undermined by unbelievers, and curiously searched out even by those who believe. The clergy must therefore walk abreast with them in all culture, and even take the lead in knowledge. This, again, requires a prolonged and a minute preparation for our priests; and, for their training, men set apart for study must first be trained. His Eminence concludes with an earnest appeal to his flock to make sacrifices in order to assist in the training of priests, suggesting that the faithful should seek to help in educating, in whole or in part, a boy or a youth who desires to give himself to the service of the altar, and that when they are making up the last account of their stewardship they should do as their forefathers in the faith wisely and generously did; that is, leave enough to educate at least one priest for ever, who will offer up the Holy Mass, and remember them day by day when they are gone to their account.

Mitchell's Opinion.

THE following estimate of Orange loyalists, by John Mitchell, can be fully appreciated at this time:—

"When emancipation was proposed the Orangemen became savage, and threatened to revolt and dethrone the faithless House of Hanover. When the municipal reform act was passed, admitting Catholics to the corporations of their own cities, those loyalists felt that all was lost. There was a limit to human endurance, and if a Papist could be alderman of Derry, the end of the world was indeed at hand. They swore dreadfully that they would hold by their Bibles—that is, the Protestant ascendency—to the last gasp; they would kick the king's crown into the Boyne, just as they are threatening now, and so forth. When O'Connell became potent enough to control some of the patronage of the city, and when Whig governments began to place Catholic judges on the bench, then, indeed, the crisis was come; the Orangemen felt that the time was at last arrived when they must resist like men, and at least perish, if perish they must, with their Bibles clasped to their bosoms. Well, they had no notion of resisting like men, nor of perishing; and, as for 'their Bibles,' they knew no more about that book than about anything else. All they had been good for is an occasional riot, and even in that they are generally cautious of late, for Papists are numerous and strong, and much disinclined to be walked over."

In Primrose Time.*

(Early Spring in Ireland.)

I.

HERE'S the lodge-woman in her great cloak coming,
And her white cap. What joy
Has touched the ash man? On my word he's humming
A boy's song like a boy!
He quite forgets his cart. His donkey grazes
Just where it likes the grass.
The red-coat soldier, with his medal, raises
His hat to all who pass;
And that blue jacket sailor, — hear him whistle,
Forgetting Ireland's ills!
Oh, pleasant land — (who thinks of thorn or thistle?)
Upon your happy hills
The world is out! And, faith, if I mistake not,
The world is in its prime
(Beating for once, I think, with hearts that ache not)
In Primrose time.

II.

Against the sea-wall leans the Irish beauty,
With face and hands in bloom,
Thinking of anything but household duty
In her thatched cabin's gloom;—

*This piece was published in *St. Nicholas*, the New York Magazine for young folks, for May, 1885, the following note by the editor at the time referring to it: "Mrs. Piatt's charming poem, 'In Primrose Time,' which appears on page 497 of this number, with its sympathetic glimpses of early spring in Ireland, will be appreciated by all the older readers of *St. Nicholas*. It will show, moreover, that to all classes in that green island across the sea, as also, we hope, to *St. Nicholas* readers everywhere, the sweet yellow flower of the British Isles, that is so welcome a spring visitor, means much more than it did to that all too practical Mr. Peter Bell in Wordsworth's well-known poem:

'A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.'

Mr. J. J. Piatt sends a letter to the editor, accompanying Mrs. Piatt's poem, written from Queenstown, the Irish port which all the Atlantic steamers first 'speak' on their eastward-bound trips, and the town to which the verses refer. In this he says: 'The leaves of the primrose are soft, somewhat flannel-like in texture, and of a pale green color (they resemble mullein leaves in texture and color); the flower is of a delicate light yellow. The primrose has always, I suppose, been a favorite early spring flower here. One day last spring it was used all over Great Britain to commemorate the anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death. I saw many ladies and gentlemen wearing it on the streets in Cork upon that day, and it was reported that so great was the demand for the flower in London, that many orders for supplies were sent to France and Belgium.' Mrs. Piatt's verses, of course, have no reference to any political sentiment associated with the primrose, but only to the 'era of good feeling' it seems to bring in, and the delightful new heaven and earth of spring."

Watching the ships as leisurely as may be,
Her blue eyes dream for hours.
Hush! There's her mother — coming with the baby
In the fair quest of flowers.
And her grandmother! — hear her laugh and chatter,
Under her hair frost white!
Believe me, life can be a merry matter,
And common folk polite,
And all the birds of heaven are of a feather,
And all their voices rhyme, —
They sing their many songs, like one, together,
In Primrose time.

III.

The magpies fly in pairs (an evil omen
It were to see but one);
The snakes — but here, though, since St. Patrick, no man
Has seen them in the sun;
The white lamb thinks the black lamb is his brother,
And half as good as he;
The rival car-men all love one another,
And jest, right cheerily;
The compliments among the milk-men savour
Of pale gold blossoming;
And everybody wears the lovely favor
Of our sweet Lady Spring.
And though the ribbons in a bright procession
Go towards the Chapel's chime, —
Good priest, there be but few sins for confession,
In Primrose time.

IV.

Now all the children in this isle of faery
Whisper and laugh and peep.
(Hush, pretty babblers! Little feet be wary,
You'll scare them in their sleep, —
The wee, weird people of the dew, who wither
Out of the sun, and lie
Curled in the wet leaves, till the moon comes hither.) —
The new-made butterfly
Forgets he was a worm. The ghostly castle,
On its lone rock and gray,
Cares not a whit for either lord or vassal
Gone on their dusty way,
But listens to the bee on errands sunny. —
A thousand years of crime
May all be melted in a drop of honey
In Primrose time!

MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

Constructive Apostasy.

In no city of the country is the scandal so frequent of Catholics contracting marriage before preachers as here in St. Louis. We have an upper crust of Catholic aristocracy, whose pretensions to Catholicity are as thin as they are brittle, with whom it is fashionable to seek life-partners among the heretics. We have thousands of Protestant gentlemen who choose Catholics for their wives; but fully as many Catholic exquisites who seem to prefer Protestants for spouses. There may be cases when a mixed marriage deserves and receives the blessings of God and the approval of His church. In a condition of society such as obtains in this city the number of such cases is large. But the parties to the contract must be honest and respect the rights of conscience. When either party stipulates that the other must give up the practice of the religion of his mind and heart, the compact is of hell, and merits the curse of God. We have often explained the difference that exists between a Protestant marrying a Catholic before a priest and a Catholic marrying a Protestant before a preacher. In the former case the Protestant is not obliged to give up the practice of his religion; in the latter the Catholic is so obliged.

A Catholic is excommunicated who gets married before a preacher. Heretofore, there was some doubt on the subject, as there is an old decision excusing the Catholic from participation in divine things with heretics, when the preacher acts simply as an officer of the State. In this country the evangelical preachers all act as officers of the State at the marriage ceremony, and many priests have held that Catholics so marrying were not *ipso facto* excommunicated. The late Council of Baltimore has settled the question definitely and forever. Under Title IV., Chap. II., Num. 127, the Fathers of the Third Council of Baltimore say:

"We decree moreover that Catholics who contract or attempt to contract marriage before a minister of any non-Catholic sect whatever outside of their own diocese, in any State or territory under the jurisdiction of the bishops present at this council or who should be present hereat, shall incur excommunication reserved to the bishop, from which censure however the bishop or any priest empowered by him may absolve. But if they so transgress in their own diocese we decree that they shall be involved in excommunication reserved to the ordinary, unless without fraud of law they should move into the jurisdiction of another bishop."

In this city last week two young men belonging to Catholic families got married before a preacher. In the one case the Catholic party had not practised his religion for years and had ceased to be regarded as a Catholic. Besides, he belongs to a family that has always made light of the obligations of religion. In the other case the Catholic young man has been not only regarded as a Catholic, but has taken high rank

among the pious young men of his society. In the latter case the apostasy was deliberate. He was another Faust, and was given the alternative of giving up his soul or renouncing all hope of the fair lady. He chose the former alternative. The occurrence has given a slight shock to Catholic society; but those who know the circumstances of the case shrug their shoulders and say "a bargain is a bargain." When the young "Jesuit" stood under the picture of the Blessed Virgin plighting his marriage vows and received a nuptial blessing of a Unitarian minister, he knew that he sealed, signed and delivered to the Devil a mortgage on his little soul which a life-time of penance would be scarce able to cancel. There is one gratifying feature about the affair. The two young Catholic ladies who were to act as bridesmaids refused point-blank to appear when they learned that it was to be both a wedding and an apostasy. God bless those young ladies. The Blessed Mother, whose image the young renegade profaned on his wedding-day, will bless them. Their noble example will more than atone for the traitor's deed.

The Western Watchman, St. Louis, Mo.

A Growing American Evil.

THE growth of the new organization called the "White Cross Army," is a sign of the danger that is realized by men not of our faith, from the spread of the loathsome stream of impurity and adultery that is permeating our social system. It is a token that men appreciate the unfortunate condition into which our lax and dissolute system of social law has thrown the youth of our country. The formation and growth of an association like the White Cross, with the sole aim of resisting and restaining all the forms and phases of impurity, and the exaltation of all that is pure, is a promise of some substantial reform and cure for this growing American disease.

One of the many proofs of the presence of this impure spirit among the American people is the length of the divorce calendar. Let the advocate of divorce say what he will of the benefit and advantage of divorce in individual cases, but he cannot deny that the prevalence of divorce has generally a tendency towards evil. The lawyer, as well as the confessor, will declare that generally divorce is sought merely to be able to marry another; to give the sanction of civil law to what is

Morally a Sin.

Thus the law shields one of the fertile sources of social impurity, and libels the fair purity of womanhood. Chicago and New York rival each other in the divorce business; and even immaculate Boston, the Athens of American culture and refinement, begins the month of May with over two hundred divorce cases on the calendars of her courts.

Even commercial life uses this weakness of humanity, to draw

public attention to the many commodities of life. The tradesman prints and scatters before the youth of our land indecent advertisements and highly colored pictures of improper character. Nudity and indecency stain the landscape with the many revolting ideas of the impure and mercenary advertiser. The drama is libelled by mountebanks in shameless costumes that pander to the depravity of our day. Fashion models the garments of our women after the loose rules of Parisian life, and reveals the sanctity of their persons. Into the very centres of social refinement walk modest women in immodest gowns. Style is the ruler and dictator, and the style of this day has grown immodest, flaunting the signal of impurity in the low-cut waist of dissolute Parisian origin. A loss of strict modesty is an opening for the growth of impurity, for the first contamination of the child. And the arbitrary decrees of fashion relax the strict and vigorous sense of delicate modesty in the mother and reveal the evil to the child. All these are signs of the times however, say of them what we will.

The followers of the principles of the White Cross Society may do much good in resisting this evil and we sincerely hope that they may. But no matter how zealous may be their efforts, how persistent their aim, and how perfect their example, their work will be merely a guerilla warfare compared with the unceasing practical energy of the Catholic Church. How well she watches our many cares and necessities, the growth of our race in physical purity, and the life of our soul in original holiness. In every settlement in our land, in every village and town where the good priest dwells, is that safe, sure and holy guidon of purity—the confessional. In every church, monastery, and convent are living tokens of angelic chastity and in these homes of virtue, the children of our land learn the lesson of good example and kind counsel. From the roofs of our Catholic institutions and schools floats the banner of the White Cross of purity, for they are so many fortresses of virtue and pure womanhood.

How sweetly the church has idealized the love of purity in the beautiful devotion to the Virgin in the month of May. The opening of spring time, the budding of flowers, the birth of a new summer, the awakening of nature, all the beautiful phenomena of the month are reserved for devotion to the type of pure womanhood. This is the exaltation of purity, the gilding of the girl's life and the man's honor. This is the music that entrances the heart of the lover; the prayer of the sweetheart; and the poetry of our Church.

REV. CHARLES KUHLMANN in *Church Progress.*

WE are in the age of the Apostolate of the Press. It can penetrate where no Catholic can enter. It can do its work as surely for God as for the devil. It is an instrument in our hands. All should take part in this apostolate; here at least there is work for every one. For ten who can write, ten thousand can subscribe, and a hundred thousand can scatter the seed. —*Extract from Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

Britain's Premier — The Grand Old Man.

AN AMERICAN GENERAL'S SENTIMENT ON GLADSTONE — LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S PRAISE — BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE GREAT STATESMAN.

"We have given Ireland a voice and we must listen to what she says."—GLADSTONE.

RIGHT HON. WM. E. GLADSTONE.

"No man of the English-speaking race that has lived, or is living, will have so many or more enduring monuments to cherish the memory of his worth and fame than William Ewart Gladstone," said an American general, a counsellor at law in Boston, a few days ago in the hearing of the writer. "There will be no receding now," this gentleman continued, "and Mr. Gladstone's work of home rule for Ireland will be accomplished, and then not only wherever the stars and stripes of our country float, but also wherever the British flag waves, pæans of praise to him will be sung with an enduring joy for his great abilities and his great courage in daring to do right in the face of so much opposition." There was an English gentleman in the party and he joined in hearty concurrence with the sentiment of his American friend.

Many years ago Lord John Russell, in his "Recollections," spoke enthusiastically of Mr. Gladstone. He wrote of him:

"There can be no doubt that Mr. Gladstone, by his great eloquence, by his power of developing the most abstruse propositions, and embracing at once in his large capacity the most logical demonstrations with the most captivating and dazzling rhetoric, has made for himself a fame which, in the lapse of centuries, will suffer no eclipse."

Lord Russell should know him, for they sat together in the House of Commons for nearly forty years. During this time he knew great names in parliamentary agitation. Melbourne, Brougham, Althorp, Grey, O'Connell, Shiel, Wellington, Peel, Dalmerston, Cobden, Derby, were shining lights in this contemporaneous period. But there is no instance in political life of such an unfailing maintenance of vigorous, mental and physical powers as that of the great premier. In 1800 Mr.

John Gladstone, of Leith, and afterwards of Liverpool, contracted a second marriage, the bride being Miss Anne Robertson, daughter of Mr. Andrew Robertson, of Stornoway, Provost of Dingwall. Sir Bernard Burke gives this lady descent from the Royal families of England and Scotland. She is described as "a lady of great accomplishments, a fascinating woman, of commanding presence and high intellect; one to grace any home and endear any heart." The union lasted for thirty-five years, blessed by domestic happiness and outward prosperity; and four sons and two daughters grew up around the family table, in the spacious mansion in Rodney Street, Liverpool. The eldest son, Sir Thomas Gladstone; the second, John Neilson, entered the Royal Navy, became a captain, and represented the Irish borough of Portarlington in parliament, died in 1863; the third son, to whom was given the mother's name, Robertson, succeeded to the headship of the mercantile house at Liverpool, and died in 1875; and the fourth son, William Ewart, who, destined to become the most eminent of the family, was born in Rodney Street, Liverpool, December 29, 1809.

The aptitude of the future statesman for public life is shown in an instance of his wonderful memory. Of the exciting George Canning election in 1812, at three years of age, he had a vivid recollection. He bade farewell to Eaton College in 1827. He never indulged in enervating luxuriousness. Always temperate, he led an active life, and in his younger days thought nothing of a brisk walk of thirty miles. In 1832 began his political life, and he entered parliament member for Newark, January 23, 1833. In 1837 he abandoned his intention of being called to the bar. In 1843 he entered the Cabinet, and was President of the Board of Trade, under Peel. The history of English parliamentary politics is an open book to all, and Mr. Gladstone's public career is a most interesting part of it. He has the burden of seventy-seven years upon him; and now with a glorious fame as scholar, orator, and statesman, his great ambition is: "Never to build up empire except in the happiness of the governed."

STUDENT.

MRS. MARGARET F. SULLIVAN, wife of Alexander Sullivan, of Chicago, Ill., on a visit to London, paid a visit to the House of Commons to listen to the eloquence of Mr. Gladstone. She gives the ollowing graphic account of what she heard and saw, in the *New York Sun*:—

LONDON, May 31.—Those who know him best, whether friend or foe, agree that this is the last time the greatest of English Ministers will personally appear before his country for instruction or reproof. Mr. Gladstone's final electoral campaign is the beginning of the voluntary close of the most beneficent, the noblest, the most illustrious career in modern statesmanship.

I sat in the House of Commons tonight when he was informed by one of his colleagues of the result of the conference of Liberals under Mr. Chamberlain's misleadership. He had entered the chamber for many previous nights with a little jauntiness. For Mr. Gladstone is not an austere man in appearance or in demeanor. On the contrary, the gleam of humor may always be caught, furtive but keen, in his fine old eyes; and around the corners of his mouth plays that vari

able expression which perfectly intimates his moods — now gay and almost boyish; now serene and genial, now engaged in suppressing a too hilarious impulse abhorrent to the pervading dignity of the place; now demure and sombre, as if clouded by passing regret or shadowed by apprehension of treachery; now solemn, grim, resolute; now angry and ready to fight. No man's face could mirror more truly the deeps and shadows of his consciousness. He has shown, during all these trying days and exhausting nights, splendid spirit, its tendency uniformily upward, its temper singularly sanguine and courteous until within these days when the intrigue of Mr. Chamberlain among his own following was clearly splitting the radical timber; and although in the end Mr. Chamberlain will be wedged therein to no good to himself, the split in the timber has been felt in the old Minister's heart.

He has entered the House for several nights past with an effort towards blitheness. His dress has been faultless. A frock coat, of fine black cloth, discloses an ample front of linen expanding within a low cut, rather old-fashioned, style of vest. Brown trousers end in snuff-colored silk hose and neat, low shoes. He takes his seat in the middle of the Treasury bench with apparent self-consciousness, and proceeds to fold his arms, cross his legs and think, with, apparently no more sense of attitude or audience than a boy alone in a school room. His mouth is drawn down and in until the lips seem a thin, irregular, uncertain line. The face is broad, noble, all but majestic in its firm lines of vigorous old age, the scanty fringe of scattered gray around the chin and cheeks meets the sparse silver locks upon his bald, great head. It is a great head physically — massive, square, broad, angled sharply at the cheek bones and ears; a head which would be chosen by a painter for a statesman's model, but not for that of an actor or artisan or merchant.

It is such a head as a great thinker would have in any domain of study. It recalls no other great head unless, around the mouth, Daniel Webster's; across the eyebrows, Beethoven's. I have seen him sit absorbed in mere contemplation for a half hour at a time, moving no muscle but the ends of his fingers of both hands, and these move incessantly. When the thinking fit is closed, and an action resolved upon, he proceeds to its effectuation with alertness. He is quick in all his movements. A letter is handed him. He tears the cover open rudely, adjusts his glasses, squares the manuscript, sits upright with his legs crossed, and wags one foot in steady rhythm while he reads quickly down the page, turns to the next, and, after following the lines to the end, reflects a moment, lays the sheet across his lap, reflects again, twirls his fingers, reads the whole letter to the end once more, and then carefully folding it, puts it on the table before him. With the eagerness of a boy he takes a folding portfolio off the table, adjusts it upon his knees, dips a long goose quill into the ink at the end of the table, and writes with rapidity eight or ten lines, then pauses, reflects over some artful phrase to entice, to reproach, to conceal a thought, to tease, or to entrap. The feather end of the quill is meanwhile sometimes between his lips and sometimes between his teeth. When the shaping of some specific thought is labored upon to completion, the pen runs over the paper again speedily, and the finish is made with a little gesture of self-satisfaction, as if, after all, the task were a little wearisome, but the effort not without reward.

A very interesting attitude is his when he listens to another speaking in the House of Commons, especially to one of his colleagues or supporters. I had the good fortune to be present a few nights since when Charles Russell addressed a crowded auditory on the late home-rule bill. Charles Russell is undoubtedly the most graceful, plausible, and adroit orator in the House. He has no verbiage. He has few metaphors. He never sins against style in gesture or diction. Less pleasing than Daniel Dougherty, he is more uniformly virile; less witty, he is more satiric; less unctuous, he is more merciless. They very much resemble each other in the mode of speaking, bodily and intellectually. They even suggest each other in face, although Dougherty is longer and Russell broader in the countenance. Russell's voice is not so melodious as Dougherty's, and lacks that mellow quality which defies time, bad court-rooms, and great conventions. Both are Irish, of course, of the best vintage of their race, and both, like wine, are better orators for age. As Russell faced the House of Commons on one of the most memorable nights of the prolonged debate on the fated bill, all eyes were fastened on him, and no man present awaited with more visible pleasure the delight to come than

Mr. Gladstone himself, who assumed his usual pose of rest and interest — crossed legs, folded arms, and body well set against the leathern high back of the Treasury bench.

Every argument that ingenuity could devise for the bill, Russell cited in its support. From classic urns he plucked the flowers that dropped their bright hue and disseminated occasional odors along a roadway far from gentle or easy. The great crisis of British history he recalled to warn those who forgot the disasters of the past in their willingness to wreck the present. With well-blended caution and courage he exploded the fears of bigots and the threats of bullies; and every paragraph was as dry and substantial as if he had expended a day upon it alone. Mr. Gladstone received every sentence as if addressed exclusively to him, and from time to time turned to those behind him to nod his acquiescence, or looked vehemently across the table as if he expected to see the opposition wither and vanish before Russell's scorching blasts. Often he interpolated "Yes! yes!" and often "Hear, hear!" and from time to time, as the well-modulated tones of the speaker rose and fell with no discordant note, no errant cadence, his eyes flashed fire, his lips moved with inarticulate emotion, and he clutched several times the knee of the colleague at his side in nervous ecstasy of satisfaction or energy of approval.

One passage in the speech no one who heard it can ever forget, nor can any one forget the revelation it afforded of the real vivacity of Gladstone when totally released from official conventionality. Russell had in his closed hand passages from the utterances of the Irish opponents of the Disestablishment bill. In a few sentences he recalled the period, the nature, and object of the measure, and the heat which it engendered in Ulster. But he misstated the year, and was promptly corrected by Gladstone. Then he prepared to read the extracts. Of course, in America they are perfectly familiar to all who remember the affair; and I must add that we remember these British affairs much better in America than they are remembered here, where people eat and sleep much more than we, and read much less. It is not too much to say that every word uttered in '68 and '69 over the proposal of disestablishment, has been repeated over the proposal of home rule. The oracle has been worked to speak the same dire prophecies of religious strife, civil war, destruction of trade, departure of capital, disruption of the empire, and — final menace in all the categories of woe and ruin whenever a wrong in Ireland is to be redressed — separation. There were then the same vaporings on the platforms, the same imprecations on the Orange altars, the same appeals to base traditions, the same inflammation of the vicious in human nature. Of course, the bigot who was going to raise the standard of revolt if the alien church were lifted off the neck of those who would not go upon their knees in it, has been vowing he would do exactly the same thing if the home-rule bill should pass; and the extracts Russell held in his hand were from addresses proffering self-immolation. He read them exquisitely. They reeked with carnage. Every second word was "die." The least overdoing in the reading would have ruined the dramatic effect, and there was more danger of overstepping the bounds, than of not imbuing the rendering with sufficient drollery. The whole House went into continuous roars of laughter.

"We shall die," he said, with lofty pathos, tinged with a ray of indescribable comedy, "as our fathers died before us. We shall die," and his pitch rose and his voice became charged with faint tremolo, "as our sons shall die after us! We swear it, and our vow shall be heard from earth to heaven, and from one end of Ulster to the other." The anti-climax was given amid volleys of laughter, which pealed and pealed until the House could laugh no more; and the sonorous voice of the prime Minister, laughing above all the rest, continued to be heard while his supple body was almost doubled at times with boyish fun. Even after the scene was fairly at end he laid his head back upon the bench and laughed, while tears of merriment bedewed his face. It may be true, as said by the author of "Obiter Dicta," that the death of Beaconsfield eclipsed the gayety of politics and banished epigram from Parliament. But the scene created by Charles Russell, and in which the greatest of Prime Ministers was a conspicuous participant, proved that at least the capacity for enjoying gayety, if not producing epigram, still lives in Parliament.

I have watched him carefully through many speeches, some obviously prepared in part, some born wholly of the moment of their delivery. He stands at ease, resting one side against the edge of the table, which is high enough to afford some sense of repose. The nervousness in his fingers

causes him to clutch something and toy with it — papers, books, pens. He never strikes attitudes, never mouths or makes grimaces or smirks, or by paltry devices of throat or eyes or hands distracts his hearer from his poverty of matter by his levity. He is simple, natural and clear-voiced. But the voice is not as full and far-carrying as it used to be. He rarely gesticulates except with brief waves of the hands. One might almost describe his physical characteristics, when speaking at the table, as monotonous. There is a tempered and regulated variety in it nevertheless. There are impassioned passages in all his momentous speeches which must have carried him away from himself; and during this debate, albeit wariness and tact have been controlling ideas on his side of the combat, rather than valor and defiance, he has sometimes permitted himself to become vehement.

Of course, there will be differences of criticism upon this. To many of her friends, Kathleen O'Meara tells us, Mme. Mohl was that "charming old lady;" to some she was "that ugly old woman." The admirers of Mr. Gladstone would describe his energy in speaking as vehemence; his opponents belittle it into peevishness. But it is, upon the whole, a manly, rugged, simple, composed style, dignified, elevated, sufficiently diversified to be always absorbing and varied enough in degrees of power to be always fascinating. He reminds one of Ruskin's Jura rock, which, "balanced between chalk and marble, weathers indeed into curious rifts and furrows, but rarely breaks loose, and has long ago clothed itself either with forest flowers or with sweet short grass and all blossoms that love sunshine." The form in which Mr. Gladstone vests his thoughts is precisely of this sort. He seeks genial tone in his voice, is fond of upward inflection, is finely polite and guarded in personality, never is uncouth and irritating even when he holds the sword above his enemy's head; and all along the path of his speaking one finds kindness, urbanity, and suave phrases — "sweet short grass." In his younger days he resorted, as the text of his speeches shows, with alacrity and daring to feats of discussion, and freely employed invectives and vituperation. Now he deprecates. Where formerly he seized the foil, now he seeks to disarm. In youth he eagerly hurried into violent games and sports of parliamentary competition; in age, he is still combative, but he lets his adversary rush upon him while he rests and defends.

His speeches lose somewhat in esteem if read or heard apart from the contingencies which they were made to fit or to overcome. They are not even and pellucid, like silent brooks, or violently superb like lorious torrents. They are uneven. Admirable sentiments worthily framed abound in them. But they are in spots rough, in spots obscure, in spots involved. They are free from fustian and from turgidity. They are indeed of the nature of oratorical gymnastics, in which dexterity, skill, and the avoidance of danger, while always in danger, are the most obvious elements. There is not a line of brutality in them; and considering the length of his public life, the brutishness of his enemies, his own flexible temper, and the stupidity and maliciousness of Toryism, this must be considered very remarkable, and a singular evidence of what we may call intellectual, fine breeding.

What a range his industry and oratory have covered! Aside from the sublime political ideas upon which he has left an impress to last until liberty itself perishes, the list of minor practical things which he mended for the country is curious and long. It was he who scrutinized the relative values of 1,200 duty-paying articles, and abolished or lowered the duty on 750 of them before he passed from the theory of protection to that of free trade. He devised ingenious weapons with which to open the doors of Parliament to the Jews, and destroy the ancient injustice which ignorance cherished against them. He overthrew a Derby ministry on a budget with the airiness of an acrobat. He has manipulated budgets like an expert in legerdemain, and embellished with oratory the taxation of spirits, the interests of cab drivers and hackney coachman, the destinies of butter, cheese, oranges, currants, hops, timber, and tallow. It was he who brought in the post-office savings-bank scheme. He was foster father of half-penny post-cards and half-penny postages for newspapers. He has written many amendments of the laws affecting bankruptcy and patents, and there is scarcely a division or interest in commerce which has not been explored by his penetrating faculties, and relieved of burdens or restraints. The great measures with which he is immortally identified, constitute the imperishable foundations of his fame. The treaty of Washington, the insertion of the principle

of arbitration into international disputations, as a mode and means of settlement in lieu of intrigue, bribery, or war; the Disestablishment bill, the Education acts, and University Tests bills, the abolition of purchase in the army, are among his high doings. The legislation still higher and broader, the leveling-up laws, the laws affecting suffrage and land, constitute his highest claim upon the admiration and wonder of his age, and will arouse veneration in all ages to follow.

There is something soothing and satisfactory in discovering that a man who has wrought these things against British grain is a man whose wisdom was learned in the school of experience, and who had to take punishment like others. He has not hesitated to confess error, and, what is nobler still, to avow that out of its consequences he acquired truth. He has atoned for his misapprehension of the causes and objects of the American Civil War. He abandoned Toryism, and cast off what seemed to him an economic theory unsuited to a great community, having to exchange manufactures for food. He assailed the religious predilections of a portion of his fellow-men, and Mr. Chamberlain, as we shall see hereafter, tormented him a little with that in this debate; but he has atoned for it by removing barriers against them in the high roads. He tortured Ireland. He is atoning for that to-day, not by offering her compensation for the past, it is true, for that is beyond the power of any man, or of the empire itself, or of time itself, but by opening before her weary and longing eyes a prospect of some brighter future.

He takes the defeat of his measure deeply to heart. I began this article with the intent of describing the effect upon him of the confirmed news of Mr. Chamberlain's betrayal. The charm of the subject has carried me even beyond the commission with which I was entrusted — to describe the man, his manner, and his individuality in parliament. No one who sees him now can doubt that he is enduring keenly, but intrepidly, a wound inflicted by a hand which he clasped to lift the man belonging to it into honor. Well may he apply to Mr. Chamberlain the words of Agamemnon to Ulysses: "Accomplished in evil wiles and crafty-minded, thou were the first invited by me to the feast; then it was pleasant to thee to eat the roasted meats and quaff the wine." Following the example of Agamemnon, he neither chides the deserter nor exhorts him. "We shall settle these disputes at a future time," and the settlement is a foregone conclusion. No one doubts that an overwhelming Liberal majority will confirm the great minister's determination to plant the germ of home rule in Ireland.

It has been the happy fortune of great British politicians to have wives who aided them in bearing the cares of office, and made their private existence blessed. Not more to Pitt was the accomplished companion of his labors, or to Fox the lovely being who exercised her spell on him to the last, than is the wife of the great minister to his honored and glorious age. Mrs. Gladstone is no longer a rare visitor to the House of Commons. She is a tall, distinguished-looking woman, following her husband "in the silvered gray of years," but at his side always, either in literal truth or in the closest sympathy. Her face is strong, keen, and refined. A forehead high rather than broad; full, bright eyes, rich with feeling; a long, straight nose, high at its joining with the forehead; a sympathetic mouth, a clear, sonorous voice, a simple, stately manner, gracious and womanly, a style of dress suited for her age and station — such are her exterior characteristics. Who does not rejoice that she has lived to behold the laurels on her husband's head, and that he has her to walk with him to the not distant end? It was my privilege to express to her the admiration with which in our own country his efforts for the betterment of men and governments are observed, and her response showed that she, as well as he, finds in this vaster sympathy a deep happiness.

MARGARET F. SULLIVAN.

"OH, say, ma," exclaimed a bright little girl, "hasn't that man got awful big ears!"—"Hush, child! the gentleman might hear you," cautioned the mother.—"Well, ma," retorted the precocious youngster, "if he couldn't hear me with those ears, he ought to haul 'em down."

Thomas Moore.

Read by the Author before the members of the Riverside Social Club at the Celebration of the Anniversary of the Poet's birth.

O BRIGHT are the names of the poets and sages
That crown Erin's brow with a halo of light;
But none shines more bright thro' the mists of the ages,
Than that of the minstrel we honor to-night.

He found the dear harp of his country forsaken,
The mute cords all loosened or broken in twain;
But 'neath his fond touch he caused it to waken,
The sweet songs of Erin to being again.

He delved 'mid the ruins of heart-broken sadness
Where tyrants had long sunk the glories of Eire,
And proudly he drew with raptures of gladness
A nation's bright hopes from the depths of despair.

He penned the bright deeds of his people in story,
And gave them in song to his dear native land,
That ages to come may oft tell of the glory
That circle the deeds of her warrior band.

We treasure the melodious strains of thy numbers
And sing them with pleasure this night of thy birth;
We treasure the name of the bard, tho' he slumbers,
And gladly we'll tell of his genius and worth.

Many thoughts will go down to their slumbers uncherished,
Great epics will charm for a day and then fall;
But far in the future when columns have perished,
Thy songs will live on more enduring than all.

Hyde Park, May 28, 1886. MICHAEL F. MOYLEN

GET MARRIED, YOUNG MAN.— Go and propose to the most sensible girl you know. If she accepts you, tell her how much your income is, and from what source derived; and tell her you will divide the last dollar with her, and that you will love her with all your heart into the bargain. And then keep your promise. My word for it, she will live within your income, and to your last hour you will regret that you did not marry sooner. Stop worrying about feminine extravagance and feminine untruth. Just you be true to her — love her sincerely, and a more fond, faithful, foolish slave you will never meet anywhere.

The Last Days of the Irish Harp.

"Dear Harp of my Country."

In 1738 the death-throes of the Irish harp began, for in the March of that year Turlough O'Carolan expired, whose genius had revived its ancient glories for half a century. Others followed him who shed a bright lustre upon it, but it was the afterglow of the sun that had set.

"The last of all the bards was he."

Undisputed prince of Irish harpers, O'Carolan, unlike many, obtained a niche in the temple of fame, while his harp and his songs were entrancing his people. Posterity has ratified the verdict. Two only of his successors have approached him within anything like measurable distance — Denis Hempson and Arthur O'Neill. The latter achieved much fame, but was acknowledged to be inferior in execution. Hempson attained the great age of one hundred and twelve years; his harp is preserved in a baronet's family at Downhill. Vigorous efforts were made at the close of the last century and beginning of this to rekindle the expiring flame of national interest in the harp, but with little success. In the Dublin *Evening Post* of July, 1784, the following advertisement appeared, which was also reinserted in July, 1785:—

"IRISH HARP.

"To encourage the national music of Ireland the following prizes will be given at Granard on Monday, the 1st of August next, to performers on the Irish harp, under the decision of judges to be appointed by the company then present.

Seven guineas to the best performer.
Five " to the second.
Three " to the third.
Two " to the fourth."

A meeting was subsequently held, of which Walker says: "The contest was held at the appointed time. The company was large and brilliant, but the performers were only mediocres and the music common and ill-selected." Bunting gives an account of a similar contest, but with better results, which was held in the Exchange, Belfast, in 1792. Hempson and O'Neill were present with eight others. O'Neill carried off the first prize of ten guineas, and Ch. Fanning the second of eight guineas. Six guineas were awarded to the rest of the performers. Hempson was evidently out of form through age, being then in his 97th year. An Irish harp society was formed in 1807, which came to a premature end six years later; a similar fate befell another in Dublin about the same period.

The Irish harp is now a thing of the past.

"Hush'd is the harp — the minstrel gone."

Both lie silent in a humble grave at Killronan, where O'Carolan sleeps, but the memory of their glories will always be fresh in the hearts of the Irish people.

The Harp of O'Carolan.

The valuable heirloom of the O'Conor family, the harp of Turlough O'Carolan, has been sent back to Ireland. As our readers may recollect, the O'Conor Don kindly lent O'Carolan's harp to the New York Gaelic Society, for exhibition at their recent *Feis Ceoil.* Notwithstanding a declaration made by the Secretary of the Gaelic Union before the American Consul of Dublin that the harp was lent temporarily for exhibition only, the Custom House authorities at New York demanded sixty per cent. on its value as duty. As the harp had been insured for five hundred pounds, this would have involved an expenditure at once of three hundred pounds before it could have been delivered up to the Gaelic Society, a thing utterly out of the question. In this difficulty the president of the society telegraphed to the President of the United States. The latter promptly and kindly sent an order to the Treasury that the harp was to pass the Customs without any duty. There are very few countries where the head of the States acts in such a ready, energetic, and kindly manner. The *Feis Ceoil* in New York was a great success. We are glad to perceive that the Gaelic Union of Dublin and the Gaelic Society of New York act so well together. "One in name and in fame are the sea-divided Gael."

The Harp of Ireland.

Oh, give me one strain
Of that wild harp again,
  In melody proudly its own,
  Sweet harp of the days that are gone!
Time's wide-wasting wing
It's cold shadow may fling
  Where the light of the soul hath no part;
The sceptre and sword
Both decay with their lord,
  But the throne of the bird is the heart.

And hearts, while they beat
To thy music so sweet,
  Thy glory shall ever prolong,
  Land of honor, and beauty, and song!
The beauty whose sway
Waked the bard's votive lay,
  Hath gone to eternity's shade;
While, fresh in its fame,
Lives the song to her name,
  Which the minstrel immortal hath made!

Proud harp, or wild string,
Where thy sweetness did ring
O'er the silence of other lands,
By the magic of minstrel hands,
Too oft did its wail
Load with sorrow the gale
O'er the land that was made to be free;
But isle of the West,
Raise thy emerald crest,
Songs of triumph shall yet ring for thee.

Total Abstainers.

ST. MARY of Egypt. This Saint was very wicked up to her 29th year, when, going into a church and looking at a picture of the Blessed Virgin, she addressed herself with such fervor to the Holy Mother of God as to obtain the grace of conversion. Then to atone for her sins amongst others, for "the wines which she had drunk in the world to excess" — she went into the desert near the river Jordan, and led a life of great penance. She died A. D. 421.

ST. GUTHLAC. He was of royal blood, and spent his youth as a soldier. Then, after two years in a monastery, he went to Croyland in the Lincolnshire marshes, and passed the remainder of his life there as hermit. His sister Pega lived as a recluse in another part of the marshes. Both were total abstainers. St. Guthlac died A. D. 714. Before the Reformation the English had a great devotion to this Saint.

ST. CARADOC, a Welsh hermit. He died A. D. 1124.

ST. PATERNUS, Bishop of Avranches in France. He spent many years in a monastery in Wales, then he paid a visit to his father, who had become a monk or hermit in Ireland, after which he himself became a hermit in France, and finally was made Bishop. He died A. D. 550.

ST. KIARAN (or, as he was called by the Britons, St. Piran), "the first-born of the Irish saints," was probably one of the twelve Bishops of Ireland consecrated by St. Patrick. He founded a monastery at Saigar; the monks here, as all the monks of the early Irish Church, were total abstainers. St. Kiaran, shortly before his death, went to Cornwall and died at a place called after him, St. Piran's, about A. D. 430.

ST. PATRICK. The apostle of Ireland spent a considerable time previous to his missionary life in the monasteries of Tours and Lerins, where total abstinence was practised by all the monks; and he himself, when in Ireland, founded several monasteries in which total abstinence was part of the rule. We have therefore every reason to believe that St. Patrick, whose life was so austere, kept to the practice he had learned at Tours and Lerins, and that he continued through life to be a total abstainer. He died A. D. 464.

The Grand Young Man.

His Ancestry.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

THE favorite soubriquet for Mr. Parnell now is the "Modern Warwick." He is the Warwick of Parliament, the maker and unmaker of ministries, as Richard Neville, the "great Earl of Warwick," was the maker and unmaker of kings. There is something more than passing curious, something in the nature of historical significance, in the fact that in the veins of the Warwick of modern England, whose name is on every tongue to-day, actually flows the blood of the renowned earl of the Middle Ages. To those acquainted with Mr. Parnell's ancestry, this fact has been always familiar; but the general public until now has not been apprised of it. A genealogical table, published in London shows how Mr. Parnell is a lineal descendant of the king-maker. Two of the ancestors of the great Irish leader—Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, and Henry Pole, Lord Montague—were beheaded in their day for high treason. Every Irishman and for that matter, every American, will say to this fact "*Absit omen!*" as they watch the mighty and perilous career upon which the Irish-American descendant of these ill-fated forbears is about to enter. This published table carries Mr. Parnell's pedigree back as far only as the great Earl of Warwick. But through his ancestors, Richard Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence, Mr. Parnell draws blood directly from the royal stock of England. In fact Mr. Parnell, has as much of the English blood royal in his veins as Queen Victoria, and, having regard to the German and Hanoverian admixtures, with which the reigning Queen's is diluted and polluted, his is a much purer strain. Through the Plantagenets, of course, the Irish leader's derivation goes straight through William the Conqueror and the Norman line, and Edward the Confessor, and the Saxon line, till it reaches the common Celtic stock of the Picts, Scots, and Britons. Futhermore, since the Royal Irish family of O'Brien became connected by double marriage in the eleventh century with the reigning house of Plantagenet, the Irish Tribune of to-day has the blood of Irish as well as that of English royalty in his veins, and can

claim membership in that vigorous, wide-branching, renowned royal family of O'Brien of Munster.

The Parnells — Ireland in 1846–50.

Charles Stewart Parnell was born in Avondale, in the county of Wicklow, Ireland, in June, 1846. His father was John Henry Parnell, an Irish country gentleman of fortune, and his mother before marriage was a Miss Delia Tudor Stewart, a daughter of Admiral Charles Stewart of the American navy, and a woman of great energy and strength of character, whom John Henry Parnell met and married while travelling in America. The Parnells came originally of English stock, one of them, Thomas Parnell of Congleton, in Cheshire, having settled in Ireland at the time of the Restoration. The family is Protestant and aristocratic; but it has always been distinguished for the liberality of its views both in religion and politics. Thomas Parnell of Dublin, who came of a branch of the family, attained eminence as a poet and divine in the reign of Queen Anne, and later on the name became a prominent one in the politics of Ireland. The Rt. Hon. Sir John Parnell, "the incorruptible," was chancellor of the exchequer in Grattan's Parliament, and was dismissed from that position by Lord Castlereagh because he refused to vote for the Union. His son, Sir Henry Parnell, afterwards became a member of the British Parliament, and was so high in the esteem and confidence of O'Connell, that that gentleman, in 1814, took the Catholic claims away from Grattan and entrusted him with their championship. John Henry Parnell, the father of Charles Stewart Parnell, was a nephew of this last gentleman.

Personnel of Mr Parnell.

He is unmarried, well shaped, tall, and handsome; his features are regular, and finely cut; his bearing altogether that of a well-bred man; he is a Protestant, and, though born in Ireland, is of English blood, and closely connected with Parnell, Lord Congleton, of Cheshire. The family is of ancient and aristocratic origin, Mr. Parnell being the twentieth in lineal descent from King Edward I. His great grandfather, Sir John Parnell, was a member of the last Irish Parliament, and spoke and voted steadily against the Union, refusing all temptation. Sir Jonah Barrington, in his "Historic Memoirs of Ireland," gives a list of the Irish members who voted on that question, and an account of the bribes given to them by the English Government. Opposite the name of Sir John Parnell he writes: "Chancellor of the Exchequer, dismissed by Lord Castlereagh — Incorruptible." Mr. Parnell is of quiet, reserved manners, and by no means genial. Like Brutus —

> "He is a great observer, and he looks
> Quite through the deeds of men;
> Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
> As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
> That could be moved to smile at anything."

Though a fair debater, he is a cold, hard speaker, and as an orator is surpassed by many of his followers. His power is probably to be

attributed to his extreme caution, his tenacity and singleness of purpose, his natural sagacity, his power of endurance, his total abnegation of self, his dauntless courage, and his unfaltering fidelity. Some years ago he was asked why he did not get married, and his reply was, "I am married — to my country — and can best serve her as I am." Ireland may say to him, as Hamlet said to Horatio:

"Since my dear soul was mistress of my choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath sealed thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core — aye, in my heart of hearts —
As I do thee."

PARNELL'S SPEECH.

The following report of Mr. Parnell's speech on the 8th of June, is taken from the *Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

MR. PARNELL, whose rising was received with prolonged home rule cheers, said: — If I intervene in the contest of giants which has been proceeding so many days in this House in reference to this great question, it is not because I suppose that the intervention is specially suited to the moment, and I certainly should not under ordinary circumstances have felt any self-confidence whatever in following so able and eloquent a member of this House as the right honorable gentleman, the member for the Eastern Division of Edinburgh. But "thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just" (loud Irish cheers), and even a man so inferior from every point of view as myself to the right honorable gentleman may hope upon this occasion not to be so much behind as usual. Sir, without intending to offer any disrespect to the right honorable gentleman, I could not help thinking when listening to his speech that in all the lost causes which I have seen him attempt to defend (home rule and some ministerial cheers) during many years past, he was never so little effective as when contending against the bill which we hope to see read a second time to-night (home rule cheers). Sir, the right honorable gentleman has sought, I think very unfairly, to cast a lurid light upon the situation by an allusion to those unhappy outrages which have been occurring in Kerry (hear, hear, from the home rulers). I join the right honorable gentleman in the expression of contempt for those cowardly and disgraceful practices (home rule cheers). I join him to the fullest extent. But, sir, neither do I say because evictions have been more numerous in Kerry than in all the rest of Munster added together (hear, hear, from the home rulers) during months past, that that fact is an excuse for these outrages, or is any excuse whatever for such occurrences, although it might supply us with the cause for them. But when I denounce outrages, I denounce them, sir, in all parts of Ireland (home rule cheers), whether they occur in Ulster or in Kerry. The right honorable gentleman himself is certainly free from reproach in respect of this matter. He has not joined the noble lord, the member for South Paddington (home rule cheers), and the right honorable gentleman, the member for West Birmingham (loud home rule cheers), in the use of reckless language with reference to the affairs of a country which is not their country (renewed home rule cheers) — an interference for which they had not the paltry excuse that it was any business of theirs, or that they really felt any interest in it (hear, hear).

My colleagues, some of them, have been reproached in times past, because they had not been very careful in looking into what might be the effect of their language. The doctrine of indirect respon-

sibility has been employed against many of them to the extent of imprisonment (hear, hear). But if the doctrine of indirect responsibility had been employed against the noble lord, the member for South Paddington, and the right honorable gentleman, the member for West Birmingham, the former might have pleaded for an excuse that as he believes in nobody and in nothing except himself (laughter), so he could not have expected any great importance to be attached to his declarations (hear, hear); while the right honorable gentleman, the member for West Birmingham might have said — and said very truly — that he was absolutely ignorant of all the circumstances of Ireland, his celebrated projected visit to that country last autumn not having come off (laughter), and that consequently he really did not know what would come of his language. However, sir, we have the result now in one murder which has been already committed in Belfast (Hear, hear from the home rulers), and I trust that in future the right honorable gentlemen will remember that the importance and the gravity of occurrences which may follow in Ulster — and these occurrences cannot go further at the outside than outrage and assassination — will depend very much upon what they say and upon the amount of importance that they give to the doings of Ulstermen in the minds of these people themselves (hear, hear). Certainly, sir, I do condemn these occurrences in Kerry, and the right honorable gentleman very properly said they must be put a stop to. Well, so say we all (loud home rule cheers). The right honorable gentleman wants to put a stop to them by resorting to the old methods of coercion which he and his friends have been using for the last eighty-six years, but we say with the Prime Minister, "Try the effect of self-government" (home rule cheers), and if Kerrymen then resort to outrage they will very soon find that the rest of Ireland will soon put a stop to these outrages (home rule cheers). Before I leave the terrible occurrences in Belfast I wish to give an explanation, because, as usual, the English newspapers have for their own purposes misrepresented what took place. I was very much pained on reading that it was alleged the disturbances arose out of an expression used by a Catholic workman to a Protestant workman, that "in a short time none of his religious persuasion would be allowed to earn a crust of bread in Ireland."

That does not represent the correct state of facts as they are reported in the local newspapers. What actually took place, according to these reports, was that a Catholic overseer of the works found fault with the way in which another workman, an Orangeman, I think — at all events a Protestant — was executing the digging out of a drain, and he said to him: "This is a nice way in which you are digging out this drain." The Orangeman said in reply to his overseer: "What does a Papist know about digging drains?" (Laughter.) And the overseer, irritated, I will not say justly, because it would be absurd to be irritated by such an expression, said in reply: "You will never earn a crust at these works again;" meaning he should dismiss him (hear, hear). "That is all right — that is all I want," replied the man, and he took up his shovel and left the works. I believe when he was leaving he was assaulted by one or more of the other workmen (some opposition laughter). It is so difficult to know what is true with regard to any Irish matter (laughter). It is of great importance that the house should understand that this remark had not a general but had only an individual application (hear, hear). At the same time, I am not to be taken as justifying the occurrence on the part of those employed in the yard in the slightest degree. The right honorable gentleman, the member for East Edinburgh, spoke about the sovereignty of parliament. Upon this point I entirely accept and agree with the definitions given by the honorable and learned gentleman, the member for one of the divisions of Aberdeen (Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs). We have always perceived, since the introduction of this bill, the difference between a co-ordinate parliament and a subordinate parliament. We have recognized that the legislature which the right honorable gentleman, the Prime Minister, proposes to constitute is a subordinate parliament (hear, hear); that it is not like Grattan's Parliament, which was coequal (hear, hear, from Mr. Gladstone), arising out of the same constitution given to the Irish people by the Crown, just in the same way, though not by the same means, as parliamentary institutions were given to Great Britain by the Sovereign. We understand this perfectly well, and we should undoubtedly have preferred — as I stated in speeches which have been quoted against me as showing that I could not accept this proposed settlement as final — I should

have preferred the restitution of Grattan's Parliament. It would have been more in accordance with the sentiments of the Irish people, and sentiment goes a long way in dealing with a people like the Irish. But at the same time, in reference to the argument used against us that I am precluded from accepting this solution as final because I have claimed a restitution of Grattan's Parliament, I would say that I consider there are practical advantages in a statutory body limited and subordinate to this Imperial Parliament, as it undoubtedly would be, which will render it much more useful and advantageous to the Irish people than Grattan's Parliament (hear, hear), and that the statutory body which the right honorable gentleman, the Prime Minister, proposes to constitute is much more likely to be a final settlement than Grattan's Parliament would be. Grattan's Parliament had many disadvantages. In the first place it had a House of Lords (home rule and radical cheers). We get rid of the House of Lords under the constitution of the right honorable gentleman. It is true that in its place there is to be a "first order," a very salutary provision, although I do not agree with the extent of time the first order is allowed to hang up a bill, or with some of the qualifications (hear, hear). These are subordinate matters (a laugh). But I say the "first order" is a very salutary provision which will tend to prevent rash legislation and immoderate action on the part of the new body, and I would rather see a bill hung up for ten years by a body such as the "first order," than hung up for twenty-four hours by the superior parliament (home-rule cheers). I venture to express that opinion regarding the effect and the irritation which constant meddling and overseeing, as suggested by the right honorable gentleman, the member for West Birmingham, on the part of this Imperial Parliament, would have on the minds of the people of Ireland (hear, hear). It would be most mischievous and dangerous, and sure to prevent such a settlement. But when we are all assembled in one chamber, different sections of Irishmen threshing out a subject, those causes and those effects which have always come into operation under similar circumstances will be also produced in Ireland, and discussion may be relied upon to bring about the settlement of controverted points. Of course, we, too, have controverted subjects. And the result of these two orders working together in the same chamber will be that great questions will be settled on the basis of compromise, and more or less to the satisfaction of both parties. We, therefore, understand perfectly well that this parliament has the utter supremacy and sovereignty. I have spoken of the detail of the House of Lords in Grattan's Parliament; another very important matter in Grattan's Parliament was the defect alluded to by the right honorable gentleman, the member for East Edinburgh — that the executive was divorced from the legislative body. Fox, I think, said there could be no perfect system of government in which the executive and legislative bodies are not joined together.

I agree with that statement, and I think one of the most valuable parts of this bill is that by which the Prime Minister throws responsibility on the legislature to maintain that order in Ireland without which no society can exist (hear, hear). I understand the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament to mean this. It is effective, as has been pointed out, in the event of the Irish body exceeding its powers, but it might, under certain circumstances, be more effective. I can illustrate this by saying that in accepting this bill I think we come under an honorable obligation not to abuse our powers, and we pledge ourselves (some derisive opposition cheers and home rule counter cheers) not to abuse those powers, and to devote our energies and any ability or influence we may have with our people to prevent them abusing those powers; but if this abuse should take place the Imperial Parliament is here in its full plenitude of power ready to intervene, but ready to intervene only in case of grave and urgent necessity (home rule and ministerial cheers). Believe me, this is far the best way you can deal with this question. You will have the power of force. Of course, we know when abuses are committed and injustice is perpetrated force is the real power. But you will have also the power of this Imperial Parliament untouched and unimpaired, just as if this bill had never been enacted. We recognize this, as I have said, and I say again. I said on the first reading, immediately after I heard the statement of the Prime Minister, and I say now, that I accept this bill as a final settlement of our National question, and I believe the Irish people will accept it (home rule cheers). Of course, you may not believe my words, but I can say no more. I think my words in the connection have been signally jus-

tified by the result (Irish cheers). We have had this measure accepted in the sense I have indicated by the leaders of every section of National opinion in Ireland and also outside Ireland — in the United States of America, with the vengeance of the Irish population of which some speakers against this bill are so fond of threatening us (Irish laughter and cheers). We have not had a single syllable — a single voice — against this bill by any Irishman (Irish Tory cries of "Oh, oh") — by any Irishman of Nationalist opinion. Of course, there are sections amongst Irish Nationalists just as there are sections in the great Conservative party (laughter), but so far as it was possible for a nation to accept a measure cheerfully, freely, gratefully, and without reserve, I say that the Irish people have shown that they accepted this measure (loud home rule cheers). Even the terrible *Irish World*, which has not been on my side for the last five or six years says:

> The Irish race at home and abroad have signified their willingness to accept the terms proposed by Mr. Gladstone (cheers). If a coercion bill be now passed by Parliament it will be equivalent to a declaration of war on the part of England.

We do not agree with Mr. Patrick Ford in his conclusion. During the last five or six years we thoroughly differ from him, and he has returned the compliment by using every opportunity to condemn us, so that the honors are pretty easy (cheers and laughter). But so far as the Irish people could accept this bill they have accepted it without any reserve whatever as one that will be a final settlement of this great question (Irish and Liberal cheers). Now, sir, I will leave the question of the sovereignty of Parliament, and I will go to another point which has been touched upon by the honorable gentleman, the member for Edinburgh (Mr. Goschen). He has fairly told us of his fears with regard to abuses on the part of the Irish priesthood in reference to the question of education. The right honorable gentleman certainly has not followed the example of other illustrious persons (laughter) by indulging in extravagant language on the Protestant and Catholic question (hear, hear, from the Irish members), and I am quite sure that his apprehension is genuine so far as it goes, but he does not desire to fan the flames of religious bigotry amongst us (hear, hear). He has spoken very fairly, and I wish to say that, perhaps, as a Protestant, if I had not abundant experience of the feeling in Ireland I might have shared these feelings myself. Certainly I have no such fears (cheers); but it is rather remarkable that this question of education is the only matter the right honorable gentleman has any fears about in dealing with the question of Protestant and Catholic in Ireland. It is rather remarkable that when the right honorable gentleman, the member for Birmingham, (Mr. Chamberlain) proposed to give us a Central Council in Dublin he proposed that it should have exclusive control over education without any reservation whatever with regard to Ulster Protestants or anybody else (cheers). I believe in that scheme also there was to be a first and second order (hear, hear). Sir, it is very hard to please everybody (hear and laughter), and while we please the right honorable member for West Birmingham in regard to accepting the education scheme which the Prime Minister proposes to establish, we regret that we are unfortunate enough to run foul of the right honorable member for East Edinburgh (hear hear). But I do assure the right honorable gentleman that we shall settle this question of education very well amongst ourselves (Irish cheers), and there are very many Liberal Nationalists — I call them Liberal Nationalists because I take the phrase in reference to this question of education — there are many Liberal Nationalists that do not share those views of the Roman Catholic Church on the question of the control of education, and who are very much influenced in their desire to see Ulster remain a part of the Irish legislative body, and sharing the responsible duties of governing Ireland by the feeling that they have with regard to this question of education; and I am sure that with Ulster in the Irish legislature, and with her representatives coming there as they come here, there would not be the slightest risk, if there was indeed any such idea, on the part of the Catholic hierarchy and priesthood to use their power unfairly against the Protestants (loud Irish and Liberal cheers). But, as I said, we shall be able to settle this and other questions together very satisfactorily, and to the satisfaction of everybody concerned (cheers).

There is one thing further I wish to say — that as things are going on in this house in reference to the education question there is no doubt that denominational education would be established in Ireland in a very few years. That is a point that

is already conceded even by the right honorable member for Birmingham. That right honorable gentleman agrees that denominational education is the right thing for Ireland, and I am sure that we might say that if Parliament remains as it is, and that if Ireland remains as it is, we should find denominational education established in Ireland in a very few years (hear, hear). The right honorable gentleman, the member for Edinburgh, spoke of the linen trade, and I think he was rather unfair to my honorable friend, the member for the Stephen's Green division of Dublin (Mr. Grey). I have not had time to look at the series of letters on the question to which he refers, but the part of the letters that he quoted to prove that the articles went to show that the linen trade was the curse of Ulster was one passage out of many letters intended to prove that the linen trade had been the curse of Ulster not directly but indirectly, because it enabled the landlords to exact rack rents from tenants on which the landlords otherwise would not have insisted (hear, hear), and I don't think that in his argument the right honorable gentleman was fair in seeking to carry the matter further than that — indeed he did not attempt to carry it further. He observed a similar reticence on the financial question in regard to which he made so much on his speech on the first reading. Sir, the speech of the right honorable gentleman on the occasion produced a very great sensation in the House and in the country. It was understood that the right honorable gentleman intended to show, and I believe the country understood him so, to intend that first, Ulster was wealthier than any of the other three provinces; and secondly, that the burden of the taxation would fall on Ulster, and that without Ulster it would be impossible to carry on the government of Ireland. The honorable gentman did not pursue this financial question very far to-day (Irish cheers), but it is perhaps not improper that we should direct a little more attention to it since this question of the wealth of Ulster has been made a sought of war cry by the loyal and patriotic Union (cheers). In his first speech the right honorable gentleman was not very fair in selecting schedule "D" of the income tax, that relating to trades and professions, as his standard and measure of the relative wealth of the four provinces (laughter). A fairer standard of relative wealth would have been the assessment for income tax on all the schedules, and also the rateable values of the property in the four provinces, and this would show that so far from Ulster being the wealthiest it was the third in relative amount of wealth (cheers). These assessments show conclusively and the right honorable gentleman will not now deny that they show that Ulster comes third in point of relative wealth — that she comes after Leinster, after Munster, and that she is only superior to unfortunate Connaught (cheers). The assessment of income tax per head in Lienster is £10 6s 9d, for Munster £6 os 7d, for Ulster £5 14s 5d, and for Connaught £3 13s 7d. The figures as to the relative values are the only fair tests, and they are — Leinster, 9·92; Munster, 5·78; Ulster, 5·49; or only a little more than half of Leinster; and Connaught, 3·53. If you take any other fair tests, similar results will be arrived at, and you will find that instead of being the first with regard to wealth Ulster comes a long way third (hear, hear). The right honorable gentleman argued that there was a great disparity between the Protestants of the north-eastern counties and the Catholics of the western counties in point of relative wealth, but the right honorable gentleman showed that disparity to be a great deal larger than actually exists by the system which he chose, and, of course, he was perfectly entitled to choose his own system of calculating the relative wealth of the different counties. Of course, to a considerable extent, there is a disproportion of wealth between the north-eastern and the other counties in Ulster, but the same disproportion exists all through Ireland (hear, hear). The eastern counties all through Ireland are richer than the counties in the west. If you draw a meridian line down through the whole country you will find that on the eastern side of that line there is comparative prosperity, and on the western side considerable poverty (hear, hear). The reason of this is obvious. In the first place in the west the country is rocky and barren, and in the second place its special trade is with England, and consequently all the great distributing centres and shipping are in the east, and men of business and men of wealth collect together and live on the eastern seaboard, and it is only natural therefore that the eastern portions of the provinces are richer than the western portions (laughter). Now, sir, we come to the question of the protection of the "loyal minority." I have incidently dealt with this question in regard to the matter of education, but

I would ask your permission, sir, to say a few more words upon it, as great attention has been bestowed upon the question. One would think that the Protestants of Ireland were going to be handed over to the tender mercies of a lot of Thugs and bandits.

Major Saunderson — Hear, hear.

Mr. Parnell — The honorable and gallant member for North Armagh cheers that statement. I only wish that I was as safe in going to the north of Ireland as the honorable and gallant member would be in going to the south (Irish and Liberal cheers). What do these gentlemen mean by "protection of the loyal minority?" In the first place I would ask these gentlemen what "loyal minority" they mean. The right honorable gentleman, the member for East Edinburgh, does not seem yet to have made up his mind as to what "loyal minority" he means. When asked he said he meant the same loyal Ulster as was referred to by the Prime Minister. Well, I have examined the Prime Minister's reference to Ulster, and I find that he referred to the whole province. He did not select the little bit of the province in the eastern corner, because the opposition had not discovered that point at the time, and consequently I will assume that he refers to the whole province when he asked the house for special protection for Ulster. He has not, however, told us how he will protect them. Let us, therefore, take the plans of other gentlemen to supply the deficiency. It is very confusing dealing with these plans. In order to make even an outline of a plan, or a patchwork of a plan, you have to set together the propositions of several members (laughter). You have to take a little bit of a plan from one, and a little bit of a plan from another, and a little bit of a plan from a third, in order to make one coherent whole (loud laughter), and even in face of all these efforts, the results are very unsatisfactory (cheers and laughter). The right honorable gentleman, the member for Birmingham, and I suppose the right honorable gentleman, the member for Edinburgh, when the proper time comes would do the same, claimed for Ulster a separate legislature.

Well, sir, you would not protect the Protestant minority in Ireland, even supposing you gave a separate legislature to Ulster, because there are outside the province of Ulster 400,000 Protestants (cheers), who would still be without that protection. Therefore by taking away Ulster from them you would make the position of these 400,000 Protestants infinitely less secure (cheers). How would you protect the Protestants of Ulster? (Irish cheers.) The Protestants according to the last census were in the proportion of fifty-two to forty-eight of the Catholics (hear, hear). We have now every reason to believe that the Protestants and Catholics in Ulster are about equal in number (hear, hear). At all events, however that may be, the Nationalists have succeeded in returning the majority of the Ulster members (loud Irish cheers), and consequently we have the Nationalists in the majority in Ulster (renewed cheers). The main reason, apart from the increase of the Catholic forces, for this I believe to be that a large proportion of the Protestant Nationalists voted in the closely divided constituencies in favor of Ireland, and returned Nationalist members (cheers). So that you see you would still have Nationalists to deal with in Ulster even supposing you had an Ulster Legislature (hear, hear, and cheers), and the first thing an Ulster Legislature would do would be to unite herself with the Dublin Parliament and the rest of Ireland (loud Irish and Liberal cheers). But, sir, driven away from the fiction of Protestant Ulster and the great majority, it was only recently discovered that there did not exist this Protestant Ulster (cheers). The opponents of the bill upon this point have been compelled to take refuge in the north-east corner of Ulster, consisting of three counties (cheers). Well, sir, there again comes in the difficulty that instead of protecting the majority of the Protestants of Ireland by constituting a legislature in the north-east corner of Ulster, you would abandon the majority of the Protestants of Ireland to their fate or a Dublin Parliament (loud Irish and Liberal cheers). Seven-twelfths of the Protestants of Ireland live outside these three northern counties, and only five-twelfths of the Protestants live inside these three counties, so that whatever way you put it, you must give up this idea of protecting either a body or a majority of the Protestants of Ireland by the establishment of a separate legislature either in Ulster or in portions of Ulster (cheers). No, sir, we can not give up a single Irishman (cheers)—we want the energy, the patriotism, the talent, and works of every Irishman (cheers) to make this great experiment — to ensure that this great experiment shall be successful (hear, hear). The best form of govern-

ment for a country I believe to be one that requires that that government shall be the resultant of what forces are in that country (hear, hear). We cannot give away to a second legislature for a section of Ireland any portion of the talent or influence of the Irish Protestants (cheers). This class — the Protestant class — will form the most valuable element in the Irish Legislature of the future, constituting, as they will, a strong minority, and exercising, through the "first order," a moderating influence upon the making of the laws.

We have heard of the danger of a first trial of untrained legislators in an Irish Parliament. I regard their presence as vitally necessary to the success of this trial (hear, hear). We want, sir, all creeds and all classes in Ireland. We cannot look upon a single Irishman as not belonging to us (cheers). However much we recognize their ability, we cannot admit that there is a single one of them too good to take part in this experiment (cheers). We do not blame the small proportion of Protestants who feel any real fear. I admit that there is a small proportion who do (hear, hear). We have been doing our best of late to remove this fear, and we shall continue to do so (cheers). When this bill becomes an act we shall not cease to try to conciliate such Irishmen (cheers). No, sir, there is no shame nor disgrace in this fear — that shame and disgrace belong to right honorable gentlemen and noble lords belonging to English political parties, who, for the selfish interests of those political parties, try to stir up the almost expired embers of religious bigotry (loud Irish and Liberal cheers). Ireland has never injured the right honorable gentleman, the member for West Birmingham, and I do not know why he laid the strength of his powerful arm against her — why, like another Brennus — although, I hope, not with the same result — he has thrown his sword into the scale against Ireland? I do not think that either politically, or otherwise, she has attempted to injure him, and yet he and his kind seek to dash down this first cup of cold water that has been offered to our nation since the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, as was said in those days, at the point of the dagger (hear, hear). This settlement, sir, I believe, will be a final settlement (hear, hear). I have been reproached — and it has been made an argument against the honesty of my declaration regarding the final character of the settlement — that in a speech at Wicklow I proclaimed a right to protect Irish manufactures. This bill gives no such right. Undoubtedly I did claim that right; but it was not when the Liberal party was in power (laughter and cheers). That speech about protection at Wicklow was made at a time when we had every reason to know that the Conservative party, if they should be successful at the polls, would have offered to Ireland a statutory legislature with the right to protect her own affairs (loud Irish and Ministerial cheers, in which Mr. Gladstone warmly joined), and that this would have been coupled with a settlement of the Irish land question upon a process of purchase on a larger scale than that now proposed by the Prime Minister (prolonged Irish and Ministerial cheers). I should never have thought, I never did think, and I do not think now, of claiming a right of protection from the Liberal party (cheers). I never expected it (Liberal cheers). Therefore I recognize this settlement as final — a settlement without protection.

There is another argument stronger still. The Prime Minister has shown us when he introduced this bill that without fiscal unity we should lose £1,400,000 a year. That will still go to us in consequence of this unity and the absence of protection, and it is a very good *quid pro quo* for the loss of protection (hear, hear). The question of the retention of the Irish members is one which I will only touch upon very slightly. I may say with regard to this matter that I have always kept my mind thoroughly open upon it (hear, hear). It is not a vital question. I have seen difficulties in it, and difficulties that are rather from your point of view than from ours (Irish cheers). I think that when considered in committee it will present a difficulty which will be a growing one for Liberal members (hear, hear). I do not desire to prejudge this question. I admit a desire and a strong sentiment in the matter. When, however, I consider how many times my colleagues and myself have been forcibly ejected (laughter), and how often the necessity of suspending, and if not entirely abrogating the representation of Ireland in this House has been eagerly canvassed by the London press as the necessary solution of the question, perhaps, sir, I may not consider under the present circumstances that this desire on the part of the Liberal members is a very reasonable one. I acknowledge, however, that it is an honest one. When the Prime Minister introduces his plan

we can examine it. It will require a little time for consideration. When the Prime Minister has produced his plan, without binding myself beforehand, I shall candidly examine it with the desire to see in it elements which shall not endanger its final acceptance (hear, hear). I shall deal with the proposals from that point of view. To the permanency of the settlement and the success of it my colleages and I have pledged our political future (cheers). But I confess, sir, that if I had regard to the spirit with which the right honorable gentleman, the member for West Birmingham, has dealt with this question, I should have been hopelessly alienated from the plan. He has dealt with it in order to cast upon us an apparent stigma of inferiority in order that he may have an excuse for constantly meddling in our affairs, checking and thwarting us, and keeping us under his thumb (hear, hear). That is not a state of things which the Irish people will submit to (cheers). We should not agree to his claims in this respect — they would be fatal to the durability of the settlement. Now, sir, what does it all come to? It comes to two alternatives when everything has been said and done — the alternative of coercion, which Lord Salisbury has put before the country, and the alternative offered by the Prime Minister as a solution, carrying with it a lasting settlement and treaty of peace. If you reject this bill, Lord Salisbury was right in what he said as to coercion (no, no), and with respect to the cries of "no" by honorable gentlemen, I beg to say that you will have to resort to coercion (hear, hear). That is not a threat on my part. I would do much to prevent the necessity of a resort to coercion, but I see that it will be inevitable.

The best intentioned Radical sitting on these benches, and who thinks that he never will be a party to coercion in Ireland, will be seen walking into the coercion lobby for drastic coercion, or, at the very outside, pitifully abstaining. We have gone through it all before, and know the sort of Ireland that there has been for the past five years. We know that they have had coercion during those five years of a very severe and stringent character, and it will require severer and more drastic coercion now. You will require everything you have had during the last five years, and more besides. And what sort has the coercion been?

You have had during these five years suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, you have had one thousand of your Irish fellow-subjects held in prison without specific charge, many of them for a long period of time, and some of them for very many months without trial, without your placing them on trial, and I think of all these thousand persons arrested under the coercion of the late Mr. Forster scarcely one dozen were put on their trial for any offence (hear, hear). You have had an Arms Act, you have had the suspension of trial by jury. During these last five years you have authorized your police to enter the domiciles of your fellow-subjects in Ireland at any hour of the day or night, and to search every part of these domiciles — even the beds of the women — without warrant. You have fined the innocent for offences committed by the guilty; you have taken power to expel aliens from the country; you have revived the Curfew law and the blood-money of the Norman conquerors; you have gagged the Press, suppressed newspapers, manufactured new crimes and offences, and imposed fresh penalties. All this you have done, and much more, in the past five years — all this, and more, you will have to do again. The provision in the bill for terminating the representation of the Irish members has been very vehemently objected to, and the right honorable gentleman, the member for the Border Burghs, has said there is no half-way house between separation and the maintenance of law and order in Ireland by the Imperial authority. Well, sir, I say with just as much belief and just as much experience as the right honorable gentleman, that in my judgment there is no half-way house between the concession of legislative autonomy to Ireland and the disfranchisement of the country and her government as a Crown colony (Irish cheers). But, sir, I refuse to believe that those evil days must come. I am convinced that there are a sufficient number of wise and just men in this House to cause it to disregard the appeals made to passion and to pocket, and to choose the better way of the Prime Minister — a way of peace and good-will amongst nations — and that when the numbers in the division lobby have been told to-night it will also be told, for the admiration of all future generations, that England and her Parliament in this nineteenth century was wise enough brave enough, and generous enough, to end this strife of centuries and give peace, prosperity, and happiness to suffering Ireland (loud and prolonged Irish and Liberal cheers).

The Church in China.

THE question of the Protectorate of Catholics in China continues to agitate the respective Governments with interests in the Empire of the Sun. Hitherto the French Government has tacitly exercised a Protectorate over the Catholic Church in China, but the daily increasing numbers of native Christians render a change highly desirable. The Chinese Government consequently wishes to enter into direct diplomatic relations with the Holy See, and desires that the Protectorate shall be transferred to the Curia. The Holy See, while willing to accede to these demands, finds itself opposed by France, the latter demanding that the Protectorate shall be exercised upon the model of that existing at Constantinople, where the Curia is represented by an Apostolic delegate, who is under the protection of France. Although the Holy See, anxious to reconcile all parties, is not opposed to this arrangement, the Chinese Government demurs, not being willing that a foreign Power should have any control over its internal affairs; and here the matter rests at present, and is likely to rest, unless the Pontiff finds in the pauses of the French persecution, a convenient season for coming to a compromise and settlement.

An Extraordinary Preacher.

THE *Bien Public* of Ghent has received from its Italian correspondent some further and very interesting details about Fra Agostino de Montefeltro, the New Savonarola, of Pisa, which give a still higher opinion of this extraordinary man. This poor Franciscan monk is in reality a most remarkable apparition in the Christian pulpit. Endowed with a marvellous eloquence and a vast erudition, a good theologian, versed in ecclesiastical history, a philosopher, a litterateur, and a poet, he has, like St. Francis, the art of carrying away his audience — of drawing them to himself. He holds them, he sways them, he does what he pleases with them. During his course at Pisa, public life was, as it were, suspended. Work ceased as on feast days; lawyers, men of business, and workmen left their occupations to go and hear him. Lectures, even those of free-thinking professors, were not given, in order to allow the students to assist at the sermons. And these thousands of hearers, composed of all classes of society, hanging on his lips, shed involuntary tears, and, beside themselves with admiration, broke out, notwithstanding the sanctity of the church, into cries of applause. The Padre's voice is strong and clear, his gestures natural and dignified. The force and beauty of his words raise the soul from earth to heaven, and produce every day extraordinary conversions. A worthy son of St. Francis, Padre Agostino, preserves the deepest humility amidst all the

honors and applause that he receives. He is eloquent because he is holy and his heart is full of inexhaustible affection. He is greatly beloved, and he merits it, for his tenderness extends to all, and poor as well as rich follow him in crowds, attracted by an inexpressible sentiment of religious respect which one cannot escape. When he left Pisa the whole city lamented his departure. *Over thirty thousand* persons led him in triumph to the station. At present he is taking the repose so absolutely necessary to his health, which has been shaken by austerity and fatigue. Never has the love of souls shown itself with greater tenderness, never has charity and learning employed such beautiful diction: hence the results of his preaching are above all one can imagine. Padre Agostino belongs to a noble and rich family. The distinction of his manners and of his language betrays what his humility would gladly conceal. He is quite forty years of age; his eyes, gleaming with intelligence, are at once soft and penetrating, his demeanor ever grave, inspires real respect. This humble Franciscan monk unites in himself all that the world admires — the faith of the apostles, the wisdom of the doctors, the eloquence of the fathers, and the piety of the saints. Such a character carries us back to the times when the *Poveretto* of Assisi saw all Italy at his feet, eager to hear his words and obey his counsels.

A Great Scientist.

THE most illustrious Catholic man of science at the present day is without doubt the great biologist, Professor Van Beneden, of the University of Louvain, Belgium. The venerable professor, whose fame is world-wide, will celebrate, on the 20th inst, his fiftieth anniversary of professorship at the University. His friends and admirers of all nations will present him on the occasion with a gold medal, specially struck for the occasion. To give some idea of the international character of the celebration, we select the names of some of the members of the Committee. Among them are Professor Huxley; M. Pasteur; Sir William Turner, Professor of Anatomy in Edinburgh; de Quatrefages, of the Institut de France; Professor Flower, F. R. S., Director of the Museum of Natural History, South Kensington; Dr. St. George Mivart, F. R. S. Agassiz, Director of the Museum of Comparative Anatomy, Cambridge, U. S. A., and the following university professors: Boganoff, Moscow; Capellini, Bologona; Claus, Vienna; Donders, Utrecht; Forel, Lausanne; Gegenbauer, Heidelberg; Kovaths, Pesth; Lenckart, Leipzig; Lovén, Stockholm; Lutken, Copenhagen; Mariano de la Paz, Madrid; Macklin, Helsingfors, Finland; Pilar, Agram, Croatia; Retzins, Stockholm; Swaen, Liege; Van Bambeke, Ghent; Lefevre, Louvain; the President of the Royal Academy of Medicine of Belgium; besides the Minister of the Interior of Belgium, M. Thomissar, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Portugal, Barbosa.

Another American Cardinal.

On the 22d of June the Holy Father informed the Cardinals assembled for the purpose of assisting at the audience about to be accorded the pilgrimage from Holland of his determination to raise to the honors of the Sacred College the illustrious Jesuit, Father Camillus Mazzella, Prefect of Studies and Professor of Theology in the German Hungarian College or Gregorian University.* The good news was whispered about, but only officially made known in the *Osservatore Romano.* The future Cardinal, one of the most learned theologians of the Society, of which he is an ornament, was born at Vitulano, on February 10, 1833, and was ordained priest, by special dispensation at the age of twenty-two. Two years later, September 4, 1857, he entered the Society of Jesus, where, after his novitiate for two years, he taught philosophy. He was sent to France by his superiors in 1860, and greatly distinguished himself in a public disputation, *de universa theologia,* at Lyons, with brilliant success. Recalled to Rome in 1866, he made the third year of probation in the House of Retreat at St. Eusebius, and in July, 1867, was sent by the General of the Society to the United States, and he taught theology in the Jesuit College of the Sacred Heart of Jesus at Woodstock, Maryland, where he was also Prefect General of Studies. In October, 1878, Leo XIII. summoned him to Rome to profess theology in the Gregorian University. In 1880 Father Klentgen's health failed, and he was constrained to resign the post of Prefect General of Studies in the University, and the office was entrusted to Father Mazzella, who, in obedience to the teachings of the Sovereign Pontiff, gave a new impulse to the higher Thomistic studies. He is a member of the Roman Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas, founded by his Holiness, and of the Theological College of Rome; a consultor of the sacred congregations of the holy office, and of studies; and a collaborator of numerous scientific reviews of France, of Rome, and of America, whilst his theological publications, which are of great merit, have reached many editions. His spiritual brethren mourn his elevation to the Sacred College, owing to the difficulty of worthily replacing him in his important charge. His office of Professor of Theology is for the present filled by Father Pio De Mandato.

The first Jesuit Cardinal was Francis Toledo, or Toletus, a Spaniard, Apostolic Preacher and Theologian of the Sacred Penitentiary under Pope St. Pius V., and created Cardinal under the generalate of St. Francis Borgia, by Pope Clement VIII., on September 17, 1593, with the priestly title of S. Maria in Transpontina. Since then many other learned men of the Order have been elevated to the purple. Father Mazzella is the first Jesuit raised to the Sacred College by the reigning Pope.

*Cardinal Mazzella is a citizen of the United States, he having taken out papers of citizenship in Baltimore while teaching at Woodstock College.

Death of Rt. Rev. Bishop Hendricken.

"O Lord, Thy will be Done."

WHEN we described in our MAGAZINE of June the grand Cathedral and this great work of his life, little did we think that we should so soon chronicle the death of its founder. But such is the fact.

His Death.

The Rt. Rev. Thos. Francis Hendricken, Bishop of Providence, R. I., died in that city on the morning of June 11, after a short illness of three weeks. He had long been a sufferer from catarrh and asthma. On Sunday, May 16, he visited the villages of Pawtuxet Valley, administering the Sacrament of Confirmation and preaching eight times during the day. He thus contracted a severe cold which was aggravated by a severe attack one week later. Since that date he experienced several critical moments, but all passed safely, and it was supposed that the beloved prelate was on the road to complete recovery up to Thursday, June 3, when the symptoms became very grave and he received the last Sacraments, feeling a premonition of approaching death. On the day of his death he was in the same condition as for several days previous, until about 4 o'clock P. M. At that moment alarming symptoms exhibited themselves. His attending physician, Dr. O'Leary, was called, and later in the evening, successively, Drs. Ely, Carr, King, Storer, of Newport, and Browning. It soon became plain that the parting hour was near, and accordingly the Holy Viaticum was administered to him again at 6 o'clock. When the hour arrived Fathers McDonough, Stang and Hughes, Architect Keely, several Sisters of

RT. REV. THOMAS F. HENDRICKEN.

Mercy, and the episcopal household were gathered about him. He died at 9.49 o'clock, while Father Stang was reading the last prayers for the dying. His only words were: "O Lord, Thy will be done."

His Life and Labors.

Bishop Hendricken was born on the 5th day of May, 1827, in the city of Kilkenny, Ireland. His father was John and his mother Anne (Maher) Hendricken. His descent was tinged with German blood, for the first of his father's family who is known in Ireland was a German officer, who belonged to the army of the Duke of Ormond, and took part in the famous battle of the Boyne. He was intended for the priesthood by his parents, and pursued studies preliminary thereto in the academies of Kilkenny. He entered St. Kyran's College at Kilkenny in 1844, and finished a course of rhetoric and mathematics there. In 1847 he won admission to a vacancy in the Royal College of Maynooth. Here he spent six years in philosophical and theological study, graduating in time to be ordained by Bishop O'Reilly, of the diocese of Hartford, Conn., who was then visiting in Ireland. Bishop O'Reilly was the second bishop of the Hartford Diocese, and, by special permission of the Holy See, resided in Providence. He invited the young priest to come to America. The invitation was accepted, and in 1854 he was installed as curate in the old stone Cathedral. He then spent a few months between Newport, St. Joseph's, Providence and Woonsocket. In 1854 he was settled as pastor in the parish of West Winsted, Conn., which comprises that village and the country for fifty miles around. In those days there were but few communicants of the Catholic Church in that region, and the revenues were small. Yet with the money at hand, in the space of sixteen months, he cleared the church of a heavy debt, and purchased and paid for lots in different villages, on every one of which a church was afterwards erected.

In 1855 he was removed to Waterbury and appointed pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, where he ministered for seventeen years. During his career in Waterbury he built the costly Gothic Church of the Immaculate Conception, a schoolhouse, and pastoral residence, purchased and laid out a beautiful cemetery, and founded a convent, where the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, from Montreal, still conduct a flourishing boarding and day school for young ladies. He bound himself up with the cause of education. Shortly after his arrival in Waterbury, seeing that his parishioners were poor and unable to employ a teacher, he opened a school and added the office of school-teacher to his other laborious duties. For many years he was a member of the Board of Education, and was employed on its most important committees. In 1868 he received from Pius IX. the degree of Doctor of Divinity. At that time the diocese of Hartford included the States of Connecticut and Rhode Island. In 1872 the diocese was divided and the diocese of Providence created. Dr. Hendricken was appointed by Pius IX. the first bishop of the diocese of Providence, and was consecrated to his holy duties April 28 of the same year. He visited Rome in 1873 and again in 1878 to pay his respects to the new Pope, Leo XIII. Since his consecration

the number of priests and parishes in the diocese has been doubled. Churches and chapels have been added, schools opened, the Jesuit Fathers instituted in Providence, the Precious Blood, the Sacred Heart, the French Nuns of Jesus and Mary in Fall River, and the educational establishments of Bay View and Elmhurst been formed. He also brought the Ursuline Nuns to teach the parish schools and academy at St. Mary's, Broadway. He has displayed untiring zeal and indomitable energy in promoting the spiritual and temporal concerns of the different churches over which he has been. During the twenty-four years of his ministry he has purchased and paid for estates valued at upwards of one million dollars. When he came to Providence as bishop a considerable debt was hanging upon the Cathedral parish. He liquidated this within a few months. There was also a need for a suitable residence for the bishop and clergy, and a building for that purpose was built at a cost of $40,000. Then a Cathedral worthy of religion, the diocese, the city and the growing Catholic population became a necessity, and the bishop undertook the erection of such an edifice, planning the work as the crowning effort of his priesthood.

The Funeral.

The remains of the beloved prelate, after lying in state until June 17, were laid at rest in the crypt under the altar of the new Cathedral. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul furnished a guard of honor all day Tuesday, and up to the hour of the funeral services. Archbishop Williams, of Boston, pontificated, and in addition to the entire clergy of the Providence Diocese, a large number of bishops and clergy from neighboring dioceses were present to pay the last tribute of respect to the devout and honored bishop who has gone to receive his reward. May he rest in peace!

The funeral took place on the 17th. The celebrant of the mass was most Rev. John J. Williams, Archbishop of Boston; High Priest, Very Rev. James Hughes, Vicar-General of Hartford Diocese; Deacons of Honor, Rev. C. H. Hughes, D.D., of St. Patrick's Church, Providence, and Rev. R. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Mary's, Providence; Deacon of the Mass, Rev. H. F. Kinnerney, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Pawtucket, R. I.; Subdeacon of the Mass, Rev. Thos. Briscoe, pastor of St. Ann's, Fall River, Mass.; Master of Ceremonies, Rev. Farrell O'Reilly, pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, East Providence, R. I.; Assistant Master of Ceremonies, Rev. William Stang, of the Cathedral, Providence; Thurifer, Rev. James C. Walsh, pastor of the Church of the Holy Name, Providence; Incense Bearer, Rev. George Mahony, pastor of St. Jean Baptiste, Central Falls, R. I.; Mitre Bearer Rev. James Clark, pastor St. John's, Slatersville, R. I.; Missal Bearer, Rev. Owen Kiernan, pastor Immaculate Conception, Fall River, Mass.; Candle Bearer, Rev. M. O'Hare, pastor St. Ann's, Cranston, R. I.; the Gremiale, Rev. Owen Clark, St. Mary's, Fall River, Mass.; Servers of the Mass, Rev. Bernard McCahill, St. Mary's, Pawtucket, R. I., Rev. James Mahon, St. Mary's Taunton, Mass.; Acolytes, Rev. William Hines, East Greenwich, R. I., Rev. James L. Smith, Centreville, R. I., Rev. M. Fitzgerald, Central Falls, R. I., Rev. John O'Connell, East

Attleboro'. At the close of the Mass the Rt. Rev. P. T. O'Reilly, Bishop of Springfield, Mass., delivered an eloquent and impressive panegyric on the life and character of the deceased bishop. At the conclusion of the sermon the chanters, headed by the Rev. William Stang, cross-bearer, and Rev. M. O'Hare and Rev. M. Fitzgerald, with lighted candles, proceeded a short distance down the central aisle, and the Archbishop, attended by the deacons of honor and deacons of the Mass, to perform the burial service, which was very impressive. On the procession reaching the crypt, the Archbishop sang "Ego Sum Resurrectio et Vita," etc. The crypt was then blessed and incensed, while the casket was placed in the opening in the crypt prepared for it, and the final prayer, read by Archbishop Williams, committed the remains to their last abode. May he rest in peace! Amen. The music was excellently rendered by a mixed chorus, assisted by Reeves' Orchestra, all under the direction of Mr. J. G. Lennon of Boston. Delegates representing all the leading societies in the State as well as some in Massachusetts were present. Amongst the distinguished laymen present were Governor Wetmore, Hon. Samuel Clark, State Treasurer, Hon. Samuel H. Cross, State Auditor; Hon. Joshua M. Addeman, Secretary of State, Hon. George M. Carpenter, Judge of the U. S. District Court, and others.

A Thrilling Sea Story: Bishop Hendricken Nearly Killed for Administering the Sacrament to a Dying Woman.

A story of the late Bishop Hendricken has been revealed through a brief sentence uttered by Bishop O'Reilly at the funeral service, who incidently mentioned that he had heard that Bishop Hendricken was once nearly made a marytr at sea for persisting in performing a Christian act, and that there lived a man in Providence, not a Catholic, who was instrumental in saving the bishop from being foully murdered. The statement occasioned considerable surprise, for although Bishop Hendricken had ruled the See for fourteen years and been a priest of the diocese as many more, his people had never heard of such an incident. The gentleman referred to was Rev. Samuel Davies, a Protestant clergyman and superintendent of the Providence Workingman's Home. Mr. Davies said:

"It is true I am the person meant, but the bishop and I never referred to the affair in public, he being very sensitive about his own good deeds. I have for thirty years regarded him as my ideal of a hero, and the way I came to be the means of saving him from martyrdom is this: On May 25, 1852, I embarked on board the Black Ball Line ship Columbia from Liverpool. Among the cabin passengers were two young priests just from Maynooth — Father Hendricken, who subsequently became bishop of Providence and Rhode Island, and Father Walsh, who afterwards became vicar-general of the Hartford diocese. There were seven hundred emigrants aboard,

Penned up like Pigs in the Steerage,

and I was requested to take the spiritual charge of the Protestants, mostly from South Germany. The Catholics numbered about five hundred, Irish and German. The captain of the vessel and all his officers and crew were members of the Know-Nothing party, the captain being a notorious leader and president of a lodge of Know-Nothings in Maine. His hostility to Catholicism was so bitter that he would not ship a man or officer who was

not in sympathy with the Know-Nothing movement. He manifested this hostility immediately he got out to sea by declining to allow any Catholic services aboard. He was also rude and uncivil to the two priests at table.

"We had been thirteen days out when word was brought me that a woman was dying and needed spiritual comfort. I found it was a priest she wanted, and having formed a friendship with the two young priests I acquainted Father Hendricken of the woman's need. The young man hurried into his cabin, donned his vestments, and was passing out with the Eucharist in his hand when he was confronted by the captain, who damned him for a Papist and seized him by the throat, declaring that aboard his ship people would have to die without the d—d Catholic mummery. Drawing a pistol he threatened to shoot if a step was taken towards the spot where the poor woman lay dying. Clasping his crucifix young Hendricken replied that he must go to the relief of that departing soul, even though his life be sacrificed. Livid with rage, the captain would have felled him to the earth but for the other priest and myself. We got the young priest away and persuaded him to refrain from open defiance of the captain until supper time, when he could slip down, while we would endeavor to engage the captain in conversation at table. The ruse succeeded and while the captain, with coarse gibes and ribald jokes was declaring that no Catholic rite should ever be administered aboard his boat, Father Hendricken was at the dying woman's side hearing her confession and administering to her the sacrament. She died while he was repeating the final prayer.

"Just before supper was over a sailor burst into the room and informed the captain that that, 'd—d priest had got down and was fixing that Irish woman.' Snatching up a pistol, the captain sprang from the table, followed by the mate and purser, bent on destroying Father Hendricken. We ran out after them, and were in time to see the captain strike the priest a fearful blow as he came up the hatchway, hurling him down, where he lay stunned and bleeding. 'Drag the cuss up here,' commanded the captain, and his sailors, seizing the prostrate priest by the feet, dragged him up and flung him, moaning, on the deck. We tried to interpose, but were driven back by the crew, all of whom were ripe for any order from the captain. 'The d—d Papist shall Never See New York Alive,"

exclaimed he, and he led off by planting a fearful kick on Father Hendricken's head. The blood gushed from a ghastly wound, dyeing the white vestments crimson. The crew followed suit, each one stepping forward and delivering his heavy booted foot on the face or body of the now insensible clergyman.

"I rushed down below and acquainted the German Catholics of the tragedy being enacted on deck. Fifty veteran soldiers followed me, and we reached the scene in time to hear the captain tell the crew to throw the d—d carcase overboard. The men were in the act of pushing the inanimate body over the side when the Germans fell upon them, felling them right and left, and wrestling the body from them. 'Mutiny, by God!' exclaimed the captain; but I bade him beware: that these Germans were but preventing the murder of a priest, and that, if goaded to desperation by his wickedness, summary vengeance might be resorted to and none be left to tell the tale. At this moment a great commotion was heard in the quarter where the Irish emigrants were penned up. The captain's deed had been made known to them and they were furious and frantic to get out to save or avenge him. Father Walsh went down and implored them in the name of God and all the saints to be calm and restrain their fury, and but for his influence they would have forced the hatches and the decks of the good ship Columbia would have been deluged in blood.

"Taking in the situation, the captain sullenly ordered Father Hendricken to be ironed and locked up, but this the Germans would not allow. They carried him to their own quarters and nursed him back to life. When he was removed to his own cabin they fed him from their own scant provisions, fearing poison, and night and day until the ship reached New York, three emigrants stood sentinels at his cabin door to protect him from secret violence.

"The captain refused to allow a burial service over the dead woman, or to let the body be sewed up in a hammock. He ordered it to be dragged up, and in the presence of the bereaved husband and children he had the still warm body tossed into the sea. Three years later he was murdered by one of his own crew, and found the watery grave that he wished to give Bishop Hendricken."

Demands of the Knights of Labor.

THE delegates of the Knights of Labor in Convention at Cleveland have resolved to increase the Executive Board by the addition of six members. They are elected by the ballot of the Convention, and will serve until the annual Convention next October, when the regular election will occur. The general master workman has been authorized to revoke all outstanding commissions of organizers. In the future, much greater care will be taken in the appointment of organizers, and each candidate will have to demonstrate his competency by passing a civil service examination. The Executive Board was authorized to open a permanent head-quarters in Philadelphia. They have adopted a resolution asking Congress to pass a bill, making election day a National holiday. They adopted the report of the Committee on Legislation, from which these passages are taken: "As preparing the way for the adoption of a better system, we demand measures which shall restore to the people certain rights and privileges hereinafter named: 1. We demand the creation of a system that shall make future generations more than mere tenants at will, so long as there is land idle that is needed by American citizens to live and work upon. 2. We demand the reservation of the public lands for actual settlers only, and that all lands owned by individuals and corporations in excess of one hundred and sixty acres, not under cultivation, shall be taxed to the full value of cultivated lands of like character. 3. We demand the immediate forfeiture of all lands now under grant to corporations or individuals, the conditions of which have not been complied with. 4. We demand that all lands now held by individuals or corporations upon which patents have not been issued and which are not forfeitable, shall be patented without delay, and taxed to the full value of lands of like character under civilization. 5. We demand the immediate removal of all fences upon the public domain without authority of law, and that equal protection be secured to all citizens of the United States in the use of public lands for free commonage. 6. We demand that on and after A. D. 1890, the government shall obtain possession by purchase, at an appraised valuation, of all lands legally held by non-resident aliens; and from and after A. D. 1886, aliens shall be prohibited from acquiring title to or owning lands within the United States of America, and that all deeds by citizens of the United States to aliens, after said last mentioned date, shall be null and void, and land so deeded shall revert to the Government. 7. We demand the abolition of all property qualifications for voting similar to those now existing in the State of Rhode Island, and the establishment of a graduated income tax. 8. We believe that the Labor Bureau is one of the most valuable means for the dissemination of needed information, and we demand for it the full appropriation asked for, that its efficiency be not impaired." They have decided that the executive board must approve all future strikes and boycott and except in certain grievous cases where immediate action is necessary, a strike or boycott will not be allowed without their approval.

The Pope Weeding His Garden.

THE English and American papers have quite recently given wide publication to the perversion of one Mgr. Renier from the Catholic Church to the "National Italian Church." The history of that worthy now comes to us by our foreign mails. Mgr. Renier, who was a Quirinal (not a Vatican) favorite, is a convict who received six months' imprisonment from the Correctional Tribunal of Rome, for extorting money by fraud, in which affair he had as accomplices a man and a *woman*. The reports went on to say, that another distinguished prelate of the Papal Court, a man who had been employed in important diplomatic missions by the Holy See, and a "descendant of a former doge of Venice," by name Mgr. Renier — had left the Catholic Church, and, possibly, joined the "National Italian Church." The *Matin* of Paris has just revealed the history of this *distinguished* convert. It is quite true that he has been all that is mentioned above — a scion of a ducal family of Venice (Antonio Renier became doge in 1383), a prelate, employed by Cardinal Antonelli in important missions. But there are several other details of his more recent life which have been passed over in silence by our press. Having been since the occupation of Rome a great favorite at the Quirinal, and custodian of the tomb of Victor Emanuel, he suddenly disappeared from view not very long ago. Notwithstanding all the efforts made to suppress the motives of his disappearance, the press discovered and divulged them. Mgr. Renier was implicated, together with two accomplices, a man and a woman — *cherchez la femme* — in a serious affair of extorting money by fraud. All three were found guilty, and condemned by the Correctional Tribunal of Rome to six months' imprisonment. Such is the new "convert." *Apropos* to this incident, the *Matin* gives some account of the efforts of the Protestant sects in Rome. It states that already more than seventy Protestant chapels, many very fine, are to be seen in the streets of Rome, and generally in places where they may most readily catch the eye of the passer-by. Thus the "Evangelical Italian Church" is situated at the entrance of the Leonine city, just opposite the bridge of Sant' Angelo; a vast Methodist church faces the palace of the Vicariate, in Via Della Scrofa; and the richly decorated church of the new sect, the "Italian" or "National Catholics," is in the Via Nazionale, the finest street of new Rome, and opposite the New National Theatre. The Pontiff of this new sect, *à la* M. Loyson, is the ex-Mgr. Savarese, who still goes about in the brilliant costume of a Roman prelate, notwithstanding his public excommunication. Yet, with all the churches built, the vast sums of money expended (mostly of English or American origin), and the warm patronage of the Anglican Church, the efforts of Protestantism are sterile enough. A good many of the poor take the money and the Bibles, and their "conversion" ends there.

The New England Irish in the War.

GENERAL DONOHOE AND THE GRANITE STATE TENTH—ANOTHER CHAPTER ABOUT THE UNION SOLDIERS OF OUR RACE.

"What tho' no sculptured shaft
Immortalize each brave?
What tho' no monument epitaphed
Be built above each grave?"

Ay, and even when the monuments are crumbled and "marble wears away," yet still the stories in cold print will guard our soldiers' clay and shall at least fulfil their trust. The poetical quotation that heads our chapter comes from a southern origin, but its application is more than appropriate to tens of thousands of the men of the Union army who opposed the gallant Confederates to whose memory the late Fr. Abram J. Ryan, a chaplain of a Virginia regiment, composed the verse in his "Sentinel Songs." It is to commemorate the valor and American patriotism of Irish soldiers in the war for the Union that these sketches of regiments, chiefly composed of our race, are being published in Donahoe's Magazine. The State of New Hampshire was not slow to perceive that other commonwealths had been successful in organizing superior regiments of sons of the Gael, and, therefore, when President Lincoln called, in July, 1862, for an additional three hundred thousand men, the authorities of the old Granite State proceeded readily and with that view to organize the Tenth Regiment, its officers and men to be Irish-Americans chiefly. A young officer, a captain in the Third Regiment of Infantry and only in his twenty-fourth year, but who, in various forms of duty and engagements in battle in contending against secession in South Carolina, had shown his strength of character, ability to command, and valor in leading under the severest fire, was selected from among all as the most eligible for the colonelcy of the Tenth. Of that officer we have the pleasure of presenting to the readers of the Magazine, a most faithful likeness taken from a picture for which he gave a sitting some time after his return from the field, whereon he had earned the star of the general.

He went out to the war with the Third N. H. Regiment, as captain of Co. C, the service rendered being while young Donohoe was attached to it at Wilton Head and other points in the Palmetto State—Old South Carolina. During the year or more that he was connected with the Third, his superiors always found in him a most reliable officer for any emergency. He received from his colonel (Jackson) conspicuous mention for his conduct in the battle of Secessionville, not far from Charleston, and in which, out of about six hundred engaged, the Third lost one hundred and four in killed and wounded. Whether it was for days or weeks to be away in command on detached service, or to go forward directing the advance line of skirmishers, or lead his company

in battle charge, Captain Donohoe knew his duty and performed it with tact, skill and courage. This pointed him out as the most fitting commander for the then contemplated Irish-American Regiment of the Granite State.

The President of the United States commissioned him brigadier-general of volunteers by brevet.

As his remaining military history is so closely intertwined with that of the Tenth, we pause for the present to give a slight personal outline of the young chieftain before he strapped a sword to his hip, together with a few lines concerning him since he reassumed the duties of the citizen. The general's father was Owen M. Donohoe, who died in Lowell, Mass., September 3, 1852, leaving a widow and five children, of whom the subject of this sketch was at the time the oldest. Mr. Donohoe, senior, came from County Cavan, Ireland, in 1829, a young man, eighteen years of age, and located in Lowell, Mass., in 1831. He married Mary Cassidy, in 1835, in that town, where their second son, Michael Thomas, was born November 22, 1838. The elder boy did not reach maturity before he died. Young Michael was in part educated at the schools of his native city, and took courses subsequently at the College of Holy Cross, Worcester. He was engaged in business at Manchester, N. H., when the secession ordinances were passed in the Southern States, and being popular and very much respected by his fellow-citizens, and chiefly among the Catholics of that city, he very readily recruited Company "C" for the Third Regiment.

GEN. M. T. DONOHOE.

One of the romantic episodes of General Donohoe's career, which connects his civic with his military life, occurred in his marriage. He was ordered home from South Carolina to look after the interests of his new and enlarged command, and reached Manchester August 6, 1862. But the dangers and hardships of dread war had not dampened in the meantime the ardor of the flame which Cupid kindled before the tocsin of rebellion had shrieked through the land. Occasional visits to Lowell, which the young commander made when his arduous duties as regimental organizer admitted of them, it was suspected, had more than a filial motive. But soon his regiment was to be taken to where it was to receive hard knocks, and, as Hotspur puts it, "bloody noses and cracked crowns" and unnamed graves. However, the cause of those frequent trips to Lowell all came out on the announcement of his marriage.

But his days of home wedded bliss were brief, for all too soon indeed under the circumstances, the gallant young colonel bridegroom received peremptory orders from the War Department to take transportation and proceed to the battlefield — General Lee having at that time invaded Maryland and threatened the capture of the national Capital. This shock to the young bride was in a measure prepared for through her spirit of patriotism. While her eyes were suffused with tears, and her heart throbbed with the emotions natural to such an uncommon occasion of parting, her soul was true to the instincts of her grand old race. At such a time we can well imagine her sentiment, to be with the words of Erin's glorious bard:

"Go where glory waits thee;
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me."

General Donohoe married Miss Elizabeth E., second daughter of John and Isabella McAnulty, who were of the earliest Irish people that made Lowell their home. Eight children have blessed this marriage, of whom five are living. For several years past General Donohoe has resided in our adjoining city of Somerville. It is said, however, that he contemplates making Boston his home in a short time. On his return from the war, after all attempts at secession were crushed, he and the Tenth Regiment were mustered out June 21, 1865, when he received an important appointment under the corporation of the Concord and Boston and Lowell Railroad, which he retained until 1879. He then became connected with the Lake Shore Railroad route, taking charge of its passenger department at Boston. He is now the New England passenger agent of the Cleveland, Columbus and Indianapolis Railway Company, or "Bee Line."

The General received the nomination for Secretary of State at the Massachusetts Democratic Conventions in 1879 and '80. In the National House of Representatives five or six years ago his name was reported for the very honorable position of a member of the Board of Managers of the National Soldiers' Home, but he felt obliged to decline the honor on account of his railroad business.

With this brief biographical sketch of General Donohoe let us follow his fine regiment's path to honor and fame after bidding farewell to kindred and friends at Manchester, N. H., September 21, 1862. While it was hurrying up to the country's pressing call, momentous and thrilling events were transpiring within cannon shot sound of the gates of Washington. Lee and Jackson were moving toward it. Disaster after disaster befell us under Pope until great McClellan was again begged by Lincoln and the trembling authorities at Washington to resume command of the Army of the Potomac.

The Tenth Regiment left camp at Manchester on the 22d of September, 1862, and after a journey interspersed with pleasurable incidents, and some painful accidents, arrived at Washington on the 25th. Between Philadelphia and Baltimore one of the cars ran off the track and Private John Cole, of Company K, was thrown from the train and killed. Between Baltimore and Washington the train on which

the Tenth was embarked collided with another train from Washington, crushing several of the cars and injuring a number of the men — some fatally.

On the 30th of September, the regiment proceeded to Frederick City, Md., where it remained until the 4th of October, when it moved to Sandy Hook, opposite Harper's Ferry, and went into camp on Maryland Heights. Two days afterwards the regiment moved over the mountains into Pleasant Valley and was incorporated into the Army of the Potomac. It was assigned to the First Brigade, Third Division, Ninth Corps, the other regiments in the Brigade being the Ninth New York, Eighty-ninth, and Hundred and Third New York.

On the 15th of October, the march was again resumed, and while a part of the Ninth Corps was crossing the north fork of the Rappahannock the Rebel General Early made an attempt to cut off one of the wagon trains, when a short artillery engagment ensued, during which the Tenth was placed in support of one of the batteries. This was its first experience under fire. The Tenth participated in the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg. At daylight on the morning of the 13th of December, Colonel Donohoe was ordered across the Rappahannock to take his regiment to the front, where it relieved Hawkins' Zouaves, then on picket. Five companies were thrown forward as skirmishers under cover of a dense fog, which concealed their movements. At about eight o'clock this cleared away before the rising sun, and revealed the close proximity of the men of the two contending armies. The Rebels opened with a hot musketry fire, to which the Tenth promptly replied. This opened the ball between the infantry on that part of the line. The remaining five companies were brought up as a support and the line was ordered forward. The Rebel skirmishers withdrew and the Tenth occupied the railroad. About this time the main attacking column issued from the city and advanced to the assault of Marye's Heights, when commenced a most terrific battle, the details of which have been given in the MAGAZINE in connection with other regiments. The Tenth entered with spirit upon its first battle and first charge. Moving in quick time until they began to draw the fire of the enemy's batteries, they then sprang forward at a double quick, cheering as they went. They struggled over fences, through a deep ditch, and coming upon the solid ground beyond, were met by the fierce discharge of thousands of rifles, and the bullets whistled over their heads and through their ranks, while the batteries increased their fire of grape and canister. On they went until in the gathering darkness the rebel muskets seemed to flash in their very faces. The victory, however, remained with the Confederates, and like the valor of other Irish regiments in this disastrous battle the sacrifices were in vain.

On the 14th of March the Tenth sailed for Norfolk, and from there proceeded by rail to Suffolk, to reinforce the troops there who were threatened with an attack from the enemy. On the 16th of April the Tenth, with three companies of the Thirteenth New Hampshire and a section of the Second Wisconsin Battery, the whole force commanded by Colonel Donohoe, proceeded down the river to Fort Connecticut. At night, Colonel Donohoe, with a hundred and fifty

men, made a reconnoissance across the river, which developed the enemy in heavy force. On the 19th, all the companies not engaged on other duty, commanded by Captain George W. Towle, marched to Councils Landing, on the Nansemond River, and joined an expedition under Colonel Ward, of the Eighth Connecticut. The force crossed the river and captured a battery of light guns, two brass howitzers, and about two hundred prisoners. The next morning, a portion of the Tenth advanced and dislodged some Rebel sharpshooters from a cluster of buildings, burned the houses and captured prisoners.

The siege of Suffolk continued about four weeks, and was a period of extremely hard work to the troops engaged, and when it was raised, the entire army at that place was nearly worn out by the severity of its labors. On the 7th of July, Colonel Donohoe, who had been in command of the brigade for some weeks, was relieved by the return of Colonel Dutton, of the Twenty-first Connecticut, the ranking colonel. Colonel D. got leave of absence on account of broken health, but his stay from the command was brief.

In a few days the Tenth left for Portsmouth, Va., via Hampton, where their tents were still standing. A short time afterwards, they were in command of General John G. Foster, a Catholic graduate of West Point, and in September their district commander was General Nagle, who gave them much credit for proficiency in drill and good form. Three hundred and thirty-five recruits came to the Tenth in the latter part of September, and on the 4th of October. Routine duty occupied the winter at Julian's Creek and Great Bridge, and on the 19th of April, they sailed for Yorktown, and were placed under command of General Benjamin F. Butler.

When the Army of the Potomac was making its way through the Wilderness, after having crossed the Rapidan, General Butler's army was moving up the James for Bermuda Hundred, near where the Tenth saw some more efficient work, and where many valuable officers and men were lost. In the several engagements connected with this strategetic attempt, Lieutenant-Colonel John Coughlin displayed marked ability as an able and brave regimental leader. To join Grant, the Tenth recrossed with its corps over the James River, and was engaged in the sanguinary and useless battle of Cold Harbor, June 3d and 4th. To show its character, it is only necssary to mention that in only five minutes ninety of the Tenth had fallen. A correspondent, writing of it, said: "Troops never stood under a more hellish fire than was poured upon the Tenth New Hampshire on this day. Falling trees mangled alike the bodies of dead and wounded. . . . Whole platoons were swept away by the fire of grape and canister, while dead bodies were used as breastworks. . . . Imagination stands appalled in the endeavor to paint the horrors of that day."

About the 12th of June it was again on the move for what was afterwards the siege of Petersburg. A gallant charge on the 16th by three companies on a ravine near some captured works, resulted in capturing more rebels than the companies numbered, but the heroic captain, James Madden, Company K, Manchester, was shot dead through the heart while in command of the Tenth's detachment. In

September Lieutenant-Colonel Coughlin became commander of a Maryland veteran regiment, and subsequently was provost-marshal of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina.

The Army of the James, towards the close of September, was again moving forward to the attack, and Colonel Donohoe had a horse shot under him while in command of the skirmish line, and later was wounded, and General Burnham, commanding the brigade, was killed after the gallant capture of Fort Harrison, at the place called Chapin's Farm.

In subsequent fighting at this point, the regiment lost its corps and division commanders, the former being General E. O. C. Ord, a Catholic West Point officer, who was wounded. Captain Caswell, who was in command of the regiment after Colonel Donohoe was wounded, was killed. He was a brave and noble officer. The entire loss of the regiment was thirty-four killed and wounded, out of less than two hundred taken into one of the siege of Petersburg encounters with the Rebels. Speaking of one of the manœuvres of a Federal brigade with which the Tenth was part in front of Richmond, a writer of the time says of its critical position as follows, in an attack near Fair Oaks: "It reached a position where to retreat or advance were alike impossible. Far from supports, and few to continue the assault, they were forced to lie down within a few yards of the enemy's works, and wait for darkness to cover their escape. The Rebels, however, captured nearly the whole brigade before night came. Only two out of ten officers of the Tenth escaped, and seventy-four men were killed, wounded, or captured. To prevent the colors from falling into the hands of the enemy they were taken from the staffs. The State flag was destroyed, and the Stars and Stripes were wrapped around the body of Sergeant John H. Durgin, who was afterwards taken prisoner and died at Salisbury, but the flag was never heard from. Lieutenant Henry H. Emerson was killed, Captains John C. Keenan and M. F. Corcoran were captured, and Captains Crowley and Doyle and Lieutenants Larkin, Mitchell and Tucker were wounded. Nearly all the men who were captured died in the Rebel prison at Salisbury.

General D. was brevetted brigadier-general, and when the term of service expired he returned in command of three New Hampshire regiments. The 10th was mustered out at Manchester, June 21, 1865.

The State Historian says:

"The regiment was largely composed of foreigners, who leave a record highly creditable for patriotism, bravery and good conduct; those who survive are entitled to the gratitude of the State and nation; and its dead upon many hard fought fields, in Rebel prisons and in hospitals, are entitled to an honorable record in the history of the great Rebellion."

STUDENT.

THE PARNELL Festival in Boston, on the evening of the 17th of June was a great success. Gov. Robinson of Massachusetts, presided. Gov. Hill of New York, and several other distinguished gentlemen addressed the meeting.

Imposing Ceremonies in Baltimore.

THE RED HAT PLACED UPON THE BROW OF CARDINAL GIBBONS.

On the 30th of June, Baltimore became the cardinal city of the United States, and Archbishop Gibbons was invested with the scarlet beretta, with all the magnificent ceremonial of the Roman liturgy, and the splendid pomp befitting his exalted rank as a prince of the Holy Catholic Church. Twenty-five years ago, June 30, 1861, James Gibbons was ordained a priest in the chapel of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, by Archbishop Kenrick, and on this, his silver jubilee, he received from the hands of the venerable archbishop of St. Louis, the insignia of his high dignity. The ceremony took place in the noble old cathedral, in which as apostolic delegate, he so recently directed the deliberations of the Plenary Council, the most notable gathering of divines and theologians this country has ever seen, and in which have taken place many of the most impressing religious ceremonies that have occurred in the United States. The great services of Archbishop Gibbons at the council were rewarded, and the investiture of the beretta was the occasion of an ecclesiastical demonstration that is not likely to be again witnessed in many years. The priests and seminarians assembled at an early hour at St. Alphonso's hall and marched to the archiepiscopal residence, where they received the cardinal. The cortege then marched to the cathedral in the following order: A processional cross bearer, students of St. Charles College in cassock and surplice, seminarians from St. Mary's, regular clergy, secular clergy, monsignori, mitred abbots, bishops, archbishops, apostolic legate, with Fr. Lee as his assistant priest, Rev. Dr. Foley and Fr. Hennessy of St. Louis, his chaplain, the noble guard, with the secretary to ablegate on his left, the cardinal with the ablegate on his left, and, attended by his assistant priest, Mgr. Colgan and his deacons of honor, Very Rev. A. L. Magnien, and Rev. B. J. McManus, and the train bearers of the cardinal. The great cathedral presented a magnificent spectacle. The various prelates and priests were clad in their robes of white, blue, purple, gold and crimson, affording a gorgeous and beautiful display of rich and varied colors. Near the altar were Archbishops Kendrick, of St. Louis, Ryan of Philadelphia, Williams of Boston, Corrigan of New York, Lynch of Toronto, Leroy of St. Sulpice, Vicar-General Rooney of Canada, Bishops Hennessey of Dubuque, Becker of Savannah, Rogers of Chatham, N. B., Frs. O'Leary of Grand Falls, N. B., Murphy of Ohio, Bishop Conroy of New York, Frs. D. O'Callaghan and C. P. McGrath of Boston, Bishops Feehan of Chicago, O'Connor of Nebraska, O'Hara of Scranton, O'Reilly of Springfield, Mass., and Spalding of Peoria.

On arriving at the cathedral, the cardinal and his attendants were escorted to the throne, the archbishops and bishops being seated on each side of the altar. The beretta and documents from his Holiness

the Pope, had been previously placed on a table near the altar attended by the Noble Guard. After being seated on the throne, a Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Archbishop Williams of Boston, chosen for this purpose, it is understood, by the Holy Father himself, with whom he is known to be an especial favorite, which was followed by an eloquent address by Archbishop Ryan, who reviewed the life of the new cardinal and expressed the pleasure of the members of the Catholic Church in America at his elevation to the important and honorable position as the head of the church in the United States. The ablegate then presented the apostolic brief, which was read, followed by the reading of the ablegation. The ablegate then delivered an address to the cardinal, when the choir sang the hymn: "Let us pray for our Holy Father." The ablegate then presented the beretta to the apostolic legate, Count Mucciolio, who delivered it to Archbishop Kendrick. The latter then placed the scarlet beretta upon the head of Archbishop Gibbons, and announced him as "James, Cardinal Gibbons." The new cardinal then retired, and, divesting himself of the archiepiscopal purple, came forth again and ascended the throne, attired in the gorgeous scarlet robes of the cardinalate; upon taking his seat upon the throne, the sapphire ring was placed upon his finger. The prelates and clergy, secular and regular, then approached his eminence, and, kneeling, kissed his hand. The cardinal then delivered a short address in Latin to Archbishop Kendrick, and one in English to the congregation. A "Te Deum" was then sung by the choir, and the cardinal sung the prayer of thanksgiving and the prayer for his Holiness the Pope. The cardinal then arose upon the platform of the throne and pronounced the apostolic benediction, sent to him by Pope Leo XIII., upon the people present. The solemn ceremonies were thus concluded, and the cardinal was escorted to the archiepiscopal residence.

A banquet was given to the cardinal and the visiting bishops at St. Mary's Seminary in the evening, and a serenade subsequently at his residence by the Marine band of Washington. The decorations of the cathedral were of the highest order of arrangement and beauty. The crowds in the streets were very large and orderly, and the occasion will long be remembered by spectators and participants.

SAY not that to scatter books, pamphlets, tracts, and leaflets is waste and loss, if you have but a grain of faith in the Gospel parable of the sower. God Himself, with bountiful hand, is always sowing His grace over the world of men, and what is the history of His sowing? Is greater fruit to spring up under the hand of the servant than of the Master? But for every effort we make, there is an eternal reward.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

SEND DOWN THY ANGEL.

I.

SEND down Thy wingéd angel, God,
Amidst this night so wild,
And bid him come where now we watch,
And breathe upon our child.

II.

She lies upon her pillow, pale;
She moans within her sleep,
Or waketh with a patient smile,
And striveth *not* to weep.

III.

How gentle and how good a child
She is, we know too well,
And dearer to her parents' hearts
Than our weak words can tell.

IV.

We love — we watch throughout the night,
To aid, where need there be.
We hope, we have despaired at times,
But *now* we turn to Thee.

V.

Send down Thy sweet-souled angel, God,
Amid the darkness wild,
And bid him soothe our souls to-night,
And heal our gentle child.

BARRY CORNWALL.

LITTLE Charlie: "Papa will you buy me a drum?"—Fond father: "Ah, but my boy, you will disturb me very much, if I do."—Charley: "Oh, no, papa, I won't drum except when you're asleep."

NAN.

"TAKE that; and that; and that!"

The speaker was a woman, the person addressed was her young child, and the gifts were blows.

Mrs. Mortimer had at the moment no especial cause for dissatisfaction with the little girl; the case was simply that in returning from her day's work she had called at a public-house and refreshed herself generously, and the child was the only object at hand on which to vent her stupid drunken rage. Had Mrs. Gollop, who occupied the rooms below hers, but been at home, Mrs. Mortimer's feelings might have found relief in a few vigorous compliments and wishes of singular intent; but Mrs. Gollop's door was fast shut and locked, so the virago could only ascend to her own domain as straight and as quickly as her unsteady feet would take her. There she found her poor little neglected child, whom she used as narrated.

Her blind passion and cruelty for the time satisfied, the tipsy wretch reached a loaf of bread and some butter from a cupboard, then a cup and a battered teapot, out of which she poured herself some cold tea. The room was without furniture, save for the old table with the food upon it and two chairs, both broken. One had been damaged on an occasion when Mrs. Mortimer's method of discharging her maternal duties had been unwarrantably interfered with by a neighbor tramping upstairs and informing her that it was "a sin and a shame the way she treated that there child o' hern;" to which Mrs. Mortimer replied by flinging the nearest chair at Mrs. Reynolds. As a missile of war the chair proved to be unsatisfactory: for it missed the enemy, and came itself out of the action sadly maimed in the legs. The other lost its back one night that Mrs. Mortimer's vision being obscured she fell over the chair, thereby completely breaking its back and very nearly her own neck. This chair, however, was still servicable as a seat; and Mrs. Mortimer now pulled it forward to the table and commenced her meal. Spreading the dirty, greasy butter upon the bread, she cut off great hunches, which she pushed into her mouth with both hands. Sitting there lounging over the table, with foul skin and unkempt hair, devouring her food in this unsightly fashion, she looked hardly human; yet this woman, a few years before, had been a nurse in a gentleman's family, trusted and trustworthy. In the meanwhile she had "taken to drink:" that suffices as an explanation of the change.

The wretched creature's dull and vacant eyes presently fell upon her child, who was sobbing softly, crouched on the floor in a corner whither she had retired after she had been struck.

"Come here!"

The little girl's only response was to cower more closely to the wall.

"Come here!" bawled the mother again, in louder, more commanding tones; and the poor child, daring no longer to disobey, crept shrinking and trembling to her side. "There! hold your noise now

will you?" cried the wretch, and raising that great terrible right hand of hers, she brought it down in a shower of blows upon the child's head and shoulders.

The poor little victim's cry of agony seemed only to add excitement and vindictiveness to the miserable mother's rage; but at last the child broke from her fierce clutch, and escaped from the room. She made an attempt to rush over the stairs and out into the streets; perhaps there to wander half the night. Before, though, she could descend the second flight of the rickety old stairs, a new sensation seized her; her head felt queer and swimming; she thought she was going to fall; and, clasping one of the rails, she sank down to wait until this strange weakness should pass.

There half-an-hour later she was found by a little boy who lived in another house of the squalid court. "Nan!" cried the new comer, joyfully; for he had nearly gone by without perceiving her. The few beams of light that struggled through that foul and dusty atmosphere from the gas-lamp at the door, scarcely showed the small figure crouched against the stair-rail, and he was seeking Nan to give her some news. "Nan, are ye there?"

"Yes: I'm very bad, Teddy."

"What's the matter?" asked Teddy, seating himself by Nan, for the two little neglected outcasts were great friends and companions.

"My head's hurted, and I'm very sick."

"Has she been beating you?" whispered Teddy, well aware of the domestic troubles of his friend.

"Yes, hard."

"I wish I were a man," said Ted, for a great and brave heart beat beneath his rags, and a large spirit dwelt in that narrow little pinched chest of his. "I'd gi'e it to her, and I'd take ye away, Nan."

After these assurances on his part there was silence for a few moments, and then Ted leaned over to make a suggestion.

"The church is lit up, Nan; won't ye come?"

"I can't, Teddy; I'm too bad."

"Oh, come on! I came to fetch yer."

"I'd like it; but I'm afeard I can't walk."

"Oh, yer can, if yer tries; it's yer head's hurted, and yer head ain't yer legs," said Ted, unsympathetic and very wishful for her company.

"Well, I'll try," said the child, and she struggled to her feet.

"There! yer all right! I told yer so," commented Ted, as the little girl succeeded in slowly descending the steps.

The next moment, however, the full light of the gas-lamp in the court fell upon Nan; and then, even poor ignorant Ted, used to rough sights and rough blows, stared at her in amazement. The poor little girl was truly a sorry sight: the tangle of light hair, that, all uncombed and uncared-for, fell over her shoulders, was stained and wet with blood; above the blue eyes was a swelling bruise, which extended down the pale and childish cheek to her wounded, bleeding mouth.

"My word! ain't she made a mess on ye this time!" exclaimed Teddy.

It was only a short distance to the church, and the children had

often made the journey, enjoying the walk, and stopping before the lighted shop-windows to gaze and admire. There was one particular shop, in which a large collection of popular prints was exhibited, that had great attractions for them: then again it was an accepted portion of the evening's programme to pause before an eating-house they passed on their way, and decide what they would have for their suppers, were they the possessors of such fabulous wealth as to entitle them to enter and make purchases. But on this night they lingered at none of these places, they now waited only for Nan to get breath and strength to continue her way. At times she almost failed; but by Ted's help and encouragement the church was at last reached, and Nan made her final effort in toiling up the flight of steps to the great doors.

They had no difficulty in gaining an entrance. Ragged and forlorn and wretched particles of humanity, big or little, are no novelty within the walls of a Catholic church; and these two children were quite familiar objects in that particular sanctuary. Some months before a kindly doorkeeper had found the pair lingering and peeping in, and he had put them into an humble corner at the back of the seats. Since that night they had come again and again, always occupying the same place. What brought them? It were hard to say. For one thing that church was the sole representation to them of peace and beauty; but it was not the lights nor the flowers, nor the music, nor anything that appealed to their senses that drew them: they perceived more, and by their seriousness and reverence these children, despite their ignorance, assisted at a solemn act of worship.

The organ was pealing in grand, slow tones; the altar blazed with the soft light of innumerable candles; and the smoke of the incense offered to the Most Holy was slowly rising, and filling like a cloud the lofty arches. "Oh! Nan, we're just in time," exclaimed Ted, enthusiastically, and a wan little smile passed over even Nan's poor bruised features as they settled themselves in their places while the *Nobis donet in patria* died away.

And now the beautiful rite was over, the choir was silent, priests and servers left the sanctuary, the people thronged forth, and the vergers hastened to close the church.

"Come, youngsters; we want to lock the doors," said their friend, the doorkeeper, coming up to the children, who had not stirred from their nook; "gone to sleep, eh?"

"It's Nan, sir," answered Teddy; "she gone to sleep or somethink. She won't mind me."

"Now, little one; you can't stop in the church all night," said the man, laying his hand, but gently enough, on the child's shoulder.

As the little figure yielded to his light push and he saw the child's face, something seemed to strike him uneasily, and he bent over her to take a closer scrutiny. Then he beckoned to one of his assistants, who was setting his benches in order at a few paces' distance.

"I say, I don't like the looks of her," said the verger in an anxious tone, as soon as the other had reached his side.

"Nor I," answered the new comer, after in his turn scanning the little girl; "she's in a fit—or something. I saw Dr. Ward just now talking to Father Bennet in the passage."

"See if he's in the house still," broke in the other. "Bring him here quick."

In less than half a minute the man was back with the doctor. Without losing time by the putting of useless questions the physician stooped and examined the child.

He was very patient over his task. He laid his hand upon the poor little heart, which had so often beaten wildly with fear; he tried if there were any remnant of breath to flutter forth from the wounded, swollen lips; then he raised the blood-stained locks of hair from the cruel bruise on the child's forehead; and lastly, pressing back the lids, he gazed curiously at the blue eyes. A priest, who had followed him into the church, stood by and looked on with pitying face; little Ted, childlike, asserted no possessorship in his companion, but let his elders do what they would, only watching their movements narrowly, his anxious, frightened eyes travelling swiftly from one face to another.

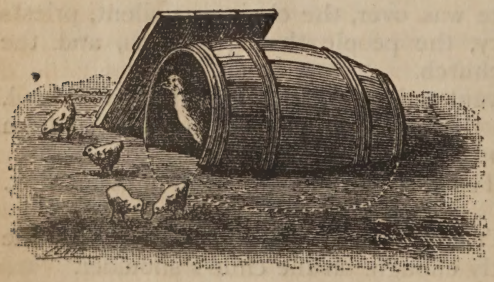
A moment later the good doctor smoothed the hair down over the quiet brow, and, laying the poor little hand down gently on her breast, he pulled the ragged frock more closely about the child's throat; then he stood erect. There was nothing to be done.

"And she has just breathed her last, too," added he.

It was so. Upon the kneeling multitude that night our Lord's benediction had fallen softly and fruitfully; but little Nan He had blessed as of old He once blessed the children of Jerusalem, for He had taken her into His own merciful arms.

AN IMPROMPTU HEN COOP.

THE demand for coops for setting hens, or for mothers with young broods of chickens is often unexpected, and frequently this demand exceeds the supply. One of the easiest ways to meet this want is tc follow the suggestion of the accompanying cut, and make use of old flour barrels and apple barrels, which are now long since relieved of their winter contents. The barrel should be partly buried in the ground, the excavated earth being thrown back into bottom of same, and comfortable and sheltered retreat is thus provided. In case the coop is to be the home of a young family of chickens, it is only necessary to add to the barrel a few slats at the opening. If a few nests of this kind are scattered about the yard, they will be found very attractive to setting hens, who may be supplied with eggs when it is found that they are earnest in their intentions. It is not proposed that this species of nest shall take the place of the old-fashioned coop, but it will be found to be a desirable resource in case of emergency.



LOVE AND KINDNESS FOR ANIMALS.

Do not sport with pain or distress in any of your diversions, nor treat the most worthless insect with wanton cruelty. Habits of tenderness toward the meanest of animals beget habits of kindness and charity toward our fellow-creatures. The saints teach us many lessons of kindness to animals.

In a walk through Rome we saw a friar, in the brown robe of a Franciscan, seated at the open window of a convent, with a little bird perched on his finger. Observing our attention was attracted by his favorite, the good father placed some seeds on his lips, which the bird fearlessly pecked. It seemed a picture of St. Francis of Assisi, six hundred years old, and recalled many legends of the tenderness of that wonderful man for the animal creation.

St. Francis had the power of that "perfect love which casteth out fear" over the furry and feathery inhabitants of woods and fields, and he called them his brothers and sisters. According to tradition, they understood his language, and on one occasion, when a large number of swallows disturbed his congregation on the hillside by their twittering, he said, "My sisters it is now time for me to speak; you have had your say; now be silent until the sermon is ended." It is needless to add he was obeyed.

Father Formby, in his Church History Stories, tells another beautiful legend of this great Saint: "Once St. Francis and two of his brothers were travelling, when he observed on one side of the road an immense number of birds on some trees at a little distance. Considering them for awhile in astonishment, he said to his companion, 'Do you wait a little for me here, while I go and preach to my little sisters, the birds.' He then spoke to them as follows: 'My little sisters, the birds, you are greatly indebted to God your Creator, and always and in every place ought you to praise Him; for He has given you the power to fly to whatever place you wish, and He has furnished you with garments double and threefold, preserving you in the ark that none of your kind might fail; and further, you are greatly obliged to Him for the air which He has given you for your domain. Moreover, besides this, you neither sow nor reap, and still God feeds you, and gives you the rivers and the fountains to drink from, and the mountains and the valleys for your dwellings, and the lofty trees in which to build your nests; and forasmuch as you are not able either to spin or to sew, God clothes you and your children, whence you may know that your Creator greatly loves you, seeing that He gives you so many good things; wherefore, my little sisters, the birds, carefully keep yourselves from the sin of ingratitude, and be always diligent in praising God.' As St. Francis spoke, all the birds began to open their beaks and stretch out their necks, expanding their wings and reverently inclining their heads. Then, when he had finished his sermon, he made the sign of the Cross over them and gave them leave to fly away. Upon this all the birds, big and little, rose up together into the air, and dividing into four com-

panies, flew off north, south, east and west. At another time a live leveret was brought to him with other provisions. The sight of the trembling creature touched him. 'Come to me, little brother leveret,' said he, 'why hast thou let thyself be taken?' The small creature hid himself near the great heart, and when St. Francis at last took him from under his robe and set him free, the leveret returned to the shelter of the brown robe. We could repeat many other legends which connect St. Francis with these his trusting friends. But he was not the only Saint whom animals loved. It is recorded that when St. Colomba drew towards the close of his remarkable career, and he knew his last hour on earth was at hand, he sat down to rest on a stone near his monastery at Iona. An ancient and faithful servant, the old white horse which had been employed to carry milk daily to the monastery, approached and laid his head on his master's shoulder, as if to take leave of him. The eyes of the old horse had an expression so pathetic that they seemed bathed in tears. The attendant of St. Colomba would have sent the animal away, but Colomba forbade him. 'The horse loves me,' said he; 'the Creator has revealed to this poor animal what he has hidden from thee, a reasonable man,' upon which, still caressing the faithful creature, he gave him his last blessing. That night a company of angels bore away the soul of Colomba."

A BEAR AT COLLEGE.

Frank Buckland, the famous naturalist, whose monkey, "Jacko," has already been introduced to our readers, received one day a large hamper, sent to him at Oxford. When he opened it, an animal about the size of an English sheep-dog sprang out.

It was a young bear, covered with shaggy brown hair, a native of Mount Lebanon. On being released, the stranger ran out of the open door of the room, "clipped it" through the cloisters, and made straight for the chapel, where service was going on. The verger met him at the door, made one manful attempt at resistance by waving his silver wand, and then fled into the chapel and hid himself in a high-backed pew, bolting the door for additional safety. But Tiglath-pi-lesar (that was the bear's name), struck with awe at the silver wand, turned and fled, racing about the great courtyard, spreading dismay among dogs and men. At last one of his pursuers threw over him a college gown and captured him. In the struggle he seized in his mouth one of the fingers of his new master, and began to suck it, making an odd, mumbling noise. Frank Buckland took advantage of this new fancy, and the bear was led back to the rooms, walking on his hind legs, and behaving like a schoolboy with a stick of barley candy.

Tiglah-pi-lesar, or Tig, as he was called, became a regular collegian, wore a gown and cap, accompanied his master to breakfast and wine parties, treated strangers with great politeness, and enjoyed the good things of life, especially muffins and ice cream.

Near Tig's house lived a monkey tied to a tree — our old friend Jacko — who was fond of making grimaces at Tig, and would steal down the tree and pull his hair when he tried to get a nap in the sunshine. Then the bear would run up and down in a rage, while master Jacko sat perched at a safe distance.

One day some one took Tig to a little shop kept by an old lady, and treated him to candy. Soon after, when the good dame was sitting behind her counter knitting, who should appear but Tiglath-pi-lesar. Wild with terror, the poor old body scampered upstairs, leaving her goods to Tig's mercy. When they found him, he was seated on the counter eating sugar, and had to be dragged away by main force.

But in the course of time Tig grew bigger, and his brown coat turned white, for he belonged to the family of silver bears. He was harder to manage, also, and it became necessary to send him to the Zoological Gardens in London.

Poor Tig! The close confinement, the separation from the society of scholars and gentlemen, the loss of his muffins, ice cream and other comforts, proved too much for him. He refused his food, he wandered continually about his den in hope of escaping, and one day they found him dead — poor, broken-hearted bear!

BATTLE WITH MONKEYS.

ONCE upon a time, about one hundred and fifty years ago, a ship was cruising in the tropics, which was more like a pirate than an honest merchant vessel. The captain, who was a bad man, had, however, six honest men on board, and he was so anxious to get rid of these, that he determined to leave them on a desert island, which they discovered on their cruise. The story then goes on to tell us what these men did on the island, and all their adventures. They were Owen Evans, who was a Welsh surgeon's assistant, four English seamen — Tom Harvey, a well-disposed man enough, Harry Gill, Ned Hilton, and old Richard Prodgers — not very satisfactory characters, but improving by degrees when away from their bad companions. These five were not Catholics, and knew very little about any religion at all. Last, not least, comes Don Manuel, a Spanish priest, who had taken passage in this ship, the *Spitfire*, in order to proceed to a distant mission.

When the five first found themselves abandoned by the wicked captain, they gave way to rage and despair; but gradually the good priest got them into a better frame of mind, and they began to make the best of it.

The next day an adventure happened to them, which Owen Evans thus tells in the ninth chapter of the book: — "Hilton had strolled away, and was eyeing one of the trees overhead, which was a cocoa-nut-tree. 'Hollo! messmates,' he cried, with great glee, 'a real live monkey! Look! there is another; and a third!' Up they all were at

once, and not another thought about our plans; so eagerly did they go into this monkey chase. It was a diverting thing to see the monkeys, great troops of which we now discovered in the trees, scamper off in all directions with much swiftness, until they seemed to think the distance among the higher branches made them more secure; then they looked down at us with such grimaces and chatterings as I believe would have made an owl laugh. There was no chance of catching any of them by climbing the trees; for these grew so thick together that the nimble creatures could easily have fled from one end of the wood to the other without once touching the ground. It seemed to be no matter to them whether they used hands, or feet, or tails: for their tails were longer indeed than themselves, this being a smaller species of monkey, though exceedingly active and mischievous. They would hang themselves by the very end of these flexible tails of theirs, clasping a small branch with them, as we might hook up a rasher of bacon on a nail, swinging themselves from branch to branch, and by their strange grimaces and chattering noises they appeared to mock us, and bid us come up and do our best to catch them. Such conduct irritated the men to that degree that they ran for their firearms to shoot and bring some of the monkeys down; but I entreated them to refrain, promising them some cocoa-nuts for their forbearance: for an idea came into my head, and methought I had hit upon a means of getting some of these nuts without the pains of climbing for them I bade my comrades to pick up some stones and clods of earth, with which we sent a volley into the trees, that we might provoke the monkeys to return our compliment. And so, indeed, they did; for after sending down upon us a few dead boughs or the like, they leaped into the cocoa-nut trees and began tugging with all their might at the nuts, to get them off to cast at us. So great was the rage of these creatures, that they put forth all their strength upon it; and if one could not pull off a cocoa-nut then another would come and help him, till they managed it, with much ado, between them. It was well for our heads, these monkeys were more expert in plucking off the nuts than in taking good aim with them; or some of us might have come off the field of battle with cracked crowns. Still, some of the stronger of their number, first taking a firm hold with their tails, delivered the cocoa-nuts straight at us, as a cricketer would deliver his ball at a wicket; so though we jumped aside nimbly to avoid these cannon-balls, we were hit smartly once or twice: and a full ripe cocoa-nut, thrown by an angry monkey from a high tree, is no joke upon your head or shoulder. Having now a plentiful supply of cocoa-nuts, I thought it was time to put an end to the fight, and for this reason I gave the word for the three fowling-pieces to be discharged into the trees: when, by a kind of sagacity or instinct which I cannot account for (seeing they had never been fired at before, in all their lives), no sooner did they mark our preparations than, slipping behind the stems, they got into shelter, so that we could scarcely touch them. The end was that, besides wounding a few, we did but kill one outright, and that was a poor monkey with her two cubs: one she carried under her arm, while the other clasped its hands round her neck. The poor creature took firm hold of the tree with her long tail and hung there, the cubs still clinging and crying like little infants.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1886.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE TRUE CROSS. — Downside (Ireland) *Review:* Every one has heard the vulgar Protestant calumny that there are enough relics of the true cross to build a ship, yet any one who reads M. Fleury's work on this subject will see that the calumny is as ignorant as it is spiteful. The cross, as our Blessed Lord bore it, probably contained about 10,800 cubic inches; whereas, all existing relics put together do not amount to 250 cubic inches. Hence, not one-fortieth part of the wood of the cross survives.

THE late John Kelly made no charitable bequests. Sorry! We cannot conceive how a wealthy person can pass out of this world without remembering God's poor.

A GLORIOUS RECORD.—At New London, Conn., the following inscription is found on a gravestone. The records of Rome or Greece do not exhibit a nobler instance of patriotic heroism: "On the 20th October, 1781, four thousand English fell upon the town with fire and sword. Seven hundred Americans defended the fort for a whole day, but in the evening about five o'clock it was taken. The commander of the besieged delivered his sword to an Englishman, who immediately stabbed him, and all his comrades were put to the sword. A line of powder was then laid from the magazine of the fort to the sea, there to be lighted, thus to blow the fort into the air. William Hottman, who lay not far distant, wounded by three stabs of a bayonet in his body, beheld it, and said to one of his wounded friends, who was also still alive: 'We will endeavor to crawl to the line; we will wet the powder with our blood; thus will we, with the little life that remains to us, save the fort and the magazine, and perhaps a few of our friends who are only wounded.' He alone had strength to accomplish this noble design. In his thirtieth year he died on the powder which he overflowed with his blood. His friends and seven of his wounded companions by that means had their lives preserved." After this simple narrative are the following words in large characters: "HERE RESTS WILLIAM HOTTMAN."

A TRUE RELIC OF ST. BRIGID AT THE ANTIPODES. — His Eminence, Cardinal Moran, addressing a meeting of Catholics at Sidney recently, said that some years ago he made a visit to Cologne with the special object of obtaining, if possible, a relic of the great St. Brigid. He was happy to be able to inform them that, through the kindness of several friends, he had obtained that precious relic, and would in future, on the feast days of the saints, have it exposed for the veneration of the faithful on the altar dedicated to St. Brigid and St. Patrick in the Cathedral. The relic is a portion of the finger of the patroness of Ireland — St. Brigid. We hope that Cardinal Moran's great industry will yet afford him the necessary leisure to give the world a correct history of the life and works of the great St. Brigid. So far it has not been written, says *Adam*, who is old enough to know.

A UNIQUE PARTY.— The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland gave a garden party with the politic and patriotic idea of having every guest wear a dress of Irish fabrics. The plan was successful and picturesque as well as from a home-rule point of view. There were poplins and serges and

tweeds for ladies, with trimmings of Irish ribbons and laces, and, besides wearing a morning dress of Irish cloth, gentlemen wore Irish felt hats. The Viceroy wore a becoming grey Irish tweed suit, and the hostess a cream-colored poplin. The children wore the garb of Irish peasants in every variety of color. Eighteen hundred guests were present. Irish jigs, reels, and hornpipes were danced, the music being rendered by Irish pipers and harpists of St. Patrick's.

COMETS, generally, excite much wonder, and, from the space which they occupy, seem to be greater than the sun. They shine, but their misty light imparts no heat; and, notwithstanding their great extent, they have scarcely any compact centre. In the social and scientific world we may compare with the comets those *savants*, apparently possessed of extraordinary learning and erudition, and drawing after them an immense train of dupes and admirers, who foolishly fancy that those pretended geniuses will, by their wisdom, reform the world. "Come," say these comets to their admiring train, "follow us, and you shall be like unto God — knowing all things." But they soon fade away before the rays of the sun of Faith.—*Fr. Weninger, S. J.*

GOOD FOR TENNESSEE!—There is not a church with a resident priest attached in the diocese of Nashville that has not a parochial school, except one, and that one will have its school ready for the next session.

MODE OF ELECTING A BISHOP.—In the recent decrees of the Baltimore Plenary Council, after an exhortation to the bishops to be more heedful of their true dignity, as representatives of Christ our Lord, than of the external pomp and state by which their office is surrounded, their duties of visitation of their flocks, and of the devotional visit *ad sacra limina*, are explained and inculcated by the council. The mode of procedure, when the See is vacant, is then given. The consultors and irremovable rectors of the diocese must be called together for the purpose of fixing on three names to be presented to the bishops of the province as suitable candidates of the vacant See. One copy of their choice of names is to be sent to the bishops and another to Rome. Their vote is to be secret and consultative only. But such, too, is the vote of the bishops. They only present the names, but it is the Pope who appoints. If the bishops reject one or more of the clergy's candidates, they must explain to Rome the motives of such rejection.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS. — That admirable educational body, the Christian Brothers of Ireland, have sustained a great loss in the death of the Venerable Brother John Augustine Grace. Mr. Grace was eighty-five years of age, and had labored for sixty-two years in the cause of religion and education. When a young man he taught the children of County Clare through the medium of the Irish language, and afterwards spent many years in England, at Preston and in London, devoted to the instruction of the Irish population. In 1839 he was appointed Superior of the Christian Brothers Schools, North Richmond Street, Dublin, founded by Daniel O'Connell in 1828. Among the venerable Brother's friends who passed away before him were O'Connell, Father Mathew, Gerald Griffin, Lord O'Hagan, Dr. Murray, Dr. M'Hale and our two Irish Cardinals.

BEST TOBACCO BY FARR. — In the old days when every shopkeeper had a sign hanging out before his door, a dealer in snuff and tobacco on Fish Street Hill carried on a large trade, especially in tobacco; for his shop was greatly frequented by sailors from the ships in the river. In the course of time, a person by the name of Farr opened a shop nearly opposite, and hung out his sign, inscribed, "The best tobacco by Farr." This attracted the attention of the sailors, who left the old shop to buy "the best tobacco by far." The old shopkeeper, observing that his opponent obtained much custom by his sign, had a new one put up at his door, inscribed, "Far better tobacco than the best tobacco by Farr." This had its effect; his trade returned, and finally his opponent was obliged to give up business.

A MODEL CATHOLIC FAMILY.—Rev. John Redman, S. J., of St. Bruno's College, who was ordained priest at Holt Hill Convent, Birkenhead, England, celebrated his first Mass at the church on Sunday, the 11th of April, his elder brother, Rev. J. Redman, D.D., of the Immaculate Conception, Liverpool, being deacon, and

his younger brother, Rev. Charles Ignatius Redman, S. J., sub-deacon; his two sisters, Sister Clare and Sister Monica, of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, and his father and mother, were also present; and while they witnessed the first Mass of their second son, they commemorated the golden jubilee of their marriage, which took place at St. Michael's Church, Haworth, Yorkshire, on April 11, 1836. The family was received into the Catholic Church in 1864, and the three sons have chosen the priesthood, while the two daughters have chosen the life of the Sisters of Charity. The Holy Father sent his Apostolic blessing to the whole family assembled together on that occasion.

OFFICIAL documents have been received from Rome, notifying His Lordship, Bishop Fabre, that the Holy Father has been pleased to erect the Diocese of Montreal into an archdiocese.

A BIG CABBAGE GARDEN.—The most extensive cabbage farm in the world is near Chicago. It consists of 190 acres in the "cabbage district," as it is called, which comprises 2,500 acres of rich, heavy soil, especially adapted to cabbage culture. It requires 1,114,000 plants to set the 190 acres, and, counting those used in resetting, 30,000,000 for the whole district under cultivation. The bulk of the crop is sent South in box cars to supply a demand which exists after the consumption of the Southern crop, which, owing to the climate, cannot be stored for future use.

BY the will of Matthias Brennan, of Navan, Ia., lately deceased, $500 has been bequeathed to the Home of the Angel Guardian, Boston, Mass. Mr. Brennan was a life-member of the Angel Guardian Society, founded by Rev. Father Haskins for the support of the institution, and though residing in a far Western State, always took a deep and sympathetic interest in the welfare of the house.

OPEN SALOONS ON SUNDAYS.—The *Catholic Standard*, the official organ of the archdiocese of Philadelphia, contains the following:—

"Different versions have been given of the remarks recently made by our Most Rev. Archbishop, on this subject, and different constructions of their scope and meaning. We are in a position to know and to state positively that, whilst the archbishop insisted on the closing on Sundays of liquor saloons kept by Catholics, in accordance with both the civil law and the injunctions of the Plenary Council of Baltimore, he did not declare that the penalty of excommunication was incurred by violators of this law. His observations had reference only to those who sold liquor on Sundays, and were not of the radical and general character reported in some of the daily papers."

A HOME-RULE BAROMETER.—Bank of Ireland stock has fallen again lately. That was because the prospects of home rule were improving. It is strange that Bank of Ireland stock should fall as Ireland's prospects improve. It is so, however. The explanation is, that the Bank of Ireland is an English-Scotch institution, and when Ireland has home rule, English-Scotch banks will not have the monopoly of financial business in Ireland. Another explanation is, the Bank of Ireland holds mortgages against many of the estates whose owners now find it difficult, on account of the land war, to pay either principal or interest. The value of Bank of Ireland stock depends very largely on the prospects of paying these mortgages. But it is not thought likely that home rule will help the landlords to pay up very soon, and it is feared that it may reduce the value of the mortgages a very large per cent. This is why Bank of Ireland quotations are inverse to the prospects of home rule. For this reason all good Irishmen like to see the stock going down. Many people confound this with the National Bank. The Bank of Ireland is a government concern, while the National is the bank of the people. Mr. Donahoe does business with the National.

MUGWUMPS.—Mr. Chamberlain talks of forming an independent political party in England. As they are likely to run short of party names over there, Mr. Chamberlain's attention is respectfully called to the title of Mugwump, for which there is not as much use here as formerly, and which the present owners will doubtless dispose of on reasonable terms.

CAPITAL AND LAROR.—The archbishop and bishops of the Catholic province of Milwaukee have issued a pastoral letter, which says in relation to capital and labor: "The question which to-day we

call that of capital and labor, is the old difference emphasized in the gospel between the rich and the poor. 'Woe to the rich, and blessed are the poor,' are maxims established by the Divine Judge, who shall come to render absolute justice to those who have rejected His absolute law of love. When capitalists follow the heathen rule, to buy labor in the cheapest market, God is not with them. Laborers should not imagine that all men should have an equal share in the comforts and enjoyments of this earthly life. Divine Providence has ruled otherwise. Industry and sobriety have always proved more profitable to human nature and to society than wealth and extravagance. To commit an injustice is always an evil; to suffer it, may be turned into a blessing. Retaliation is never allowed, but the church has, during the Middle Ages, united the workingmen into guilds, and the misery which they endure now was unknown before the sixteenth century. The condition of things would improve very soon, were the rich to meditate upon the rule: 'With what measure you have measured, it shall be measured to you.'"

SCOTCH LANDLORDS.—Some of the Scotch landlords are beginning to imitate the barbarity of their Irish *confreres*. A cruel case of eviction lately happened at Linlithgow, Scotland. Miss Eliza Milne, teacher of the Douglas Cottage School, was ejected from her house, and her bedridden mother, eighty-six years of age, was removed from her bed and placed on an easy chair on the wayside. She laid there for two hours and then expired.

REMINISCENCES OF BISHOP ENGLAND. Rev. John W. Murphy, V. G., pastor of St. Mary's Church in Augusta, Me., is in possession of a diary kept by Bishop England during the first three years of his administration as bishop of Charleston, S. C. Father Murphy secured the manuscript in the city of Cork. Bishop England's memory is fondly cherished by the Catholic clergy of America. He was the first Roman Catholic bishop of Charleston, the diocese having been created in 1820, then comprising the States of North and South Carolina and Georgia, with a scattered Catholic population of about eight thousand. Prior to his elevation to the bishopric of Charleston he was parish priest at Bandon, county Cork, in which county he was born in 1786. Shortly after his arrival at Charleston he established the *Catholic Miscellany*, the first Catholic paper published in America. In 1826 he preached before the United States Senate at Washington. His learning, ability and high moral character, and, above all, his heroism during a season of yellow fever, gave him a high standing in Charleston and throughout the South. The spectacle was sometimes witnessed of the Catholic bishop of Charleston preaching on Sunday in a Protestant church to a Protestant congregation.

ORIGIN OF KENTUCKY'S NAME.—Through the midst of the famed blue-glass region one of the tributary rivers had cut its channel deep in rocky bed over which it flowed and left the cliffs towering in perpendicular lines four hundred feet above. On either side amid the undulating pastures of wild clover, blue glass and cane, game most abounded, and here lay the favorite and most frequented hunting-ground of red men. The Indians called this river, which meandered through the wild Eden of their sports and adventures, by the weird name "Kantuck-ee," so expressive of its traditional memories; and from this poetic title the white men borrowed and gave both to the river and country, the name.

STAND UNITED.—Michael Davitt in a cablegram says: "Victory is certain if the Irish race throughout the world will only stand united." He deprecates any retaliatory violence against Orangemen. "Patience," he adds, "was never more needed than at this time."

THE ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC.—On the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, the old University City of Louvain was the scene of an important event in the history of the great Order of St. Dominic, the opening of the 247th General Chapter of the entire Order—the last having been held at Ghent in 1871. These Chapters, which the late Cardinal Pie used to call the "States-General of the great monastic nations," are, with the Dominicans, as with the Franciscans and Jesuits, the highest authority. Their decrees have force of law, and can be revoked only by another General Chapter, or by the Holy See. The Chapter assembled at the Convent of the Friars Preachers, Rue Juste-Lipse, Louvain,

was presided over by the Most Rev. Fr. Larocca, the seventy-fourth Master-General of the Order.

BISHOP LE FEVRE, of Detroit, the predecessor of Bishop Borgess, was a good, holy man and dearly beloved by his people. He had a most amiable disposition, and carried sunshine and gladness wherever he went. The Bishop was a fine conversationalist, and told many good stories full of wit and humor. When a young man he was very thin and delicate looking, but after he turned forty he fell into flesh very much, which he found uncomfortable, for he was always a man of austere and abstemious habits. In his early days in Detroit he formed the acquaintance of a tall, raw-boned Yankee, who was in the lumber business, Sam Jenkins by name. Sam got broke up and shifted elsewhere, returning to Detroit after an absence of twelve years. The Bishop met him on the street one day and stopped, extending his hand cordially to his old friend with the salutation: "Why, Sam, my old friend, how do you do?" Sam shied a little and muttered: "Stranger, you seem to have the advantage of me." "Good gracious, Sam, don't you know your old acquaintance, Bishop Le Fevre?" "You Bishop LeFevre?" asked Sam, in astonishment. "Why, Bishop, how in the name of sense did you get so fat? I would surely never know you."—"All the effects of a good conscience," said the Bishop, laughing heartily. "Wal, you must excuse me bishop," retorted Sam, "but you must have had a confounded bad conscience when I knowed you fust."

"OH! for Luther back again in Atlanta to preach one of his old sermons against the *Sauf Teufel*, the Drink Devil."—*N. Y. Independent.* And yet it was Luther who sang:

> "Who love not wine, women, and song,
> He is a fool his whole life long."

THE late Vanderbilt was not addicted to the habit of smoking. His father, the Commodore, induced him to avoid the practice. On a European tour that the two made in 1853 they were on board the steam yacht Northern Star bound to St. Petersburg. William who was an habitual smoker, was puffing his favorite cigar. "Bill," said the Commodore, "I wish ou'd give up that smoking habit of yours. I'll give you $10,000 if you will."—"You needn't pay me anything," was the son's answer, as he flung the cigar overboard. "Your wish is sufficient." He never smoked afterwards.

GOOD ADVICE TO COUNTRY BOYS.—The country youth, fleeing from hard times on the farm at $10 to $15 per month with board and a home, to the city to seek employment at common labor at $1 per day, no board, no home, are indeed "jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire." On the farm they make a living and occupy at least a respectable social position; in the city, their earnings are not sufficient to procure comfortable living, respected associations, clothing, enjoyment or surroundings, and they are classed with the unskilled, poorly paid, little cared for mass of cheap laborers, without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude, who swarm our streets, live the Lord knows how, and work harder for their little pittance than a farm hand ever dreamed of—to say nothing of the immoral and other dangers which beset the country boy in the city. Our country boys can only secure employment generally by working harder and cheaper than others; for there are more than sufficient workmen to do the work in the cities now. Let our country boys stay on the farm where they get enough to eat, good clothes to wear, warm shelter and decent surroundings for their labor, save their health, money and morals. They will be far better off in every respect twelve months hence than they who come to town to get a nice job and make lots of money.

AGAINST ANARCHISTS the *New York Tribune*, commenting on Alexander Sullivan's recent speech in Chicago, says:—"Irishmen are too much attached to home, family, church and the comforts and pleasures to be derived from civilization as it is, to have any part in the wild, subversive enterprises and the murderous conspiracies which continental foreigners have sought to import here. And Mr. Sullivan does not exaggerate in the least when he says that the American people recognize the thorough loyalty of the Irish to the democratic system and to ordered civilization, and feel confident that in the event of any public peril they would be found on the side of law and good government."

MIXED MARRIAGES.—The evil effects of mixed marriages are so evident, that it is consoling to note one case in which the dispensation of the Holy Father may open up a hopeful perspective. The daughter of the Duchess de Chartres, who will reside in Denmark after her marriage, will bring some Catholic influence to bear upon a decidedly Protestant Court. The children of the marriage will, of course, be brought up Catholics; and we shall frequently, it is to be hoped, hear of a repetition of the scene which was witnessed last Sunday, when the Duke, the Duchess, and Princess Mary heard Mass at the Catholic Church in Copenhagen. Denmark has been unrelenting in her Protestantism; "Turk, Jew, or infidel, but not a Patist," has been her maxim. It will be so no longer; and the Catholics of this country will wish God-speed to Prince Waldemar and his Catholic spouse.

THE BIBLE.—It is certainly wonderful to see the following in more than one Protestant paper: In the register of wills at York, it is recorded that Thomas de Farnylaw, Chancellor of the church at York, bequeathed at his death, in 1378, a Bible and Concordance to the Church of St. Nicholas, at Newcastle, there to be chained for common use for the benefit of his soul. Coelfrith, Abbot of Wearmouth, having caused three copies to be made of the entire Bible, sent one as a present to the Pope, and placed the others in two different churches, to the end that all who desired to read any chapter in either Testament might be able to find at once what they desired. And King Edgar transmitted to every county in his kingdom copies of the Holy Scriptures for the instruction of the people. Facts like these are not generally known outside Catholic circles. For instance, how many Protestants believe that Luther was the first translator of the Bible into German? Very many; in spite of the fact that the British Museum alone contains nine editions of the Bible in German, bearing dates previous to Luther's birth or manhood.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER AND THE OMELET.—There is an amusing incident told of the late Father Lacordan, the eminent divine and orator of the Dominican order. He was one Friday sitting at the *table d'hote* in a restaurant at Paris when a commercial traveller, who had made himself remarkable by his boisterous talk while trying to show himself a man of liberal ideas and entirely opposed to what he called superstition, in helping himself very plentifully to a dish of omelet, passed the small remnants to the humble friar, and insolently remarked: "As for me, monsieur, I do not believe in anything I do not understand."—"Ah! indeed," said the monk. "And will you have the kindness to tell me, apropos of the omelet you are now eating, how is it that fire, which makes iron or lead soft or pliable, yet has the contrary effect on an egg by making it hard?"—"I confess I do not understand, Monsieur l'Abbé."—"Well, then," said the monk, "I see that your not understanding it does not prevent you from believing in omelets, as do likewise all the rest of the world?" We may rest assured that there was a good laugh at the expense of the commercial traveller, and that he was very silent during the rest of the meal.

FRANCISCAN BEER.—Lovers of Bavarian beer—and what beer drinker who has tasted it in its native home is not ready to sing its praises?—will learn with regret that the famous old "Franciscan beer" is a thing of the past. For centuries several of the Bavarian monasteries have practised the brewing of their harmless, nut-brown ale, after very old monastic recipes, and "Franziskanerbrau" and "Franziskanerkeller" are terms familiar to all tourists. But a few weeks ago, at the last Provincial Chapter of the Order in Bavaria, a resolution, proposed by the Definitor-General, was passed, which decreed the final closing of all the breweries in the monasteries of the Franciscan Order.

STRIKES are justifiable only to the extent that war between nations is justifiable—as a last resort.—*Powderly.*

CHURCH METAL WORK.—We call the attention of the Reverend Clergy and religious communities to the advertisement of N. W. Turner in another column. We have had dealings with this firm and can endorse the house as a first-class one in every respect.

PICKLED GRASSHOPPERS.—A correspondent writes to the *Standard:* The question of insect eating is assuming importance, judging from the letters daily

appearing in your columns, which prove the general interest taken in the matter. I contribute my theme — Grasshoppers.

In New Zealand, during the years 1861-67, I frequently partook of, and often consumed wholly as a *pièce de résistance*, whole dishes of them.

Our mode of preparation was simple, and from a "subsistence" point of view very efficacious.

Material:

One bushel of grasshoppers.
Half-gallon brine (pork preferred)

Preliminary:

Mix and steep two hours.

Preparation:

Boil together in camp kettle for twenty minutes. Rinse in lukewarm water, and dish up.

Before eating divest of heads and tails, &c., *à la* shrimp, and take with regulation biscuit.

Result — Delicious.

THE *Orphan's Friend* FOR JUNE. — A fine picture of "St. John in the Desert" adorns the front page of this number. The contents of this issue is more than usually excellent. "True Stories of Animals," by "Isadore," and "Scenes and Shrines in Sunny Italy," from the journal of an American abroad, are by new contributors and add to the interesting table of contents. The *Orphan's Friend* is published quarterly in the interests of the House of the Angel Guardian, for the low price of twenty-five cents a year. Address: *Orphan's Friend*, House of the Angel Guardian, Roxbury, Mass.

LL. D. During the late commencements, many of the colleges made the usual batch of great unknowns happy by bestowing honorary titles upon them; and the glorious list of LL. D's who have done nothing in particular to entitle them to the distinction, and who cannot do anything in particular to manifest the propriety of their wearing it, has been generously augmented, says the *Saturday Evening Gazette* of this city.

GLADSTONE, in his peroration of the great speech on the Home Rule Bill, said: There had been "golden moments" even in the tragic history of Ireland, when

> The harp of Innisfail
> Was tuned to notes of gladness.

Such was the mission of Lord Fitzwilliam. This was another. "You," addressing his opponents, "have power, wealth, rank, station, organization. We think that we have the people's heart, and we know that we have the promise of the harvest of the future. As to the people's heart, let that matter make its own proof"— alluding to the dissolution. "As to the harvest of the future, it will be as we foresee, and not as you — the ebbing tide is with you and the flowing tide is with us. Think well, think wisely; think, not for a moment, but for years, before you reject this bill."

ALTHOUGH St. George is the Patron Saint of England, there are only ten Catholic churches dedicated to him in that country, while St. Patrick has about thirty there.

THE FOURTH DIOCESAN SYNOD of the Archdiocese of Boston was held at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross on June 28. About three hundred priests, secular and regular, attended. The decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore were ratified and promulgated as the law of the Archdiocese.

RING OUT! — Mr. Gladstone in his speech in Liverpool, quoted from the ballad "Chevy Chase," "The child unborn shall rue the hunting of that day," and exclaimed: "If idle and shallow pretexts bewilder the minds of the people, or if power, wealth and rank overbear the national sense, the child unborn shall rue the voting of that day. I entreat you to resolve that the civilized world shall no longer assert that Ireland is England's Poland, and to determine that England shall no longer have a Poland. She has had it long enough. Listen to prudence, courage and honor, 'Ring out the old, ring in the new! Ring out the note of memory and discord, ring in the blessed reign of a time of peace.'"

THE APOSTOLIC ABLEGATE. — As it was an Irish prelate, the late lamented Bishop Conroy, who was deputed by the Pope to settle the politico-religious difficulties and divisions which were committing sad havoc in the province of Quebec, so it is an Irishman who has been appointed Apostolic Legate to bring the red beretta to the new Canadian Cardinal. The fact of his being selected by the Holy Father to fill such an impor-

tant and honorable mission is a proof that the Ablegate is a man of note in the service of the Holy See.

BOYCOTTING has received a severe blow in New York in the result of the first trial of a boycotter there. The judge, in charging the jury, said: "Men may legally combine to raise the price of labor, but they must be careful as to the means they adopt to secure the end. No man or number of men may conspire to prevent people laboring where and for what they please in any lawful trade or calling. A man has a right to go to his friends, secure their sympathy in his cause, and even ask them to withdraw their patronage from certain persons." But, the judge remarked, "it is a very different thing when fifty or one hundred men conspire to ruin a man's business, and parade before his place distributing handbills and intimidating purchasers or those who would purchase." The jury, after an absence of fifteen minutes, brought in a verdict of guilty. It is highly probable that henceforth, in New York at least, the outrageous system of boycotting has received its death-blow, and that labor unions have been practically convinced that conspiring to deprive a man of his means of livelihood is as profitless as it is wantonly and heartlessly tyrannous.

JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY, M. P., has nearly completed, and will shortly publish through Messrs. Chatto & Windus, a History of Ireland from the passing of the Act of the Union to the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Government of Ireland Bill. The volume will be uniform with Mr. Huntley McCarthy's "England Under Gladstone," a second edition of which, brought down to the recent general election, has been lately issued.

MR. JAMES H. GAVIN, author of the scholarly and elegant sketches of Irish *Litterateurs* in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, received FOUR gold medals and stood *ex æquo* for the fifth in the faculties of dogmatic and moral theology and sacred eloquence at the recent commencement in St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Philadelphia.

LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR. — There is an off-shoot from the parent institution in Boston Highlands on Bunker Hill, where sixty old folks are well attended to, and are as happy as any poor mortals can be. One venerable woman has reached the patriarchal age of one hundred and ten years! The sisters went to Bunker Hill a year or two since, bought a house where sixty old people, men and women, are well taken care of. The house is out of debt, and the good sisters are looking forward to the erection of additional accommodations. Twelve sisters take care and provide for this interesting family.

FATHER PHELAN is putting good work into the *Western Watchman* these days. He is as aggressive as ever.

COURTESIES TO THE PAPAL DELEGATES. — The Treasury Department at Washington gave orders that the baggage and effects of the papal delegates be passed free of duty, that the usual courtesies in such cases be extended to them, and that the committee appointed to receive them have the use of a revenue cutter for the purpose of meeting the steamer at quarantine and escorting the papal delegation to the Pennsylvania Railroad Station at Jersey City. The orders were complied with in the most gracious manner.

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY, BOSTON HIGHLANDS. — The annual Commencement exercises of the Notre Dame Academy took place on Thursday, June 24, before a large and distinguished gathering of visitors. Archbishop Williams conferred the prizes, and at the close delivered a short address exhorting the pupils and graduates to live up to the precepts and examples set them in their school life. The Academy we are pleased to learn is in a prosperous condition. The next term in this excellent and flourishing academy will begin September 7.

Boston College.

THE Commencement exercises at Boston College were extremely interesting, being attended by a large and distinguished audience. The exercises began on Monday evening, June 21, by the performance in College Hall of Cardinal Wiseman's well-known drama, "The Hidden Gem," which was very creditably rendered.

The Junior Exhibition took place

Tuesday evening, June 22, being devoted exclusively to the academic and preparatory classes.

On Thursday evening, June 24, the 22d annual Commencement Exercises were held in Boston College Hall, in the presence of a number of distinguished guests and a large gathering of friends and relations of the young graduates. After the usual exercises, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon Patrick Henry Casey, South Boston, Mass.; Martin Joseph Corbett, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; James W. Dorney, Newton, Mass.; John Henry Hopwood, Norwich, Conn.; Francis Joseph Kelleher, Boston, Mass.; John Bernard Kelleher, Boston, Mass.; John William O'Gara, Peabody, Mass.; and James Sullivan, Newton, Mass.

After the valedictory, Father Boursaud, S. J., introduced Governor Robinson, who was greeted with an outburst of applause, and said in substance:— "*Ladies and gentlemen:* — I had little doubt in regard to the nature of the reception which I would receive here to-night, as I have spoken in Boston College Hall before. It will never be dangerous for the Governor to speak the good and honored word for Boston College. It is assuredly most praiseworthy to place religion and learning as the base of progress, for without them there is no certainty of beneficent success. Such a training tends to produce good, true, reliable, and noble citizens for Massachusetts. We are apt to boast too much of our privileges, at the sacrifice of everything else, but we should remember that duty is higher and grander than privileges, and that the better we perform our duties the higher is the enjoyment of privileges. The best men make the best soldiers. You stand here to-night united by a strong bond of companionship; to-morrow each must take up his own battle and responsibilities, and be prepared to render an account of his stewardship. In behalf of the Commonwealth I bring you abundant greetings, and can earnestly say to each and every one of you, May God bless you!"

Holy Cross College.

AT the exercises of the 43d annual commencement of the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass., held on the 23d of June, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on the following, Gov. Robinson awarding the honors: James J. Baxter, Marlboro; James E. McConnell, North Adams; Daniel E. Doran, Attleboro; William H. Lyons, Manchester, N. H; Francis T. Maguire, Philadelphia, Pa.; Alexander J. Hamilton, Holliston; James E. McCabe, North Chelmsford; Francis J. Reilly, Milbury; T. E. Madden, Waltham; Thomas A. Powers, Worcester; Richard H. Stapleton, Worcester; Michael H. Shea, Fall River; William F. Hartigan, Worcester; Philip M. Reagan, Fall River; Edward S. Smith, Pawtucket, R. I.

FRESH salmon has been selling at St. John, N. F., for four cents a pound. It brings twenty cents a pound in Boston wholesale, and twenty-five cents retail.

THE news comes from Rome, announcing the appointment of Rev. Albert Curtis, of Baltimore, to the vacant Bishopric of Wilmington, to succeed Bishop Becker, who was recently transferred to the See of Savannah. Father Curtis has been assistant priest at the Cathedral in Baltimore since his ordination. He is a convert.

SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE BISHOP HENDRICKEN. — It is not yet known who will be appointed to the See of Providence. Father Hughes, of Hartford, Conn., has been mentioned, but the probability is, that a selection will be made from the Priests of the Diocese. The names mentioned, are—Revs. Dr. Philip Grace Rev. C. Hughes and Rev J. J. McDonough. Although the Vicar General's name has not been mentioned, it may be that the mantle of the late Bishop may fall upon him.

THE ARCHBISHOP of Boston has issued attachments against the property of the late Rev. Peter Crudden. Miss Crudden is the sister, the principal heir, and executrix of the late Father Peter Crudden, who was pastor of St. Peter's Catholic Church, Lowell, Mass., from 1846 until 1883, in which year he retired from active work in his parish and then became rector of the church. The estate is estimated at nearly $500,000. When the disposition of his property was learned by the Archbishop, an inquiry was instituted and the present suit is the result.

DEDICATION OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, CLINTON, MASS., — The beautiful new

Church of St. John was solemnly dedicated on Sunday, June 27, by the Rt. Rev. P. F. O'Reilly, Bishop of Springfield, with impressive ceremonies. About fifteen years ago work was commenced for the erection of the edifice, and to this work the pastor of the church has devoted time, talents, and private means. The building is of brick, with granite trimmings, and is surmounted by a tower and cross. In the foundation alone, which is of granite, nearly $20,000 was expended. The church has a seating capacity of about fifteen hundred, and in dimensions is 75x172 feet. The style of architecture is cruciform gothic. It has three aisles. At either side of the altar are galleries. The church will cost not far from $125,000, of which sum but about $25,000 remains as indebtedness. Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated, with the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Rielly, of Springfield, as celebrant, and assistant priest, Rev. J. J. Power, D. D., of St. Paul's Church, Worcester; deacons of honor, Rev. P. J. Garrigan, Fitchburg, and the Rev. T. J. Conaty, of Worcester; deacon of the Mass, Rev. James Maher, of Adams; subdeacon, Rev. M. Coyne, of Clinton; first master of ceremonies, Rev. Thomas Griffin, pastor of St. John's Church, Worcester, second master of ceremonies, Rev. J. H. Gavin, of St. John's Church, Clinton, Rev. J. J. Gildea, of Clinton. The sermon was by Rev. C. H. McKenna, O. P., of New Haven. The attendance was very large. The church is the finest in the town, commanding a view of the country around. We congratulate Father Patterson on the accomplishment of the greatest work of his life. May he live long to administer the Bread of Life to his good people.

A BLIND CORONER. — Mr. McDonald, an Irish landlord, has been selected to contest the west division of Islington against Richard Chamberlain, brother of Joseph Chamberlain. Mr. McDonald, although he has been blind since the day of his birth, is a finely educated man. He graduated from Trinity College and was for a time a Protestant minister. He is an eloquent platform speaker.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA. one of the most prominent Protestant Universities in this country, at its recent annual commencement, conferred the degree of LL. D. on the Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY will start on a lecturing tour in the United States this fall.

REV. LAWRENCE J. O'TOOLE, for the past four years Rector of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, has been appointed pastor of St. Bernard's Church, West Newton, in place of Rev. C. McGrath, lately deceased. Fr. O'Toole has been attached to the Cathedral for some twelve years, where, by hard work, he has brought the people of the parish to a state of religious fervor and devotion not surpassed by any parish in the country. Through his exertions the Church debt has been reduced some fifty thousand dollars. Thousands of the parishioners of the Cathedral will miss Father O'Toole whose work, early and late, attended to their spiritual wants.

Consecration of an Old Church.

THE consecration of St. Joseph's Church, Boston Highlands, took place on Trinity Sunday. Forty years ago the foundation-stone of St. Joseph's Church was laid by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fenwick. Its first pastor, the Rev. Patrick O'Beirne, attended to districts as wide apart as Newton, Brookline, Milton, Dorchester and Franklin, now distinct and flourishing pastorates. St. Joseph's is a plain, brick structure, 145 feet in length by 70 feet in width. The original dimensions were much smaller, but growing necessities demanded extension. Some three years ago the present incumbent, Rev. Hugh P. Smyth, was appointed pastor. Over twenty years of zealous work in Weymouth and surrounding districts, had shown Father Smyth's energetic devotion. As might be expected, his zeal for the beauty of God's house would not let him rest satisfied with the condition of St. Joseph's, his new charge. The work of renovation went on and has been completed, and St. Joseph's is to-day one of the handsomest of the churches of Boston. The Most Rev. Archbishop consecrated the sacred edifice. The ceremonial began at 7.30 A. M., and concluded at 10.30 A. M., with the celebration of Solemn High Mass, at which Rt. Rev. L. McMahon, Bishop of Hartford, was celebrant; Very Rev. W. Byrne, assistant

priest; Rev. Thomas Magennis, deacon; Rev. John McMahon, subdeacon; Rev. James Lee, first master of ceremonies, and Rev. A. T. Connolly, second master of ceremonies. Archbishop Williams presided, attended by Rev. Dr. McGlynn, of New York, and Rev. J. P. Bodfish, Chancellor. The other clergy present were Revs. D. O'Callaghan, J. Delahunty, J. J. McNulty, Father Harty, Cathedral rector, Hartford, Conn., James O'Doherty, Haverhill, John O'Brien, L. J. Morris, Brookline, M. Masterson, Peabody, J. Harrington, Father Norris, Rev. Dr. Talbot, Revs. W. Duncan, S. J., P. Ronan, M. Ronan, Lowell, and James B. Troy.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. McGlynn, St. Stephen's, New York, who at the conclusion of an eloquent sermon congratulated the pastor and congregation of St. Joseph's on this magnificent expression of their living faith. The services attending the consecration lasted nearly eight hours. There was Pontifical vespers in the evening, at which Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, N. Y., preached. The music on both occasions was well rendered. There was a chorus of fifty voices. Organist, Mr. W. F. Compton. Director, Mr. J. G. Lennon.

THE DISGRACEFUL RIOTS IN SLIGO, in which Catholics attacked Protestants provoked by an outrage which they believed to have been committed on their cathedral by Orangemen, have resulted in a display of good feeling on all sides which is almost worth the damage done. In the first place, the Prostestants of the place held a meeting to declare publicly their indignation at the outrage, and their good-will towards their Catholic neighbors, who had always treated them, the minority, with the utmost friendliness and consideration. Later, when the culprits, who were Catholics and not Orangemen, confessed that the injury to the Cathedral had been done by them, in wanton mischief, "to give a job to the masons," the Catholic population held a monster meeting to express their extreme regret at the injuries and imputations from which the Protestants had innocently suffered. Not content with this they, in a very just spirit, resolved that the cost of repairing injuries done to Protestant property by the rioters should not be laid upon the rates, but should be defrayed by Catholics alone from a fund to be subscribed out of hand for the purpose. Thus, for once, out of evil has come good. In this matter the North would do well to take a lesson from the West.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the Irish National League of America have issued a circular calling a convention of the delegates of all the branches in the United States and the Dominion. It will be the third regular convention of the Irish National League, and will be held in Central Music Hall at Chicago on Wednesday and Thursday, 18th and 19th of August. The executive look for the attendance of an important delegation from the Home League in Ireland and from the Irish Parliamentary party. Every branch of the league is earnestly requested to be fully represented at the convention.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY was defeated in Londonderry, by three votes. The votes are to be recounted. It is hoped that a recount will turn the scale.

THE LATE DOCTOR BROWNSON. — On June 16th, a delegation of eminent Catholic clergymen visited Detroit, for the purpose of removing the body of the great theological writer, Orestes A. Brownson, to the chapel of the Theological College of Notre Dame, South Bend, Ind., which has been named after him and dedicated to his memory. Mr. Brownson died April 17, 1876. His body was, when exhumed, found to be in a fair state of preservation. It was placed in a metallic case and inclosed in a red-oak box. The delegation were met by the entire faculty of Notre Dame College, who escorted the body to South Bend, where it was deposited in the vaults beneath the altar of Brownson Chapel with impressive ceremonies.

THE ELECTION of Mr. Sexton for West Belfast, was a great triumph for the ablest of Parnell's lieutenants.

HALFORD TABLE SAUCE. — As the advertisement says, this is the great relish. Any one who could see the inventor and manufacturer would say that he is the *ne plus ultra* of good health, all realized from the appetizing qualities of this sauce.

PERSONAL.

THE Pope has appointed the Very Rev. F. Katzer, Vicar-General of the diocese of Green Bay, Wisconsin, to be bishop of that diocese, which See was vacant through the death of Bishop Krautbauer.

QUEEN VICTORIA was born May 24, 1819, consequently she has completed her sixty-seventh year. She succeeded to the throne June 20, 1837, and has reigned longer than any English sovereign except George III., but, more fortunate than her grandfather, has never been incapacitated for public duties.

BRAVO, MISS MAGGIE HOGAN!—On the 25th of June, at Bayou Lafourche, La., Messrs. Ragan & Hogan launched a new steamer, and at the christening Miss Maggie Hogan, who performed the ceremony said, "I baptize thee 'Parnell,' go forth and may you ride the waves of these waters as your namesake rides the oppressors of a brave people" Very neatly put, rejoins the New Orleans *Morning Star.*

MR. THOS. H. KEENAN and Miss Margaret C. Power, daughter of the late ex-Alderman James Power, were married at St. Augustine's Church, South Boston, by Rev. D. O'Callaghan, on June 9. A public reception was held in the evening at the residence of the bride's mother, corner of Dorchester Street and Dorchester Avenue. The couple started on a late train for a three weeks' bridal tour in the West.

BISHOP GILMOUR, of Cleveland, is a convert. He is recognized as one of the ripest scholars in the American Church. He is the editor of a series of Catholic school readers of the first order, and an ardent promoter of parochial schools. He is a prelate of indomitable energy, splendid executive ability, and a wise and just administrator of the affairs of his large diocese.

GENEROUS.—Mr. T. F. Brady, Inspector of Fisheries, acknowledges the generous action of the American Cable News Company towards the poor fishermen of the west coast of Ireland, who are unable to take advantage of the Government Loan Fund. The company has sent six hundred pounds for boats and gear, and promised an additional three hundred pounds in case Mr. Brady can collect four hundred pounds. Of this the National League has contributed fifty pounds, and Mr. Brady will receive gratefully the smallest sums towards making up the remaining required three hundred and fifty pounds, which may be lodged to his credit in the National Bank of Ireland, Dublin, for "American News Cable Fund Account."

THE YOUNGEST ARCHBISHOP.—Apropos of the statement that Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, was the youngest archbishop in the world and has the largest See, the *Gerarchia Catholica*, of Rome, states that the youngest archbishop in the world is Mgr. di Rende, archbishop of Benevento, an Apostolic Nuncio in France, who is only thirty-nine years old, whereas Archbishop Corrigan will be forty-seven years old on August 13. Not only is Mgr. di Rende the youngest archbishop, but as a metropolitan he presides over one of the largest ecclesiastical areas in the world, having under his superintendence twelve dioceses, besides his own of Benevento, and as many suffragan bishops. In this respect the metropolitan archbishop of Westminster heads the list with fourteen diocese and suffragan bishops under his jurisdiction.

THE next convention of the Knights of Labor will be held in Richmond during the month of October. Mr. Powderly writes to the order: "Let the word go along the line, from district assembly to the newest recruit, to put none but Knights of Labor on guard at the next General Assembly. Scan well the characters, the records and the abilities of those who will go to Richmond in October. Send no politicians there. Send no creatures of corporations there. Send no member there who would stamp the impress of communism or anarchy on the constitution of the Knights of Labor."

IN the short time Mr. Cleveland's Administration has been in power a larger proportion of Irish-Americans have been appointed to office than during the whole term of any previous Administration so says the *Irish American.*

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Cleaves, McDonald & Co, Boston.

POEMS. By James Riley.

The author of these verses is not unknown in our community, many of his pieces having appeared in several of the Boston Journals. Mr. Riley is not only a poet but a printer as well. He put his poems in type himself, which is a great saving, having done the work during wet days and after working hours. This is more than most of our poets can do. There would be a great deal less poetry and less annoyance to editors were the authors obliged to "set up" their productions. Mr. Riley not only gives us good poetry, but he gives a very neatly got up book. The book is published by Cleaves, McDonald & Co., of this city. The volume makes one hundred pages, and is sold for $1 a copy. We recommend the lovers of poetry to purchased it.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md.

THE JUDGES OF FAITH: Christian *vs* Godless Schools, Papal, Pastoral and Conciliar Rulings the World Over, especially of the Third Council of Baltimore, with Retrospective Essays on the struggle for Christian Education, Addressed to Parents. By Thomas J. Jenkins, author of "Six Nations on our Prairies." Price 30c.

Christian Education is the great subject of the day. Protestants as well as Catholics are interested in everything relating thereto. Father Jenkins has rewritten this pamphlet, which has gone through the thirty-fifth hundred.

The Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y

CATHOLIC MISSIONS: An Illustrated Monthly Record in connection with the Society of the Propagation of the Faith. Price, 75c. a year.

In our last issue we gave "A General Review of the Catholic Apostolate," from this publication. The Bishop of Salford, England, strongly recommends this Magazine to all who are interested in the propagation of the Faith.

THE OFFICE OF THE DEAD. From the Roman Breviary, Missal and Ritual.

This is a very useful book for the laity to assist at Masses for the dead. The price is only 30 cts.

ALL of the above books may be obtained of Messrs. Noonan and Co., as well as of the publishers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY, for the year ending April 19, 1886.

This is the twenty-fourth annual report, giving a sketch of its history, rules, a list of its officers, founders, &c. The library is quite large, and contains books on every subject relating particularly to the theology of the various denominations. Among the books are very valuable works relating to the church. We notice that Rev. Father Bodfish, Chancellor of the Archdiocese, is among the committee on the purchase of books. The library is indebted to Rev. Luther Farnham, secretary and librarian, for its success. We hope to see him in mother church before he dies.

MUSIC.

White, Smith, & Co.

Vocal: "School Bells," by W. N. Manning. "Forest Shadows," Duet, by F. Campana. "Maying," Duet, words by Rev. Chas. Kingsley, music by May Alice Smith. "When Will My Mamma Come Back?" words by W. R. Pinong, music by Harry Birch. "Parting," by Geo. H. Lloyd. "O Lord God My Strength and Help," by Goss. "Not Very Funny," Comic Quartette by Harry Birch.

Instrumental: "Oakland Waltz," by C. D. Blake. "Au Matin," by B. Godard. "The Puritans Grand Victory March," by C. D. Blake. "L'Esprite Francais," Polka, by Waldteufel. "President Cleveland's Wedding March," by C. D. Blake. "Ermine," March, by E. Jakobouski. "Just lovely," Polka by T. P. Ryder. "Love's Message," by same author. "Grande Valse," by Bendel. "Bontons de Roses," Polka-Mazurka by Ludovic. "Ermine," Gavotte by E. Jakobouski.

Books: Vocal Gems from Opera of "Don Cesar," by Rudolf Dellinger.

"The National Banjo Method," by Geo. C. Dobson. This is a handsome and elegantly gotten up book of some 164 pages by a man who is without doubt the best banjo performer on this continent. The book is a complete library of banjo music in itself, and we cordially commend it to those of our friends who contemplate learning the banjo.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

THE death is announced of one of the oldest ecclesiastics in Ireland, perhaps in the world, when, on May 9th, at the patriarchal age of considerably over ninety years, the Rev. Thomas Nolan, P. P., of Abbeyleix, passed quietly away. The precise date of his birth may not be a matter of certainty. He used to say himself that he was eight years old in the famous year of '98, but perhaps it may be more likely that he was born in the year 1794. Descended from one of the oldest and most respectable families in the county Carlow, he entered Carlow College in the early years of the present century. He was acquainted with the founders of that, the oldest Catholic college in Ireland. He studied under the "J. K. L.," at that time Professor of Theology in Carlow, and there was formed that lasting friendship that ended only with death. Having completed his studies, Father Nolan was ordained priest on the 21st of December, 1818, by the Most Rev. D. Troy, in the old church of St. Michael and John's. It may be interesting to mention that although Father Nolan lived to such a great age, he was so delicate after his ordination that his intimate and ever-revered friend, the great Dr. Doyle, sent him home to die. It was thus that he commenced in his native parish of Myshall a missionary career that has few equals in the annals of Ireland. His health very soon improved, and after a few years he was appointed by Dr. Doyle as his administrator in the parish of Tullow, and while there he erected that beautiful spire which is well worthy of admiration as a work of architecture, but which is a special object of interest as being the first that was erected to any Catholic Church from the days of the Reformation. He took a leading part in the great tithe agitation, and then in Carlow, and afterward in the Queen's County, the name of Father Nolan, or rather "Father Tom," as he was familiarly called, was always united with every movement for the advancement of Faith and Fatherland. In the year 1838 he was appointed parish priest of Abbeyleix. One of the most notable events of his life — one of which as an old man he was justly proud — was his interview with Mr. Gladstone some years ago, when the Premier asked the old priest's blessing. Not long since the Premier made very special inquiries for the old and venerable priest of Abbeyleix. Father Tom was always up to the very last the leading figure in every popular movement: he had a saying of his own that has a good deal of truth in it — "Keep with the people and you will not go astray; they may go too fast; but keep with them and they will come right again."

REV. DANIEL MAGORIEN died at Port Carbon, Pa., on the 20th June. The Rev. Daniel Magorien was the patriarch in age of the priests of Philadelphia; but not so in the sacred ministry, the Rev. A. Schwarze, of Minersville, being nearly six years his senior in this respect, having been ordained in Germany on September 24th, 1831. Father Magorien was born in the county of Down, Ireland, near the beginning of the present century, being eighty-five years old before he was called upon to pay the debt of nature.

A LARGE number of people are cast into grief by the death, at his residence, Kilnamona, Ennis, county Clare, of the Rev. Patrick Nagle, P. P., elder and only surviving brother of Alderman Nagle, of Dublin. Father Nagle entered Maynooth at an early age, and, on the close of a distinguished course, was elected to the Dunboyne establishment. On his return to his native diocese of Killaloe, after having spent a short time as chaplain to the late Lord Bellew, he filled in succession curacies in Nenagh and Birr. His active zeal, his kindness to the poor, his energy in promoting every good work, and his eloquence as a preacher are still well remembered in these important towns.

REV. FRANCIS J. FINN, assistant rector of St. Mary's Church, Biddeford, Me., died on the evening of the 20th of June, after three weeks' illness, from a ruptured blood vessel. He was 27 years old, a native of North Whitefield.

REV. JOHN STEPHANY died at Covington, Ky., on the 21st of June. He was a good priest, as the work he left behind testifies.

REV. CHRISTOPHER MCGRATH, pastor of St. Bernard Church, West Newton, Mass., died on Sunday afternoon, June 13, at the parochial residence in that place, after a long illness, of consumption. Deceased was 41 years of age, and was born in Tralee, county Kerry, Ireland. He received his preliminary education for the priesthood at the Mt. Melleray monastery in Waterford. In 1869 he came to this country and entered Troy Seminary, where he was ordained in 1872. The same year he was appointed assistant at SS. Peter and Paul's Church, South Boston, and remained there until 1881, when he was appointed pastor of St. Bernard's Church, West Newton. Father McGrath has been ill for several years, and for some time past has been unable to attend to his pastoral duties. Father McGrath had a very cheerful disposition, and, during his pastorate at West Newton, had endeared himself to his parishioners. The funeral took place the following Wednesday, the remains being interred in the new cemetery in Watertown.

SISTER.

MOTHER MARY ALOYSIA HARDEY, Assistant General of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, died in Paris on June 17. She was born in Maryland seventy-seven years ago. When only fifteen years of age she entered the Convent of San Michel, in New Orleans, which was the Southern branch of the order of the Sacred Heart. She came to this city when its only convent was a little unpretentious building in Houston Street. She was made general supervisor of the order here, and at once began extending the work. A large building in Astoria was purchased in place of the building in Houston Street, and here the work was carried on, and in 1847 she purchased the present site of the convent in Manhattanville — the old homestead of the Lorillards. Mother Hardey was made Vicar. Under her management the order grew until it owned three houses in this city, one in Rochester, one in Boston, one in Providence, two in Detroit, one in Cincinnati, and two in Pennsylvania. In 1872 there were seven hundred nuns in her vicarage. The number of young ladies over whose studies she had control reached into the thousands. In this year she was made Assistant General of the order, and sailed for Paris, where she had resided ever since. About a year ago she was attacked by congestion of the brain. Mother Jones, the present vicar, and her secretary, Mother Hoy, received word from Paris a short time ago that Mother Hardey would like to see them. They sailed for Paris on June 12. Mother Hardey will probably be buried in the grounds surrounding the convent in which she died.

LAY PEOPLE.

THE father of the two members of Parliament, Messrs. T. and E. Harrington, died on May 28th, at the very ripe age of 90.

THE death of Mrs. Thomas F. Brady, the wife of the popular and charitable Inspector of Fisheries is announced. The greatest sympathy will be felt with Mr. Brady in his sorrowful bereavement. Mrs. Brady assisted her husband *con amore* in his projects for the relief of the distressed, especially in the West of Ireland.

THE death of Miss Nellie Agnes Cummins, daughter of the late Patrick H. Cummins, and a sister of Rev. John F. Cummins, A.M., assistant pastor of St. Thomas' Church, Jamaica Plain, occurred in the Charlestown District, June 26. The young lady was a graduate of Notre Dame Academy, and will be mourned by a large circle of acquaintances. Her death, coming so soon after her much lamented father's, makes the family bereavement all the more sad.

A VENERABLE lady, whose life was linked to the patriots of '98, died on Wednesday, June 2, at her late residence, 242 Lexington avenue, New York. It was Anna Riker, widow of Thomas Addis Emmett, who has now passed away, in the 81st year of her age.

JAMES CASEY, a millionnaire and retired railroad contractor, died at Erie, Penn., on June 3, after a short illness. He was prominently known in his later days by his liberal gifts to the Roman Catholic Church and its beneficiaries. In addition to the testimonials which he contributed to the church and charity, he gave a son and daughter, the Rev. Thomas A. Casey, now Vicar-General of the diocese, and Sister Mary Inez, Mother Superior of the Pittsburg Convent. Mr.

Casey and his brother built a part of the Welland Canal, the Canada Southern. Great Western of Canada, New York and Lake Erie, New York, Buffalo, and State Line, Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway, Erie and Pittsburg Railroad, and the Chicago and Rock Island, from Grinnell to Omaha. He was a prominent light in the Father Mathew Temperance Society. He was a native of Ireland.

ADMIRAL LYNCH, of Chili, is dead. Don Patricio Lynch is known to fame as the commander-in-chief by land and sea of the Chilian forces, during the late war between Chili and the allied republics of Peru and Bolivia. He had been acting as Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain for Chili, but had been transferred in the same capacity to Peru. It was whilst on his way to assume the duties of his post at the Peruvian capital that he died. His body was landed on the island of Teneriffe. The life of Admiral Lynch is a repetition of what has been achieved by many distinguished Irishmen who have laid their genius and valor at the service of some foreign power. He was born at the city of Santiago, in Chili, in 1825, and was the son of a wealthy Irish merchant, who had married a Chilian lady. At the time of his death he was sixty years old, and Chili will mourn in him the loss of her fifth great vice-admiral.

MR. MICHAEL DULANTY, an old and highly esteemed citizen of Waukegan, Ill., died at the residence of his relative, Mr. Dennis Keogh, No. 127 Van Buren Street, Chicago, on May 16. He was born in Tipperary, Ireland, Sept. 3, 1799, came to America in 1831 and settled in Boston, Mass., where he married Miss Ellen Armstrong in 1834. Going West in 1837, to Lake County, Ill., he pitched his tent in the primitive wilderness on land now covered by the town of Lake Forest, where he braved the various vicissitudes, privations and dangers, incident to the wildest frontier life until 1841, when he moved into the town of Little Fort, now the city of Waukegan, and identified himself with its development, and where he continued to reside during his business life, with the exception of four years spent in California in the beginning of its gold career. His wife died in 1867, leaving several children. Mr. Dulanty felt her loss keenly, but bore the sad bereavement with characteristic fortitude. He was a man of large mind and of firm purpose — an affectionate husband and father and an admirable citizen.

GEN. JAMES J. HEFFERNAN, of Durango, La Plata County, Colorado, died at St. Louis, Mo., on his way home from Honduras, Central America. He was appointed Brigadier General in the Irish Republican army by President W. R. Roberts in 1866, and was in the raid on Canada. He was born in Albany N. Y., in 1835, and was appointed Captain of Company H Fifty-fifth Illinois Volunteers on October 31, 1861; Major of the same regiment March 2, 1863, and Lieutenant Colonel August 21, 1864. In 1868 he went to California and engaged in mining. In 1871 he moved to Corinne, Utah. In 1873 he went to Annaville, Nevada. In July, 1875, he located with his family in Salt Lake City, where he was a Deputy United States Marshal. In August, 1876, he came to Colorado and located at Animas City, La Plata County, where he was a Deputy United States Marshal and Surveyor. He came very near getting the nomination of State Auditor of Colorado at the Republican convention of 1884, at Colorado Springs. In the fall of 1885 he went to Honduras to examine the gold placer mines for some capitalists, and contracted the malarial fever, from which he died. He leaves a wife and one daughter; the latter is the wife of Robert J. Carson, the County Clerk of La Plata County. Gen. Hefferman, was a brave soldier, a patriotic Irishman, and a sincere lover of the American Republic.

DEATH OF MR. PATRICK KEENAN. — The decease of this gentleman, one of the best known and most esteemed citizens of East Boston, took place on the evening of the 6th of July. Mr. Keenan was a native of county Monaghan, Ire., and came to America in 1844, since when he lived in East Boston, having engaged in the grocery business at the corner of Liverpool and Maverick Streets during nearly the whole of that period. Quite prominent in connection with the works of Catholic charity in the island wards, he was also for several years a director of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children and belonged to the Catholic Union. The Citizens' Trade Association numbered him among its members. He left a widow, a son and five daughters. The funeral occurred on Thursday morning, services having been held at the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer. Few recent deaths have occasioned so much regret

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"UNLESS our mammoth capitalists and corporations learn and practise justice, fairness and consideration for their employees; unless they abstain from the illegal, unjust and extortionate measures of which they are notoriously guilty; unless they themselves respect and obey the law, we risk nothing in predicting that, before another generation comes upon the stage of active life, there will be here in the United States, a social revolution that will involve indescribable confusion and destruction of property and life. — *American Catholic Quarterly Review.*

The Irish Brogue.*

THE readers of our daily papers must have often laughed at the literary efforts of a number of our reporters, who, imitating a few of their transatlantic class, and doubtless to pander to the prejudices of the managing editor, have invented a mode of speech, and peculiarity of pronunciation, for a number of our fellow-citizens, whom they introduce, ironically, as genuine Irishmen, whatever that may mean, so absurd and witless, that we have taken the trouble to write a paper on this very common word *brogue*, the Irish brogue.

If one were to investigate why the enunciation of some of the Irish people is called the Irish brogue, by Englishmen and others, he would find that it was founded upon the same cause as the Romans did their derision for the Bœotians,† and one more link in the chain, as Froude has said, "to make the name of Irishman contemptible all over the world."

As early as the sixteenth century we find this sneering at Irish speech from no less a personage than William Shakspere,‡ who never was in Ireland; but the British Philistine is notorious for despising and denouncing every one in turn, be they Spaniards or Franks, Austrians or Scotch. The Irish for centuries have received a larger share than all the others. The indications from the East are that they will receive

* Worcester's definition is [Gaelic and Irish *brog*, Scotch *brog*, brogue, a shoe.] A coarse and slight kind of shoe or brogan.

"In Sky — Skye? — I first observed the use of *brogues*, a kind of artless shoes stitched with thongs." — *Johnson.*

A cant word for a corrupt dialect, accent, or pronunciation.

"In the House of Commons, the Scotch accent and the Irish brogue may be often heard."—*Quarterly Review.*

In other words, the English spoken by the Irish people is as like a brogue as the latter is to an ordinary shoe. To which we respectfully and firmly demur.

† "Bœotum in crasso jurares aëre natum."— *Horace.* "Thou wouldst swear that he had been born in the thick air of Bœotia."

‡ *Hotspur:* "I had rather hear, Lady, my *brach*-hound howl in Irish."— *Henry IV.*

more pen-thrashing and tongue-scolding from John Bull, and his servile herd of imitators out of England; but the Irish with the brogue, and those without it, seem to be so pachydermatous in their indifference to both, that they pay no attention to either on this or the other side of the Atlantic.

Were there any foundation for the constant scoffing, or if the true pronunciation of the persons were only given, one might overlook the craving desire to hold up a Christian people to ridicule; but your average reporter, who attends the Police Courts of our cities, knows no more about accent, dialect, whine, jargon, or brogue, than a lobster that's red does of a lunar eclipse.

There is another class, whose early associations were indifferent, who have a rigmarole of words they utter with the grimace of an ape in pain, whenever they endeavor to *adorn* a story which, of course, is invariably told at the expense of the Irish. They suppose what they say to be the brogue, and that the native of Ireland, no matter whether he first saw the light in Aghada or Armagh, Belfast or Ballina, Dublin, or Donegal, speaks in the same way. The same stereotyped gibberish is repeated, as if all the people of Ireland had the same intonation or enunciation, which they have not, nor have the people in any other country in Europe. We say, however, and challenge successful contradiction, that the English language is spoken purer and more distinct in Ireland, than in England among the masses. Neither Oxford nor Cambridge have ever excelled the elegance of diction and force of idiom taught in Trinity College, Dublin, and which is spoken throughout that city.

Before we proceed further, we beg to submit samples of the rubbish served to American readers by journals published in different parts of the country. A New York evening paper puts into the mouth of two gentlemen of that city, whom, we believe, were born and reared there, under the heading,

"POLITICAL RHETORIC."

"OH, but it's glad I am to welcome yez," said he. "Yez wor at the meetin' lasht noight?"

"Yes, and —"

"Yez heard the shpakers?"

"Yes, and —"

"Did yez iver see the loikes? Did yez hear the spache Mister — Misther — the ould gintleman, I mane, wide the long white beard — made?"

"Yes; but how is the fight going on?"

"Foine, foine," he replied, enthusiastically. "I'm sure av victhory — an' I'll wager me loife there's not tin votes that'll be casht agin us."

"———is working hard, and is using every means in his power to win," said the reporter.

"Whisht!" said he. "This is betune you an' me an' the wall. It's crooked manes he's usin'. Sure no honesht voter wud sthand by him; an' as fur his winnin' — och! what's the use o' talkin'? On Election Day he'll be picked up aff his feet in a coyclone av political dinnunciation and dropped nobody knows where — so far aff that he'll niver come till agin in this ward."

Uneducated people don't use such high-sounding expressions as, "cyclone of political denunciation."

The elegant Chicago *News*, whose editor, we believe, ought to know something of Irish speech, regales its readers with "a bit of brogue" that no one ever heard in or out of Ireland.

A short time ago, it gave a sample of Police Court brogue never known but in the Creeks of Lake Michigan, and a rhapsodical speech by a Chicago lawyer whose derivation of the word *vagrancy*, in any court, would suffice to prejudice his case. Criminal lawyers do not indulge in *jeu d'esprit* before Police Courts. The Chicago *News* ought to be in a more refined mood and eschew dottishness. Our own favorite New York *Sun*, too, on the last day of the past year, allowed itself to be imposed upon through a Police Court reporter who, reported a police officer as saying "*snake thaves*," in conversation.

A correspondent called the editor's attention to the matter as follows:

"I confess I was somewhat surprised at *The Sun's* allowing such an absurdity to appear in its columns. The most ignorant Irishman whom God ever created never said 'thaves' for 'thieves.' If the policeman said anything he said 'snake thieves,' not 'thaves.'

"The Irish brogue is an anomaly. An Irishman will say 'resave' for 'receive,' but he will not say 'praste' for 'priest;' he will say 'clane' for 'clean,' but he will say he is going to 'read,' not 'rade,' *The Sun*, though he would say 'snake' for 'sneak.' In words with double 'e' he never makes a mistake, such as 'free,' 'reed,' 'feet,' &c., which he pronounces as well as any Englishman or American can do."

Ireland was the first country English soldiers invaded. Her incursions into France are not considered — and the last to submit, if she has submitted yet. For over four hundred years, the English invaders were confined to "The Pale." It comprised the counties of Dublin, Kildare and Meath, and the cities of Cork, Waterford and Limerick, and the lands immediately surrounding them. Over the other parts of the island, outside of "The Pale," neither the speech nor laws of Plantagenet or Tudor prevailed, although Henry VIII. called himself King of Ireland long before James VI., of Scotland, who became the First, of England, was born. It was after the submission of the Northern chiefs that English laws were obeyed; but Saxon speech did not touch the eastern bank of the Shannon north of Limerick for a hundred years afterwards, or until the beginning of the eighteenth century.*

Sixty years ago, every man and woman could speak Irish and very little English in the province of Connaught, outside of Galway. Two-thirds of Munster could do the same. The southern and western counties of Ulster had and have an Irish-speaking people. To-day there are thousands who speak Irish and English in Western Leinster. The numbers who speak only Irish, are: Ulster, 23,180; Munster, 62,039; Leinster, 238; Connaught, 77,818; total, 163,275.†

*The Irish tongue as late as 1700, was the language of the country. Proclamations were issued in it, accompanied with an English translation, as late as 1645. — *Vide Ulster Arch. Journal.*

During the Commonwealth, the English tongue made some way. Many of the expressions which provoke the mirth of the modern Englishman, and his imitators outside of it, "and which they consider an evidence of the vulgarity of the uneducated Irish, may be found in the works of his countrymen, of which he is justly proud."

† Morris Irish Almanac, 1869.

Now, it is a moderate allowance, that for every person who speaks Irish exclusively, there are twenty who can speak both languages. This would give us three millions one hundred and two thousand two hundred and twenty-five (3,102,225) people, speaking English and Irish. Where in England can one find one million of "free-born Britons" speaking their own local dialect, which is unintelligible to outsiders, and English as spoken in Liverpool, which is better than in Middlesex? It would be a waste of time to compare the worst English-speaking man in Ireland, to a native of Yorkshire, whose speech has been designated as "sharp, slitting, paltry, unshape." The Munster brogue is easily understood; but the Devonshire jargon is a puzzle for educated Englishmen. The English spoken in Connaught is not so grammatically exact as that of Connecticut, but it is understood, which the Somersetshire "dink-donk" is not. The North of Ireland accent is preferable to the Lancashire burr, which is impossible to understand by an American, or the average Englishman. In no part of the world is there a mode of speech to be compared to the Suffolk whine. This is the most barbarous of all kinds of dialects, accents or brogues under the sun. Our "Cockatoo accent"* is elegant English in comparison to "Bow Bells," the heart of London. That we may not be unjustly accused of bearing false witness against the sturdy sons of the English shires, we beg to quote from a master on the subject, the erudite father of the late Lord Beaconsfield.†

If any of our tourists are curious on this subject of English in England, we would suggest that he visit a trial in Lancashire. To the interrogatory of the clerk of the court, "Gentlemen of the jury have you agreed on your verdict, and if you have, how do you find the prisoner, guilty or not guilty?" Response of foreman of the jury: "*We won dyedd'n,*" or "*We won did — d'n.*" This is English as spoken in an English law court, within an hour's journey by rail from Liverpool.

Many people can read Chaucer and Spencer, who wrote when English was in its swaddling clothes, but we do not think they could readily translate the following, which is the language of Lancashire in 1886:

"Wiv a te stravagin and wunted a nunch — Anmaw thropple was reddy tagizen.

"Sal and went tiva yellhois an ther tenk a lunch.

"But ta recknung, maw Saul, was a lizou."

From the Shannon to the hill of Hurth, and from the Suir to the bay of Carlingford, there is no more brogue, nor difference of accent, than there is from Montauk Point to Milwaukee. The English spoken throughout Lienster is purer than that of Middlesex. From Lough Derg to Lough Levilly, an American would have no difficulty in the matter

*This is the English way of describing Yankee speech.

† Should a peasant of the Yorkshire dales, and one from the vales of Taunton, and another from the hills of Chiltern, meet together, they would require an interpreter to be mutually intelligible to each other; but in this dilemma, what country could produce the Englishman so versed in provincial dialects as to assist his three honest countrymen?—*Curiosities of Literature.*

of speech; ten miles east of Liverpool he would not be understood, nor could he comprehend a word addressed to him by a peasant. From Dungarvan to Dungannon no one from this side of the Atlantic would need an interpreter. A day's walk from Bristol would lead to a people who do not speak or understand English as spoken at London or Dublin. A trip from Lisburn to Louth could be undertaken by any school boy in New York; there is not a professor in Yale College who could get a loaf of bread, if necessary, in Northumberland, were he to depend upon speech, from a laborer.

Englishmen, therefore, should commence at home* in the matter of correct language, and save their solicitude for Irish alleged solecisms for their hardy countrymen of Yorkshire and other parts of "Merrie England," who do not speak English as well as any Irish we wot of.

We admit there are uneducated people in Leinster, even in Dublin, who adhere to the pronunciation of certain English words of the days of Queen Anne, the Augustan age of British literature, but it has no similitude to the trash quoted. The intonation of North and East Ulster is decidedly dissimilar to that of West and South Munster. The enunciation of West Connaught is unlike that of East Leinster; but in no part of the four provinces of Ireland does any person, who speaks English, use such ridiculous language as quoted. We think, considering the hostility that has waged, and which continues to wage, beween the peoples of England and Ireland, and the superhuman efforts on the part of the latter to force her speech and laws upon the former, that Ireland is in advance, in the matter of language, as we have, we trust, satisfactorily shown of England.

The police reporters, and their cis-atlantic imitators, should bear in mind that no two men were ever, and probably never will be able to excel the incomparable English of Irish Goldsmith, and the immortal letters of Jonathan Swift. If any one in or out of England, has ever spoken better than Burke, Sheridan and Sheil, we do not know who he was.

It, therefore, illy becomes decent journalists in America to imitate the cockney mode of holding up the Irish to the sneers of the thoughtless and idle. A people, few in numbers, like them, have nothing to blush at, in the matter of speaking the English tongue. When given an opportunity, as their enemies aver over and over again, to become educated, they outstrip any alumnus of Oxford, or Cambridge, in speaking and writing the Saxon language. This is so manifest to travellers, that they marvel exceedingly; but the so-called Irish brogue is one of the links in the British Philistine's chain, as in that of the doltish creatures who copy him, "to make the name of Irishman contemptible all over the world."

"On their own merits modest men are dumb."

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* The Anglican Bible has *learn* in the sense of *to teach*. The term *forninst*, which is so funny to the ears of dunces, is from an English source. It is to be found in Fairfax's Tasso.

"The land foreninst the Greekish shore he held."

Newton rhymes *way* with *sea*. Pope is full of supposed "Hibernicisms." He rhymes *spirit* with *merit;* fit and *yet; civil* and *devil; obey* and *tea*.

In Memoriam.

TO REV. JNO. J. KEELER, A DEVOTED PRIEST OF THE MOBILE DIOCESE. — DEDICATED TO HIS SISTER, MISS M. KEELER, OF NEW YORK, BY FATHER A. J. RYAN.

(Never published before.)

"SWEET Christ, let him live! Ah, we need his life,
And woe to us if he goes!
Ah! his life is beautiful, sweet and fair,
Like a holy hymn, — and the stillest prayer;
Let him live to help us in the strife
On earth, with our sins and woes!

'Twas the cry of thousands who loved him so;
But the Angel of Death said, "No, no, no."
He was passing away, and none might save,
The gentle priest from an early grave.

O God! spare his life, we plead and pray,
He taught us to love you so, —
So — so much — his life is so sweet and fair, —
A still, still song and a holy prayer,
He is our Father; ah! let him stay,
He gone, — to whom shall we go?

'Twas the voice of thousands who loved him so;
But the Angel of Death murmured low, "No, no!"
And the voice of his Angel from far away,
Sang to Christ in Heaven — he must not stay.

"O Mary! kneel at the great white throne
And pray with your children there.
Our hearts need his heart, — 'tis sweet and fair,
Like the sound of hymn and the breath of prayer,
Goeth he now, we are lone, so lone,
And who for us is there left to care?"

It was the cry of souls who loved him so;
But the Angel of Death sang, "Children, no!"
And a voice like Christ's, from the far-away,
Sounded sweet and low — "He may not stay!"

From his sister's heart swept the wildest moan,
"O God! let my brother stay,
I need him the most, — ah, me, how lone!
If he passes from earth away.

O beautiful Christ! for my poor sake
Let him live for me, — else my heart will break."

But the Angel of Death said, "Poor child, no!"
And Christ sang, "Child, I will soothe thy woe."

"O Christ! let his sister's prayer be heard!
Let her look on his face once more!"
Ah! that prayer was a wail — without a word,
She will look upon him ne'er more —
The long, gray distances unmoved swept,
'Twas the dying eyes and hers that wept.

He was dying fast, and the hours went by,
Ah! desolate hours were they!
His mind had hidden away somewhere
Back of a fretted and weary brow,
E're he passed from life away.

* * * * * * * * *

And one who loved him (at dead of night),
Crept up to an altar, where the light
That guards Christ's Eucharistic sleep,
Shone strangely down upon his vow,
"Spare him! O God — O God! for me,
Take me, beautiful Christ, instead;
Let me taste of death and come to Thee,
I will sleep for him with the dead."

The Angel of Death said, "No! priest, no!
You must suffer and live, but he must go!"
And a voice like Christ's sang far-away
"He will come to me — but you must stay."
We leaned on hope that was all in vain,
'Till the terrible word at last
Told our stricken hearts he was out of pain,
And his beautiful life had passed.

* * * * * * * * *

Oh, take him away from where he died,
Put him not with the common dead,
For he was so pure and fair;
And the city was stirred, and thousands cried,
Whose tears were a very prayer.
No, no, no, take him home again,
For his Bishop's heart beats there,
Cast him not with the common dead,
Let him go home and rest his head, —
Ah! his weary and grief-worn head, —
On the heart of his father — he is mild,
He loved him as his own child.

And they brought him home to the home he blest,
With his life so sweet and fair;
He blest it more in his deathly rest,
His face was a chiselled prayer;
White as the snow, pure as the foam,
Of a weary wave on the sea;
He drifted back (and they placed him where
He would love at last to be),
To his Bishop's heart and home.

His Father in God thought over the years
Of the beautiful, happy past;
Ah, me! we were happy then; but now
The sorrow has come, and saddest tears
Kiss the dead priest's virgin brow.

* * * * * * * *

Who will watch o'er the dead young priest,
People and priests and all?
No, no, no, 'tis his spirit's feast,
When the evening shadows fall;
Let him rest alone, — unwatched alone,
Just beneath the altar's light,
The Holy Hosts on their humble throne
Will watch him all thro' the night.
The doors were closed, — he was still and fair,
What sound moved up the aisles?
The dead priests come with soundless prayer,
Their faces wearing smiles.

And this was the soundless hymn they sung,
"We watch o'er you to-night;
Your life was beautiful, fair and young,
Not a cloud upon its light;
To-morrow, — to-morrow you will rest
With the virgin priests whom Christ has blest."

* * * * * * * * *

Kyrie Eleison! the stricken crowd
Bowed down their head in tears,
O'er the sweet young priest in his vestment-shroud.
Ah! the happy, happy years, —
They are dead and gone, — and the Requiem Mass
Went slowly, mournfully on;
The Pontiff's singing was all a wail,
The altars cried and the people wept;
The fairest flower in the Church's vale,—
Ah, me! how soon we pass! —
In the vase of his coffin slept.

We bore him out to his resting-place,
Children, priests and all,
There was sorrow on almost every face
And, ah! what tears did fall!
Tears from hearts for a heart asleep
Tears from sorrow's deepest deep.

"Dust to dust," — he was lowered down.
Children! kneel and pray,
Give the white-rose priest a flowery crown
For the white rose passed away;
And we wept our tears and left him there,
And brought his memory home.
Ah! he was beautiful, sweet and fair,
A heavenly hymn, — a sweet, still prayer,
Pure as the snow, — white as the foam,
That seeks a lone, far shore.
Dead priest! Bless from amid the blest
The hearts that will guard thy place of rest,
Forever, — forever, forevermore.

MOBILE, MARCH 2d, 1880.

The Battle of the Boyne.

Now that there are so many reports of the arming of Orangemen in Ulster, and so many threats as to what they will do should a home-rule bill of any kind pass, it may not be amiss to ask, "Who won the Battle of the Boyne?" Hear what Macauley says in his History of England:

William had under his command near thirty-six thousand men, born in many lands and speaking many tongues. Scarcely one Protestant church, scarcely one Protestant nation, was unrepresented in the army which a strange series of events had brought to fight for the Protestant religion in the remotest island of the west. About half the troops were natives of England. Ormond was there with the Life Guards, and Oxford with the Blues. Sir John Lanier, an officer who had acquired military experience on the Continent, and whose prudence was held in high esteem, was at the head of the Queen's Regiment of Horse, now the First Dragoon Guards. There were Beaumont's foot, who had, in defence of the mandate of James, refused to admit Irish Papists among them, and Hastings' foot, who had on the disastrous day of Killicrankie maintained the military reputation of the Saxon race. There were two Tangier battalions, hitherto known only by deeds of violence and rapine, but destined to begin on the following morning a long career of glory. Two fine English regiments which had been in the service of the States General, and had often looked death in the face under William's leading, followed him in this cam-

paign, not only as their General, but as their native king. They now rank as the fifth and sixth of the line. The former was led by an officer who had no skill in the higher part of military science, but whom the whole army allowed to be the bravest of all the brave — John Cutts. The Scotch foot guards marched under the command of their countryman, James Douglas. Conspicuous among the Dutch troops were Portland's and Ginkell's horse, and Solmes' blue regiment, consisting of two thousand of the finest infantry in Europe. Germany had sent to the field some warriors sprung from her noblest houses. Prince George, of Hesse Darmstadt, a gallant youth, who was serving his apprenticeship in the military art, rode near the king. A strong brigade of Danish mercenaries was commanded by Duke Charles Frederick, of Wurtemberg. It was reported that of all the soldiers of William these were most dreaded by the Irish. For centuries of Saxon domination had not effaced the recollections of the violence and cruelty of the Scandinavian sea kings; and an ancient prophecy, that the Danes would one day destroy the children of the soil, was still repeated with superstitious horror. Among foreign auxiliaries were a Brandenberg regiment and a Finland regiment. But in that great array, so variously composed, were two bodies of men animated by a spirit peculiarly fierce and implacable, the Huguenots of France, thirsting for the blood of the French, and the Englishry of Ireland, impatient to trample down the Irish.

All the bold spirits of the unconquerable colony had repaired to William's camp. Mitchelburne was there, with the stubborn defenders of Londonderry and Wolseley, with the warriors who had raised the unanimous shout of "Advance!" on the day of Newton Butler. Sir Albert Conyngham, the ancestor of the noble family whose seat now overlooks the field of battle, had brought from the neighborhood of Lough Erne a regiment of dragoons, which still glories in the name of Enniskillen, and which has proved on the shores of the Euxine that it has not degenerated since the day of the Boyne.— *Macauley's Works*, Vol. 3, p. 289.

In round numbers, less than one-eighth of the victorious army was composed of Irish Protestants. But it may be said they were foremost in the decisive battle for the cause which was pre-eminently their own. Unluckily they were not. William crossed the river with the English troops not far from Drogheda. The Irish Protestants formed part of the centre under Schomberg, who were to cover the passage of the fords of Oldbridge. The historian adds: "Schomberg gave the word. Slomes' Blues (Dutch) were the first to move. They marched gallantly with drums beating to the bank of the Boyne. Then the drums stopped, and the men, ten abreast, descended into the water; next plunged Londonderry and Enniskillen."

It would seem that Londonderry found the water too cold or the fire too hot, for old Walker, their new bishop, rushed into the river to animate his townsmen, and was killed in the act of calling on them to behave like men. The Enniskilleners got across after the Dutch Blues and the French Huguenots, but hardly in an effective, or collected condition. "It was long remembered," continues the historian, "among

the Protestants of Ulster that in the midst of the tumult William rode to the head of the Enniskilleners, 'What will you do for me?' he cried." This, by the way, sounds as if they had not yet done much. "He was not immediately recognized," adds Lord Macauley, "and one trooper, taking him for an enemy, was about to fire. William gently put aside the carbine. 'What,' said he, 'do you not know your friend?' 'It is His Majesty,' said the Colonel. The ranks of sturdy Protestant yeomen set up a shout of joy. 'Gentlemen,' said William, 'you shall be my guards to-day. I have heard much of you. Let me see something of you.'" He did see something of them which turned out to be rather different from what he had heard. "The Irish cavalry made their last stand at a house called Plottin Castle, about a mile and a half south of of Oldbridge. There the Enniskilleners were repulsed with the loss of fifty men, and were hotly pursued, till William rallied them and turned the chase back." This was the sole check or repulse sustained by the victorious army on the passage of the river, so that, all things considered, the Irish Protestants have about as much claim or title to the battle of the Boyne as *les braves Belges* to the battle of Waterloo.

A Hint for Catholic Convent Schools.

EDUCATION, to be helpful in after life, should be *practical* as well as ornamental. It is a pitiful sight to see a lady who has gradua.ed with what is called "high honors" in some female seminary, surrounded by a family, yet unable to sew for them, to teach them domestic economy, or to impart to them the practical experience which every mother meets with in a life-long experience as the governing power of the household.

A young lady who finishes her education without a knowledge of the art of *cuisine*, and who fails to take her "degrees" in domestic economy, may do for a doll to adorn a hotel parlor, but she is entirely unfitted for the real duties of life as a wife and mother — as understood in the real, true Catholic sense and meaning of both dignities.

There is a private school in Chicago where they combine the useful with the ornamental to a degree that we think would be a good idea to introduce into some of the convent schools in this country. Here is an account of a recent exhibition which we print for the purpose of presenting it to such Catholic institutions as may think it a desirable addition to their curriculum:

Miss Bentley gave an exhibition of her garden pupils. The class consisted of twenty-four little girls, ranging in age from twelve to fifteen, and representing almost every European country. Their long, white pinafores, fluted muslin caps, and prim little ties gave them an appearance that was very refreshing. They entered the room in single file to a military march, carrying miniature tables and boxes. In the latter were linen, cutlery and small table furniture. Brought to a

halt, Miss Bentley put the little housewives through a catechism of domestic literature, from which the following quotations were caught:

"How often should a room be swept?"

"Thoroughly once a week," answered a wee bit of a Swede with a voice bigger than herself.

"What kind of broom is best for the corners and edges of a room?"

"Whisk broom," sang out a maid with yellow pigtails, who seemed to be having her throat sawed by the well laundried tie under her chin.

"Why is a dust rag better than a feather duster?"

"Because the feathers scatter the dust instead of gathering it," and such queries of similar practicality.

After this part of the programme the girls took out their little table cloths, the piano struck up a series of popular tunes, and the board was spread in a manner that was calculated to charm an epicurean.

Before the little beds were made the class had an oral recitation, one question being: "What three things are necessary for nice bed making?" The answer being: "Level mattress, smooth clothes, and square corners." Then the mattresses were whipped into shape, the pillows knocked in form, and in an incredibly short time every bed was as flat as the nap on a fifteen-dollar ulster, and the children retired under a murmur of applause. On their return they carried trays, with which they went through a series of pretty manœuvres, the words being suggested by the trio in "Patience." Dishes were washed and after the place was "tidied up," brooms were used for exercises in calisthenics. It is needless to say that the exhibition was enthusiastically received. The little girls have been under the instruction of Miss Bentley for the last two years, the school session being held on Saturdays only. As soon as her pupils have completed the prescribed course it is the teacher's intention to provide each graduate with a position in some first-class family, where the intelligence of the girl will be appreciated. A feature in the course is compulsory education, no pupil being allowed to take a diploma who is not able to read, write, and understand enough arithmetic for practical economy.

Walking for Health.

THERE is almost no limit to the physical development and health that may be gained and maintained by walking which is done for the purpose of exercise. Any one can find time and space in which to walk; and one can find congenial company at such trips. A prospective husband is not the best company for such times, for with him the walk will almost inevitably degenerate into a saunter; further, no woman can walk freely when custom or affection compels her to lean upon a masculine arm. To be beneficial walking must be done in

shoes broad enough to let the feet be placed firmly upon the ground at every step, and clothing which will allow full play to the lungs and arms. The step should be as quick as can be maintained without causing uncomfortable increase in the action of the heart. The pedestrian should breathe through the nose, carry the head erect, and not be afraid of becoming high shouldered.

Walking for health, like cold water as a beverage, seems contemptible because it is so simple; yet the writer knows of several ladies who have got rid of doctors, "blues" and headaches, all of which they once endured in rapid and wearying succession, by persistently walking briskly twice a day, regardless of weather, for an hour or less at a time. Most of them are married, and have had their full share of the household cares which complete with such terrible rapidity the early breaking down of American women, yet their present health and spirits are envied by all the young men of their acquaintance. Their husbands do not tarry over the wine, neither do they spend much time at clubs, or stay away from home in the evening. Somehow these very ladies are noted as never having anything to say about the tyranny of man, the hard lot of woman, the lack of appreciation, and kindred topics that are common among estimable women of the semi-invalid class, that embraces almost all American women who are not of the so-called "working classes."

Archbishop Elder on the Holy Face.

FROM the splendid preface written by the Archbishop of Cincinnati to the American edition of "Noted Sanctuaries," a work published by the Discalced Carmelites of New Orleans, we make the following copious extracts:

It is good for us to become better acquainted with those special histories and traditions which connect our age of material progress with the faith and piety of earlier days. We are not so different from our forefathers but that we are capable of appreciating and enjoying these accounts, if only our spiritual tastes are rightly cultivated; and in some respects we are laboring under particular evils, for which they furnish a useful remedy.

There is faith and piety in our age, as there must always be while the church continues to be animated by the Holy Ghost—and this shall be always—even to the consummation of the world, because "the Spirit of Truth shall abide with you forever." And all faith and piety flow from one source—the knowledge and love of our Lord Jesus Christ, particularly in His pains and ignominies endured for the glory of His Father, and in mercy to us. Whatever tends to bring these under our consideration in a more sensible form serves to enliven our faith and enkindle our piety, and examples leave a more lasting impression than simple exhortation.

Indeed, these examples are not as antiquated as might be supposed;

not only the Veronica of the Vatican, but some of the other images spoken of in this little book, are much venerated in our own day. The Holy Face of Lucca was the object of a marvellous demonstration of popular devotion within a few years ago. It is briefly referred to in the following book at the conclusion of the notice on that Image.

The *Catholic Quarterly Review* for January, 1885, gives quite an extended notice both of the Image itself and of the celebration in its honor. We will only state here that it continued during five days; each day numerous processions arrived from the neighboring towns and districts, some of them walking all night, and some of them through heavy rains, besides countless other visitors not in the processions swelled the throng. On the evenings of the five days there were illuminations and fireworks on a magnificent scale. But the people came not as pleasure-seekers to enjoy a pageant, but as pilgrims to satisfy their piety; and the cathedral wherein was enshrined the Holy Face was their magnet of attraction, there to offer pious homage and supplications to our Crucified Redeemer. The confessionals were thronged and great numbers received Holy Communion. Pontifical Mass was celebrated every day; the bishop, assisted by two priests, was an hour and a half giving Communion, while large numbers received at other Masses and in other churches.

These ancient objects of devotion, then, touch a chord in the Christian heart, which, in our day, as in any other, is ready to respond with rich music for the glory of God, and for the sanctification and the consolation of souls. The Holy Face best known in this country is the "Veronica of the Vatican," the image left by our Lord Himself in the veil which a pious and courageous woman presented Him on the road to Mt. Calvary to wipe from His Adorable Face the blood, sweat, spittle and dust. The interest of the faithful has been more awakened in this sacred relic these last years through a pious confraternity, which has zealously distributed leaflets upon which it is impressed together with prayers, pious practices, and notices of indulgences granted by the Holy See, so as to encourage this devotion among its children.

One great object of it is to counteract and make amends for the innumerable outrages daily offered to our Lord, even by men professing to be Catholics. Perhaps the most general and frequent form of this outrage in our country is the familiar, evil habit of cursing, and of using other profane expressions. Hence, it is to be earnestly desired, that this salutary devotion of the reparation be widely and zealously propagated throughout our country.

Its practice is a loving reparation offered to our insulted Lord, and which will turn aside from our people the anger of the Eternal Father justly irritated at the shameful treatment of His beloved Son, and at the same time it will bring down graces of repentance and reformation for the guilty perpetrators.

Let us well understand that profane words *always* dishonor God, even when uttered by persons who say they mean no harm thereby.

If a man has the habit of calling his neighbors fools and liars, they surely would not accept his verbal excuse that he meant no offence; that it was only a way he had of talking; he knows very well that the

import of the words contains offence, and that if he uses the words he will be held responsible for the offence they give.

Think, then, of the number of opprobrious offences offered to God each hour of the day in almost every town and district of our country. Take one small town; estimate how many persons in it are given to this habit of using profane language; how many profane words each one utters in a day; multiply the entire amount by the ratio of that town to the fifty millions of our population, and see how impossible it is to form an adequate idea of the loathsome fumes continually rising up before the thone of God's Infinite Majesty.

Consider, too, that they express not only dishonor to God's Holy Name, but direct imprecation of evil, calling down damnation, which embraces all possible evils for soul and body. We see, then, that our own country has particular need of just such a reparation; devotion to the Veil of Veronica—the Holy Face of our Lord—is a most fitting means of making it.

The face of man and his name are clearly associated; by these he is usually distinguished from other men. They bring him before the mind with all that we know of him, his character, his acts, his affections, and particularly his relations to ourselves, his conduct and sentiments towards us. They are likewise the most direct objects for works of regard or of dishonor. A man's good or bad name is synonymous with the honor or dishonor in which he is held, and an outrage offered to his face is the most direct of insults.

Consequently, the sacred image of our Lord's Face—the miraculous impress of that adorable countenance in the moment of its saddest ignominies—is a most fitting object to awaken in our hearts the desire of offering Him reparation for continual outrages done to the thrice Holy Name of God. Besides, it furnishes a very simple and direct way of making reparation. There is no doubt but that we can do much to console the Sacred Heart of our Lord, and to appease the anger of His Eternal Father, by showing loving reverence to His Adorable Face, impressed upon this Veil of Veronica, making in its presence acts of honor, contrition and grief for our own sins, as well as for those of other men; and inflaming our love by thus contemplating in that adorable Image two abysses of man's inexpressible ill-treatment of God, and of God's infinite patience and love towards men.

The little book will serve to this end by making us acquainted with these various images of the Adorable Face of God made man, and with the faith and piety they have awakened in affectionate hearts.

May it then help to "make the light of God's countenance shine upon us; that God may bless us and all the ends of the earth may have peace."

✠ WILLIAM HENRY ELDER, Archbishop of Cincinnati.

"TOMMY, my son, what are you doing there with your feet dangling in the water?"—"Trying to catch cold, 'ma, so that I may have some of those cough lozenges you gave me yesterday."

The Sin of Blasphemy.

A SERMON BY REV. FATHER DONOHUE, OF ST. MARY STAR OF THE SEA CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

No other name should be so dear to us and so beloved as that of God's, because it is the name of our greatest Benefactor. When we come to think of God's honor, glory and majesty it really seems strange that there should be any need of a Scriptural enactment commanding respect for that name, and one would think that there would be no need of signs to keep men from profaning it. This sin of profanity amounts to a crime. God's idea of its enormity is clearly exemplified in the Old Law, and in the Book of Leviticus we find a divine enactment, promulgated by God Himself, declaring that he who might be proven guilty of blasphemy should be taken outside the camp and stoned to death. That law is changed. Remember, though, laws can change, but God can never change. Blasphemy is no less a crime now than it was in those times.

There is something, too, of indescribable meanness in this sin. Let us consider a hypothetical case. Suppose you were suddenly taken with some contagious and loathsome form of disease. Friends desert you and leave you to die. High fever attacks you, and with it a sense of desertion and a fear of dying. In the midst of this you feel a gentle hand pass over your brow and administer healing medicine. From a near approach to death you are restored to health, and then you look for the stranger who helped you to recovery. Was there not a time when you were afflicted with a loathsome disease and nobody to help you until that merciful Christian came along? He restored you to health and happiness, and he, contracting the disease, died from it. Now, you would not think of disrespectfully speaking of your benefactor but rather venerating his name. Is there anything meaner, anything more contemptible than the man who, from morning till night, blasphemes God who shed His blood for him? What a sad thing that this spirit of blasphemy is so great. What has God done to us that we should injure Him? St. Bernardine, of Sienna, says that "blasphemy is a sword which directly pierces God's heart."

It cannot be that Christ treats the blasphemer very easily. He may think because he is not punished on earth he will not be punished in the world to come. The punishment is merely deferred. We have historical cases just left to us as examples. King Antiochus was stoned to death, and King Herod was devoured by worms.

There are hundreds and thousands in this city who would think it quite a solace to carry on a blasphemous conversation for a few moments. Even the most pious are not exempt from it. Go through any of our streets and your ears will be shocked by the most revolting language. But whenever you hear a person reviling God's name don't be afraid to speak reprovingly; don't be abrupt. There is a Christian way of asking him not to speak disrespectfully of the sacred Word. Well, suppose

he offers resentment, are you not ready to bear with it? You will be insulted? It will be less frequent than you imagine. A gentleman with whom I am acquainted makes it a rule to rebuke any one who violates the Second Commandment. For years he has never deviated from the practice, and still has received no insult. Any man who blasphemes is guilty of a monstrous crime. If you are sincere and reprove him he will listen. You can do a heap of good in this life if you will. All praise to the Holy Name Society, which comes to God's banquet once a month. All praise to this band of young and old men who endeavor to honor and to keep honored the name under which it was founded. Away with blasphemy. It isn't needed in this world. It belongs to hell and the devils.

Patriotic Irish Journalists.

NOT the least interesting feature of the agitation of the last six years in Ireland is the large number of newspaper men which it has brought prominently into public life, and the distinguished ability with which they have performed all the duties devolving upon them as popular leaders, legislators, and parliamentarians, notwithstanding that they had little or no previous experience in practical politics. In the present Irish National party in parliament there are no less than sixteen active journalists, and of these ten are veterans who have proved their capacity in many a parliamentary combat, while the other six are all men of high standing in their profession, of whom it may be predicted that, though they sit in parliament this year for the first time, their careers will be neither "mute nor inglorious."

In the last parliament, among what Mr. Trevelyan once called the "formidable array of eloquent and forcible men" constituting the Irish party, journalism was represented by Justin McCarthy, Thomas Sexton, James J. O'Kelly, T. M. Healy, T. P. O'Connor, T. D. Sullivan, William O'Brien, E. D. Gray, T. Harrington, and Justin H. McCarthy; and, though this list does not embrace some of the most notable of the Irish representatives, such as Mr. Parnell himself, Mr. Biggar, Mr. Arthur O'Connor, and one or two others, it is, nevertheless, true that the brilliant reputation and commanding influence which the Irish party at present enjoys are due in more than a proportionate degree to the eloquence and ability displayed by the journalists mentioned. This fact must have impressed itself upon every one who has attentively followed the debates in parliament during the last five years. In every parliamentary battle the journalists occupied the posts of honor, and they invariably acquitted themselves with credit, compelling the attention and exacting the respect even of their enemies, by their superior mental endowments, their fidelity to their great leader, and their untiring advocacy of the cause of Ireland.

The personal history of these men, of which I propose here to

give a brief account, abounds in interesting material to "write up," and, if done justice to, would, in many cases, fill a volume. With the exception of E. D. Gray, and, perhaps, J. H. McCarthy, none of them have enjoyed any advantages of birth or fortune, but owe whatever success they have achieved to an untiring industry and great natural abilities, the records of their lives being in most instances the recital of successful struggles against poverty and prejudice, and in one, at least,—

"Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach."

Next to Mr. Parnell the most prominent man in the Irish party, perhaps, is Justin McCarthy, widely and favorably known in journalism and letters wherever the English language is read. He is vice-president of the Irish National League, and sits in parliament as one of the members for Longford. Mr. McCarthy was born in the city of Cork in 1830, and received his education at a private school, where he distinguished himself as an apt and diligent pupil. At the age of seventeen, having mastered all the English branches, and being able to read Greek with facility, and to write and translate Latin with ease, he left school, and having taught himself shorthand, sought and obtained a position on the *Cork Examiner* as a reporter.

At this time all Ireland was ravaged by a terrible famine, which was carrying the people off by hundreds of thousands, and the British Government was passing only such measures as were culpably—because intentionally—inefficient to relieve the prevailing distress. In this emergency the men of the country—or such of them as were not yet weakened by the pangs of hunger—driven to desperation by the suffering which they witnessed on all hands, were everywhere organizing into Confederate Clubs in preparation for the "rising" which culminated in the failure of "'48." In common with almost all the other young men of talent in Cork at that time, Mr. McCarthy was an ardent Confederate, and, burning for battle, entered heartily into the spirit of the movement, became one of its most active organizers, and continued so up to the failure of the Smith O'Brien outbreak, which caused the dispersion of the Confederates, the club to which Mr. McCarthy belonged, and of which he was vice-president, being the last to disband in Cork.

In the fall of 1848 Mr. McCarthy reported the trials of William Smith O'Brien, Meagher, McManus, and O'Donohoe, and his comments upon the proceedings on the part of the government were so outspoken that he narrowly escaped imprisonment. In 1849 he joined a secret society with a revolutionary purpose; but this organization had only a short life, and never achieved anything. In 1851 he went to London and tried to obtain employment on one of the great newspapers, but failed, and returned again to Cork and the *Examiner*.

He made another trip to England in 1852, and this time he got a place on the *Northern Times*, which was then about starting in Liverpool. In 1855 he married Miss Charlotte Allman, a native of Cork, whom he met in Liverpool where she was residing with a brother, and although the marriage took place in spite of the strong opposition of

her family (for Mr. McCarthy was then poor), it turned out a singularly happy one. In 1860 the *Northern Times* failed, and Mr. McCarthy went to London and became parliamentary reporter for the *Morning Star*, the one London journal that unflinchingly advocated the cause of the North in our War of the Rebellion. About this time also he began to write essays for the magazines, and one of his efforts having attracted the attention of John Stuart Mill, led to an agreeable acquaintance between Mr. McCarthy and the philosopher. In 1865 he became editor-in-chief of the *Morning Star*, and during the troubled times of the Fenian movement he made his journal an energetic and even fierce advocate of the Irish cause.

In 1866 he published his first novel, "Paul Massey," and he followed it in 1867 with the "Waterdale Neighbors," a charmingly-written story, which immediately ranked its author as a man of literary powers of a high order. He came to America in 1868, and while here wrote short stories and essays for the magazines, besides editorials and reviews for the *Independent* and other papers. He also made quite a reputation as a lecturer on this visit, having delivered lectures in nearly all the large cities in the country. He returned to England in 1871 and became parliamentary leader-writer for the *London Daily News*, a position which he continued to hold up to this year.

In the meantime his literary fortunes had been steadily advancing. In 1869 "My Enemy's Daughter" ran through the pages of *Belgravia*, and in 1872 he gave to the world "Dear Lady Disdain," a delightful story which everybody talked about and praised. These were followed by other novels at the rate of about one a year—all imbued with an unfailing charm. In 1878 the first two volumes of "The History of our Own Times" appeared, and in this production Mr. McCarthy showed that, like Goldsmith, he "could write history and make it as alluring as a Persian tale."

His parliamentary career has been equally brilliant. If he had chosen he could easily have been elected for an English constituency; but, although he made his home in England, he preferred to sit in parliament as an Irish representative, so he stood and was elected for Longford. When he took his seat for the first time in the House of Commons, John Bright, who had known him long and intimately, arose, and in an eloquent speech congratulated parliament upon the accession to its ranks.

Mr. McCarthy speaks often and well, and as a debater, ranks among the first in the House of Commons. He is always ready, fluent, and vigorous, and though he affects but little of the art of the orator, he never fails to make an impression. He was one of the first to detect in Mr. Parnell the qualities of a great leader, and he early gave to the young "obstructionist" his unreserved confidence and earnest support. As an after-dinner talker, Mr. McCarthy has few superiors, his speeches fairly glistening with the most refined and sprightly wit. He is a very genial companion, too, and a brilliant conversationalist, and these qualities, together with his knowledge of the world, make him a welcome guest on all social occasions, even among those who hold his political opinions in abhorrence. His exterior appearance is

in keeping with his character and accomplishments, and everything about him denotes the polished and scholarly gentleman. He is of medium height and slight build, with a white, expansive forehead and a handsome face, the prevailing expression of which is one of benevolent good-nature. Mr. McCarthy has one son and one daughter. His wife died a few years ago, but she lived long enough to see her husband rise from obscurity and poverty to a position where he was universally courted and admired for "the versatility of his pursuits and the varieties of his fame."

Of all the journalists in the Irish party the career of James J. O'Kelly has been the most checkered and adventurous, and the wonder is, that after having gone through so much, the member for Roscommon should still be so sturdy and vigorous, albeit he is yet a young man. Mr. O'Kelly was born in Dublin in 1845. He imbibed ideas of Nationalism even in his cradle, and they intensified with his growth. In boyhood he thirsted for a military life, but there was no army in Ireland, except the English army, and that he would not enter, so he went to France in 1863 and enlisted in the Foreign Legion. His first service under the French flag was rendered in the province of Oran, where the Arabs were in rebellion. From there he went with his regiment to Mexico, to serve in the French forces aiding the ill-starred Maximilian. He was present at the seige of Oujuca, and took part in the battles which placed Monterey and all Northern Mexico in the power of the French. He shared in the reverses of the army, also, and was slightly wounded at the disastrous (for his side) battle of Mien. He was subsequently taken prisoner by the troops of General Canales; but after a short captivity he eluded his guards one dark night and made his way into the woods, where he wandered around for days, reaching Texas finally, ragged, hungry, and almost exhausted, without a cent in his pocket. In Texas, however, he met a fellow-countryman, through whose kindness he was enabled to reach New York, and from that place he made his way to Ireland where Fenianism was then in full blast.

O'Kelly hailed the new movement with joy as one which would give him a chance to fight for his native land. He threw himself into it heart and soul, and soon became one of the most active in the work of organizing. When the futility of his labors at last became apparent he was most grievously disappointed. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out he joined the French army again, and did not leave the service until Paris surrendered.

He next turned up in New York as one of the most enterprising and adventurous of the *New York Herald's* reportorial staff. In 1873 that paper sent him to Cuba as a special with instructions to penetrate the rebel lines, if possible, and report the truth about their condition and resources. This O'Kelly tried to do, but the Spaniards seized him and brought him a prisoner before General Morales, who informed him that if caught in the rebel lines, or coming out of them, he would be treated as a spy, that is, shot. Still O'Kelly persevered in his purpose, and he eventually managed to enter the insurgent camp. Here he interviewed General Cespedes and spent a month studying the condi-

tion, the resources, and the prospects of the rebel forces. Upon attempting to return he was once more arrested by the Spaniards, and this time he was thrown into a dungeon where he languished for weeks. He was then removed to Havana and from thence he was sent to Spain, and was only released at last through the united efforts of General Sickles, Senor Castelar, and Isaac Butt.

We next hear of him in Brazil, where he saved the life of the Empress during a collision in the bay of Rio Janeiro, and formed a lasting friendship with Dom Pedro, whom he accompanied on his tour of the United States. When the war with Sitting Bull began, O'Kelly went to the scene of the conflict as correspondent for the *New York Herald*, and remained there until the belligerent chief fled into Canada.

In 1880 he returned to Ireland and stood as Mr. Parnell's candidate for the seat in parliament for Roscommon, his opponent being the O'Conor Don, on whom he inflicted an overwhelming defeat. When the Irish leader was arrested in October, 1881, O'Kelly was arrested, also, and he was not released until the consummation of the famous Kilmainham treaty in May, 1882. Upon the death of the gifted Edmund O'Donovan in the Soudan, O'Kelly went to the seat of war to fill his place as correspondent for the *London Daily News*, and remained there until the war was practically ended.

In person O'Kelly is a man that would attract attention anywhere. He has a fine athletic figure, a bold eye, and a frank, open physiognomy, indicative alike of manliness, intelligence, and daring.

> "A frame of adamant, a soul of fire;
> No dangers fright him, and no labors tire."

Like Brutus, the member for Roscommon is "no orator," but he can debate well, and often hits an adversary hard. He is a man of large general knowledge, wide sympathies, and sound sense, and possesses the faculty of saying what he has to say in clear language and few words. Mr. O'Kelly is Mr. Parnell's most intimate friend, a staunch Nationalist, and a believer in constitutional agitation; but he would advocate rebellion with all his heart if he thought there was a chance of success.

Timothy Michael Healy, M. P. for Derry, one of the most remarkable men in the Irish party, or, indeed, in parliament, was born in Bantry, in 1855. He started in life as a clerk, obtaining his first employment in Newcastle, Eng., but he had journalistic tastes, and in 1878 he removed to London, and from that city contributed a weekly letter to the *Dublin Nation* on the proceedings in parliament. When Mr. Parnell came to America in December, 1879, Mr. Healy attended him as his secretary; and on returning to Ireland in March, 1880, the future representative of Wexford and Monaghan and Derry, although not a candidate himself, took an active part in the work preliminary to the elections and became one of the boldest and most indefatigable of all the men at that time engaged in implanting the principles of the Land League in the hearts and minds of the people.

He was arrested in the fall of that year for alleged intimidation of a farmer, who had taken the homestead in Bantry from whence the

famous Mick McGrath was evicted and cast into prison, and while still in durance he was nominated by the people of Wexford, as a mark of their approbation of his spirited course, and was elected to represent that borough in parliament. The prosecution against him was not abandoned, however, for the government would now convict him more gladly than before if it could, but juries were difficult to convince, and despite the best efforts of the government the case finally ended in acquittal.

Mr. Healy was not long in parliament before he exhibited qualities which justified the people of Wexford in their choice of so young a representative. In the debates on the coercion bill he was a valuable accession to Mr. Parnell's little band of obstructionists, and in the discussions on the land question he developed an unsuspected talent for legislation which was turned to good account. He participated earnestly in the debates on Mr. Gladstone's Land Act of 1881, and distinguished himself by the thorough manner in which he mastered and discussed that intricate measure, his knowledge of the subject drawing a complimentary allusion even from Mr. Gladstone. He was, indeed, the originator of the famous Healy clause, which was by far the most important provision the bill contained.

Mr. Healy came to America again in 1881, in accordance with instructions from Mr. Parnell, after the Irish leader's arrest in that year, and, in company with Rev. Father Sheehy, he lectured in all our large cities in the interest of the Land League. When parliament met in 1882 he returned to England again and strenuously fought against the passage of the coercion bill of that year. A few months afterwards he was arrested for alleged violent and seditious language during a speech made at Carlow, and, refusing to give bail, he was cast into Richmond jail, where he was held for four months. Shortly after his release a vacancy offered in Monaghan, and, Mr. Healy's course on the land bill having made him very popular in the north of Ireland, he was put up for the seat and won a splendid victory.

Mr. Healy is of rather small but symmetrical and active build, with a somewhat gloomy, but intelligent and expressive face, and is the very personification of indomitable energy and dogged pluck. As a speaker his chief characteristics are a masterly grasp of his subject, an orderly, lucid, and precise arrangement of his ideas, and a command of sarcastic and vituperative language which makes him an opponent to be dreaded in debate. His mind is broad and comprehensive, although largely of the analytical order, and he possesses a power of penetration that no intricacy can baffle or subtlety elude. As a journalist Mr. Healy wields a very facile and vigorous pen, and has written much for the *Dublin Nation*, *United Ireland*, the *Newcastle Chronicle* (Jos. Cowen's paper), and other journals. He has written considerable, too, for the English magazines, and has contributed letters to the *Boston Republic* on the Irish question. He was admitted to the bar within a year or two, and his ability is attracting to him a large and remunerative practice.

Thomas Sexton, M. P. for Sligo, and one of the most eloquent speakers in the House of Commons, is a native of Waterford, now in

his thirty-eighth year, and a journalist and author by profession. He was one of the most prominent and effective workers in the land agitation in 1879–80, and in the latter year was returned to parliament for Sligo, after a memorable contest in which he won a signal victory over his competitor, the somewhat redoubtable Colonel King-Harman.

From the first Mr. Sexton has been a strong Parnellite, and one of the Irish leader's ablest and most trusty lieutenants. He is the most prominent orator in the Irish party, and has rendered invaluable service to the National cause, both in the House of Commons and on the platform in Ireland. His readiness in debate is unbounded, and he can state a case from the standpoint and with the dexterity of a practised lawyer, or in the comprehensive character of a sagacious statesman, as his cause may require. He can speak with preparation or without it, and all his speeches are marked by felicity of diction and lucidity and force of reasoning. In the last parliament the news that "Sexton is up" had always a magical effect in filling the chamber. His oratory is copious, graceful, and instructive, but of the easy, explanatory kind, which persuades and convinces by sheer dint of correct and logical reasoning, but it is not calculated to arouse the passions or to incite men to desperate or to noble deeds. There is, in fact, "no pride nor passion there." His orations are rhetorical compositions spoken, and show him to be a master of the art, but their very perfection — the rhythmical gradations of the balanced periods, the easy and uninterrupted flow of appropriate language, and the unimpassioned delivery — tends to detract from their effect upon popular assemblies, and, as a consequence, though Mr. Sexton has no peer among the Irish members as a speaker in the House of Commons, there are several who make a better figure on the platform at public meetings in Ireland.

Still Mr. Sexton is very popular in Ireland and this fact induced Mr. Parnell to put him up at the recent elections for one of the seats for Belfast, which city was considered to be an impregnable Orange stronghold previous to the passage of the franchise bill; but he was defeated in the contest, though only by thirty-seven votes in a total poll of 7,523.

He came to the United States in August, 1884, to attend the Annual Convention of the Irish National League of America, which was held that year in Faneuil Hall, Boston. He only remained in this country about a week, but during his short stay he made several addresses in Boston, New York, and other cities in the East.

Mr. Sexton has been on the staff of the *Dublin Nation* for many years past, and is regarded as one of the most ornately rhetorical writers in the three kingdoms.

Timothy Daniel Sullivan, M. P. for the College Green Division, and lord mayor of the city of Dublin, was born at Bantry in 1827, and takes great pride in the fact that he is descended from that Donal O'Sullivan, chieftain of Beara, who led the forces of the Gaelic princes in the south of Ireland during the struggle for native sovereignty in 1595–99. He is a brother of A. M. Sullivan, who died a year or two ago after having earned an enviable reputation as an orator, writer, and lawyer. All the members of the Sullivan family have been ardent

Nationalists in youth and manhood, but T. D. has been especially prominent in the Land and National League movements. He is the editor and proprietor of the *Dublin Nation* and *Weekly News*, and as a writer of prose and verse is a man of very superior gifts.

Some of his songs have attained a wide-spread and deserved popularity, "God save Ireland," being a noteworthy example. He possesses considerable musical ability, too, and, as his countryman, Moore, used to do, he takes great pleasure in enlivening social occasions by rendering his own compositions, which he does in a full, rich voice.

Mr. Sullivan was elected to parliament from Westmeath in 1880, and was an active, an able, and a loyal supporter of Mr. Parnell through all the battles of the last parliament. Though one of the oldest of the Irish party, Mr. Sullivan is still strong of body, and light of heart and gay of spirits, and, except when engaged in writing learned editorials for the *Nation*, or in denouncing in vigorous language the oppressors of his country, is continually relating humorous stories, or humming or whistling "many a snatch of merry tunes."

Thomas Power O'Connor, the Irish member for Liverpool, is a native of Athlone, and a graduate of the Queen's College, Galway, but for many years past he has made his home in England. He is one of the busiest and most prolific of London writers; but he has, nevertheless, found time to perform a vast amount of labor in behalf of Ireland. He possesses a tall, athletic figure, the appearance of which indicates great constitutional vigor and capacity for work, a face of the Celtic cast, in the expression of which integrity, determination, and good-nature are pleasingly blended, and an uncommonly robust mind. He is now about thirty-five years old.

Mr. O'Connor is one of the very ablest men in the Irish party, and his abilities as speaker, writer, and organizer have been of great service to the National cause. As president of the Irish National League of Great Britain he has done more, perhaps, than any other man to raise that organization to its present high plane of discipline and efficiency. He came to America in 1881, and did good work in organizing the League here. He sat in the last parliament as the member for Galway, and was one of the best debaters in the House.

He has written extensively for the English press and magazines, and up to a late date contributed a weekly letter to the *New York Sun*. He is also the author of a "Life of Lord Beaconsfield," a book which has attracted much attention, and of the "History of the Parnell Movement," just published in England. Mr. O'Connor is an uncompromising Nationalist and an ardent admirer of Mr. Parnell.

William O'Brien, M. P. for Tyrone, is widely known as the accomplished editor of *United Ireland*, the National League organ, of which, in the short space of three or four years, he has made a phenomenal success. He is a man of great executive ability, a writer of rare power, and a scholar of vast learning. Previous to taking charge of *United Ireland* Mr. O'Brien held a position on the staff of the *Dublin Freeman*, and during the famine period of 1879–80 he made a tour of the threatened districts as special commissioner for that paper, and his letters describing the prevailing distress and the causes of it, had no

inconsiderable share in arousing the people to the necessity of that united action which culminated in the land agitation.

In the last parliament Mr. O'Brien represented Mallow and was one of Mr. Parnell's right-hand men in the House. He is a fine orator, and his speeches are marked by an electric fire, an earnestness and vigor, and, withal, illumined by a play of fancy, a wealth of imagination, and a charm of diction, such as are not at the command of any other member of the party.

Mr. O'Brien was the chief mover in exposing the Dublin scandals of two years ago, and he has more than once suffered imprisonment for his outspoken denunciations of the government. In person he is tall and slim, with a slight stoop in the shoulders, and of rather delicate appearance, though he is one of the most industrious and indefatigable of men. His forehead is broad and high, and his face one of strong individuality, in which a person can read at a glance the characteristics of the man — earnest convictions, fearless courage and comprehensive judgment. Indeed, it may be said with truth of Mr. O'Brien that he is at once a scholar, a firebrand and a sage.

Edmund Dwyer Gray, M. P. for St. Stephen's division of the city of Dublin, is the editor and proprietor of the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, and of the *Belfast Weekly News*, and through these newspapers he has wielded an immense power in the formation and direction of popular opinion. He is a native of Dublin and a son of Sir John Gray who was a fellow-state-prisoner with O'Connell in 1843. He is tall, dark and distinguished looking and possesses very considerable mental powers, being a fine writer and a keen and effective speaker.

Mr. Gray represented Carlow in the last parliament and at the recent elections was returned for two constituencies, Carlow and Dublin City, but he elected to sit for the latter. He is very popular in Ireland and has held many positions of honor and trust, among them being those of high sheriff and lord mayor of Dublin. In 1883 he was fined £500 and imprisoned for six months by order of the notorious Judge Lawson for contempt (?) of court in exposing the fact that the jury which convicted Francis Hynes of murder were all drunk when they came to a verdict.

Timothy Harrington, M. P. for Dublin, is the efficient secretary of the National League, to whose untiring labors in the work of registering the voters is, in large measure, due the magnificent successes of the Nationalists in the recent elections in Ireland. He is a young man of striking physique, ready of speech and tenacious of purpose. He began life as a teacher in Kerry, but he is now studying for the law.

In the last parliament Mr. Harrington sat for Westmeath, and during the land agitation he suffered six months' imprisonment in Mullingar jail for what the government was pleased to call a seditious speech. He has written considerable for the newspapers and some of his letters have attracted wide notice, Mr. Trevelyan describing one of them, written to the *London Times*, exposing the circumstances of his brother's prosecution, as "the most scathing piece of satire since Junius."

Justin Huntley McCarthy, M. P. for Newry and the first Nation-

alist ever elected from that borough, is the only son of Justin McCarthy, and is a very clever young man who has already made his mark in journalism and literature. He is a regular contributor to *United Ireland* and other papers, has written some good poetry, and is the author of one or two books. He has also written a play, "The Candidate," which has been highly praised. He sat in the last parliament as the member for Athlone and was a loyal Parnellite.

The new recruits, by whom the recent elections reinforced the journalistic contingent in the Irish National party, have yet to win their spurs in the parliamentary arena, but it can be said for them that they are all men of much promise in their new sphere.

Edward Harrington, M. P. for Kerry, is a brother of Timothy Harrington, and owner and editor of the *Kerry Sentinel.* He is a writer of much force, a good speaker and reasoner, a life-long Nationalist, and a man who has known what it is to sleep upon a plank bed for giving too bold expression to his views.

J. J. Clancy, M. P. for North Dublin, is an ardent Nationalist and a man of very superior abilities. He is one of the most prominent journalists in the Irish metropolis, and has been a regular correspondent of the *Boston Herald* for some years back. He has the reputation of being a man of keen insight and sound judgment.

Thomas P. Gill, the member for Louth, is not unknown in the United States, having lived here for two or three years last passed, during a part of which time, I believe, he was attached to the staff of the *Catholic World.* He is the author of the recent article in the *North American Review* on the "Land Question in America," and a year or two ago he was a frequent contributor to the *Boston Pilot.* He is spoken of as a young man of much ability.

Daniel Crilly, M. P. for Mayo, began his career as a journalist in Liverpool, England, but for several years past he has been a valued member of the *Dublin Nation* staff. He has written some excellent poetry and is one of the most sturdy Nationalists in Ireland.

Luke P. Hayden, M. P. for Leitrim, is editor and proprietor of the *Roscommon Herald;* is an honest and an able man, and has suffered imprisonment as a suspect during the Forster *regime.*

John Hooper, M. P. for Cork, is the editor of the *Cork Herald,* but was formerly on the staff of the *Dublin Freeman.* He is said to be a man of much sagacity and great executive powers.

June, 1886. J. S. MAHONEY.

No woman will love a man better for being renowned or prominent. Though he be the first among men, she will be prouder, not fonder; as is often the case, she will not even be proud. But give her love, appreciation, kindness, and there is no sacrifice she will not make for his content and comfort. The man who loves her well is her hero and king — no less a hero to her though he is not to another, no less a king, though his only kingdom is her heart and home. In nine cases out of ten it is a man's own fault if he is unhappy with his wife.

Laying up Treasures in Heaven.

ALTHOUGH the vast majority of the men of the present age who are amassing wealth take little time to think of the shortness and uncertainty of life, it is refreshing and inspiring to pause and reflect upon the actions of those who are not unmindful of their duty to God, to themselves, and to the poor. There died recently two prominent citizens of this Republic, both of Irish birth, who had acquired a vast amount of this world's riches, one on the far-off coast of the Pacific, the other in the city of Philadelphia. During their lifetime they were both truly charitable; but the extent of their charities will never be known in this world, being given quietly and without being noised around. For the edification of the public, and as an example to those who think not of their duty to God and His poor, the wards of the rich, we publish the charitable bequests of these Christian noblemen as made in their last wills and testaments:

The will of the late Denis J. Oliver, of San Francisco, Cal., shows that the estate left by deceased is valued at about $450,000. The bequests made are as follows: To the children of deceased's brother, John B. Oliver, $2,000 each; to the two sons of Sarah Healy (deceased), $4,000; to her daughter, Anna Maria, $7,000; to the widow of his late brother-in-law, John A. McGlynn, $1,000; to his sister-in-law, Mary Cecilia Whalen of New York, $1,000; to Archbishop Riordan is left $5,000; to the Catholic Orphan Asylum (girls), $500; to the Catholic Orphan Asylum (boys), $500; to the Sisters of Mercy, $500; to the Magdalen Asylum, $500; to the Home for Poor Aged Women, $500; to the Presentation Convent, $500; to the Dominican Convent of St. Rose, $500; to St. Ignatius Church, for the purchase of a lamp to be hung before the altar of the Sacred Heart, $500; to the Sisters of the Holy Family $500; for the purpose of erecting an altar in any of the Catholic churches, to be dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes, $500. Five hundred dollars is also bequeathed towards the erection of the first Catholic church in San Francisco, to be dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. One thousand to be placed in the Hibernian Savings Bank, the dividends to be paid to the Bishop of Galway, in aid of the Orphan's Breakfast Institution for Boys under the charge of the Brothers of St. Patrick. Also, $500 is to be set aside until such a time as Ireland has obtained her freedom, the money to be a contribution towards the erection of a monument to the memory of Robert Emmet; until such time the dividends from the money are to go to the poor families of the Claddagh, Galway. The remainder of the estate of the deceased, after these bequests are paid, is to be divided — one-third to his son, Joseph A. Oliver; one-third to his daughter, Cecilia V. Oliver; and a third to the three children of his deceased daughter, Catherine Tobin, namely, Joseph Tobin, aged 7 years; Richard Cyril Tobin; aged 6 years; and Oliver Dennis Tobin, aged 5 years.

Thomas Horan, a well known and highly respected citizen, and a

prominent member of St. Mary's congregation, Philadelphia, died on April 27. By his will he bequeathed more than half of his estate to the following charitable institutions: College of St. Charles Borromeo, $3,000; St. John's Male Orphan Asylum, $3,000; St. Vincent's Home for Orphan Children, $4,500; St. Ann's Widows' Asylum, $1,000; Home of the Good Shepherd, $3,000; St. Joseph's Female Orphans' Asylum, $3,000; Order of St. Joseph, attached to St. Joseph's Church, $5,000; St. Vincent de Paul Society of St. Joseph's Church, for the benefit of the poor, $1,000; St. Vincent de Paul Society of St. Mary's Church, for the benefit of the poor, $1,000; St. Vincent de Paul Society of St. Augustine's Church, for the benefit of the poor, $1,000; Sisters attached to St. Mary's Church, $500; Convent of the Sisters of Mercy at Castlebar, County Mayo, Ireland, $2,000; Convent of the Sisters of Mercy at Westport, County Mayo, Ireland, $1,000; St. Joseph's Female Orphan Asylum, $2,500; Little Sisters of the Poor, $4,000; St. Joseph's Hospital, $5,000.

Bismarck at Home.

THE Chancellor's wife, a tall, aristocratic-looking woman, with decided but pleasing features, and in an elegant though simple toilet, received each guest as he arrived with gracious affability. Standing close beside the open portieres, passed which the eye glanced into the family living rooms, she was a true type of the position she holds, both in home and public life. A noble wife and mother, she has faithfully stood by her husband's side from the very commencement of his political career. A Chicago paper declares that Bismarck's wife is her husband's private secretary. How far this statement is true we do not pretend to say; but an old friend of the family has repeatedly told us that during the saddest time that Germany has witnessed for the last fifty years, when Bismarck, disheartened and dispirited, retired to his property of Schonhausen, there to vegetate as a small Prussian land-owner, while brooding moodily over his grand political schemes, his wife never for a moment lost heart, but was able to inspire her husband with ever-fresh courage and hope. A number of old friends and acquaintances quickly surrounded the noble hostess, while the remainder of the guests streamed on toward the billiard room to the right, the windows of which look out on the street. In front of one of the sofas lies a handsome bearskin — the animal was slain by Bismarck's own hand; and on a bracket stands a magnificent vase, with the king's portrait and a view of the castle, which King William presented to the prince after the wars of 1866. The crowd and the heat increased every moment. The prince we were told was in the big saloon. Hurrying thither, we saw our noble host, standing just inside the door, in an animated converse with some earlier arrivals, yet, notwithstanding, quite ready to greet every new comer, sometimes even stretching out both hands to

right and left, with hearty welcome. How well and bright he looked! That was always the first thing that struck one on seeing this man. His face from his long country sojourn at Varzin, has regained its healthy coloring, the eyes are no longer so deeply shadowed by the overhanging brows or the furrowed forehead of last year, his hair is of that light Saxon hue which defies both time and impertinent curiosity, and the figure was firm and upright as the youngest man there present. On this evening he also wore his favorite and most comfortable dress — that is, uniform, but not in strict accordance with regulation.

Scenes in a Newspaper Office.

VISITORS FROM ALL STATIONS IN LIFE CALL ON THE EDITOR.

THERE are very few places where so many different types of humanity of either sex are encountered with as in the office of a large daily newspaper. Visitors from all parts of the country are shown through the office, and many distinguished people call on the editor for different purposes. It is, on the other hand, infested with that class of characters commonly known as "cranks." The sidewalk in front of the offices is nearly all the time crowded by people intent on perusing the bulletin boards, where news from all parts of the globe is hourly appended. During a political campaign this is especially the case, and the police very often have to make the crowd move on or step aside to make a passage way for pedestrians. On the evening of an election, however, the sidewalks and street are packed with a tremendous crowd of enthusiastic men and boys awaiting the returns, which are thrown on a large, white sheet by means of a stereoptican. Last November when the returns of the presidential election were coming in so slowly, the scenes oftentimes became very alarming, and many persons were arrested. One old man, nearly eighty years old, who sold weekly papers to the men employed in the newspaper offices principally, while endeavoring to get from the *Boston Herald* to the *Journal* office, a distance of about thirty feet, was struck on the head by a vicious policeman. The effects of the blow caused insanity, and the poor man was sent to an asylum, where he soon afterward died. But to step inside the office on a week day you will see from twenty-five to fifty persons inserting advertisements, answering applications for positions, looking over the files, making inquiries, and engaged in numerous other pursuits. An advertisement may appear in the paper as follows: —

WANTED — Smart, intelligent young men, able and willing to grow up in counting-room of importing and jobbing house. Address "P. 127," ——— Office.

A good many people do not seem to understand that they must answer this by letter and leave it at the office, but they will come to the

clerk with the slip in their hand, and say they want to see that man. The clerk is not at all surprised at the ignorance displayed, for it is a common every-day occurrence. He is told what to do, but it requires some time before he quite understands. When they do see through the mystery (?) they pick up a pen and paper which is supplied to them in an abundance, and then stop to think what they want to say. They often use a dozen or more sheets of paper, and chew the end of the pen-holder, spitting the pieces out again, in their endeavor to find something to say. When they finally finish, providing they do not ask the clerk to write it for them, they return to the clerk again and hand in their note or letter, if such it can be called, and once more bother him with some more stupid inquiries. Remember, I am only talking now of those people, who, if they did receive any schooling, have neglected it sadly, and as a consequence must suffer for it. But there are a great many who do not stop to make these inquiries, but either come in with their letter all written and carefully sealed in an envelope, or go right about in a business manner and say what they intend to, on paper. What kind of a letter do you suppose a man who makes such an idiot of himself can write? Some people enclose a stamp when answering an advertisement, thinking it will insure a reply, but it does not. If the man who advertises does not want him, he is not likely to send a reply. Some men often get back more stamps, which is equal to money, than it costs them to advertise, by this method. A person may advertise for one clerk and get one hundred applications. He will look through the letters and put those he fancies aside. He will then write to those he selects, make appointments with them at different times, and, after a short interview, will tell them that he will consider their case and let them know later. Out of the number he selects, he is sure to find one he wants, and the lucky one will get the place. The fortunate person can owe it first to the style and tone of his letter, and secondly on the impression he makes on calling. Here is a lesson for all who wish to get along. Practice in writing and obtain a good knowledge of the language. Some advertisements come from swindlers, who insert "adds" that will offer a good chance for an investment, or give work to poor girls and women at home. These frauds are soon found out, however, and brought to answer for it in a court of justice. On the whole, the advertisements come from good sources, and many persons owe their success in life to the little "adds" such as above inserted.

So much for the scenes in a counting-room. There is another class of people who are all the time looking for the editor. These callers are told by a polite young man that there are several editors, and if he will tell what his business is he will inform him who he wants to see. Sometimes the visitor will be contrary and frown upon the young man for his supposed impertinence. He will again repeat in stentorian tones that he wants to see the head editor. The editor's secretary, a man who is well trained in the art of disposing of these callers will see him, and his business or a part of it will be learned, sufficient most always, to insure him that he does not and cannot see the head editor. It will almost invariably be some minor affair he

wishes to impart, and thus he will have to see some less significant attaché of the paper who will attend to his business. People come in with articles, sometimes taking up fifteen or twenty sheets of paper, and want to know if it will be published before one sheet can be examined. As it is impossible to examine it at once, he is told to leave it and call a few days later, when he will know the verdict. He will drop in again in a few days, and about nine times out of ten the copy will be handed back, accompanied with the assurance that it cannot be used. *Rejected* is a terrible word to a writer, and the much-crushed individual will leave like a man who has come in last in a race. Some take it calmly and say nothing; but others feel hurt over it, often demanding an explanation, and leaving with the declaration that they will bring it to some other paper — naming the one. This does no good, however, they only losing so much breath, and making fools of themselves generally. The reporters are often brought to task by some one they may have mentioned unfavorably but justly in the paper. People enter the office at times as though they intended to assassinate the very first person they came in contact with. They will rush to the clerk with a copy of the paper, point out the objectionable part, and ask who wrote it. If it comes under the city department, they are sent to the city editor, who, if he thinks the person has been wronged, will look the matter up, and bring the reporter who wrote the piece. If the reporter cannot give a satisfactory reason he stands in the way of being discharged, for men who tell falsehoods through the paper are not wanted; but, should the scribe be all right, as he most always is sure to be in a case of this kind, no notice is taken of the irate person, and should he insist on making a disturbance, he will be politely escorted to the door. One of the newspaper offices in Boston is so complicated, that strangers getting in oftentimes have a difficult task in finding their way out again. They spy a door, which they take for the exit, and on opening, find it is the toilet-room. Naturally they feel cheap; but oftentimes, so as not to show their mistake, will use the blacking brush, take a drink of water, etc. They will come out and grabbing another door will find themselves in a private office, where they will be obliged to ask the way out. The newspapers are filed away and bound quarterly. These files are locked up and taken good care of. There are in most offices two or three sets, in different places, so in case of fire, or other accident, another set would be safe and secure. The files are referred to every day, both by the employés and strangers, who are after the date of some event that might have taken place a year ago or twenty years ago. If what they are seeking is of any importance the date of publication can be had at once, for such things are indexed in alphabetical order. The outer cover of every file is inscribed with large letters, as follows: "Do not cut or mutilate this file," and woe to the one who violates this rule, if he is caught.

The dramatic editor attends to a multitude of actors, managers and advance agents, who come ahead of the shows to make necessary arrangements, and put a notice in the dramatic columns of the paper. The leading tragedians down to the cheapest actors call on him, and he is, indeed, a busy man. Then the sporting editor has a

pretty tough set of visitors. To-day, Sullivan, Ryan, Mitchell and Slade who hold the foremost ranks in the pugilistic arena. Then the heavy weights, middle weights, feather weights and half a dozen other kinds of weights and would-be fighters. Hanlon and Teemer, Ross and Hosmer will drop in to talk up rowing interests, while all other sorts of sporting men and gamblers have to see him. While the sporting editor does not advocate their principles, he has to talk with them, for a large part of the readers want sporting news for their bill of fare. Just now polo has ceased and base-ball is commenced, and there is an editor for that national sport. The office is swarmed by enthusiasts who want the score of all the other clubs that played, and who themselves take up a good part of the column devoted to amateur base ball. Little lads barely able to walk are interested in this sport and most of them belong to teams that play Saturday when there is no school.

The banker, broker and stock speculator are looking for the financial editor; railroad presidents for the railroad editor, and pretty soon the political editor will have his hands full of work, when the politicians begin to lay their nets; the clerical men, with high collars, after the religious editor; military men after the military editor, while the gentlemen in charge of other departments have numerous callers.

By this system, men of every calling and station in life visit the newspaper offices. It was not more than a year and a half ago that the cards of Henry Irving, Matthew Arnold and Monsignor Capel were presented to the managing editor, three distinguished European gentlemen, one an actor, another an author, and the last a Catholic Prelate. I have seen ex-Governors Boutwell and Long and Governor Robinson looking for the editor, and so I might go on to tell of numerous other persons whom I have met, but the names would take up too much valuable space. There are many funny scenes here; blind people find their way in by the use of a cane, and deaf people whom you are obliged to screech to through an ear trumpet and lose your temper. A gentleman recently called, who answered the description of a "crank," and wished to inform the editor that he was to be chosen by the people as the next President of the United States, while another man having an office on Pearl Street has sent no less than a dozen letters addressed to the editor, informing that dignitary that it will be impossible for him to accept the office of President of the United States, as his present duties are too pressing. General Daniel Pratt, G. A. T., is a frequent visitor, and he will never go out until he receives some money. The latest "crank" I remember of seeing, was Mrs. Sarah Ulrich Kelly, the "Bard of Shanty Hill," who stated that she was about to apply to the National Senate to become the poet-laureate of the United States. She also said if she was given a good notice in the paper, she would give the publishers one half of the proceeds from the sale of her photographs. When leaving the office she exclaimed that if all her poetry was published it would fill a larger volume than does Tennyson or Longfellow. No one would undertake the job of publishing her work, however, as they had not recognized her genius; but the time will come, she says, when her genius will be recognized, and as she passes along the people will point her out as the National Bard. Telegraph and messenger boys

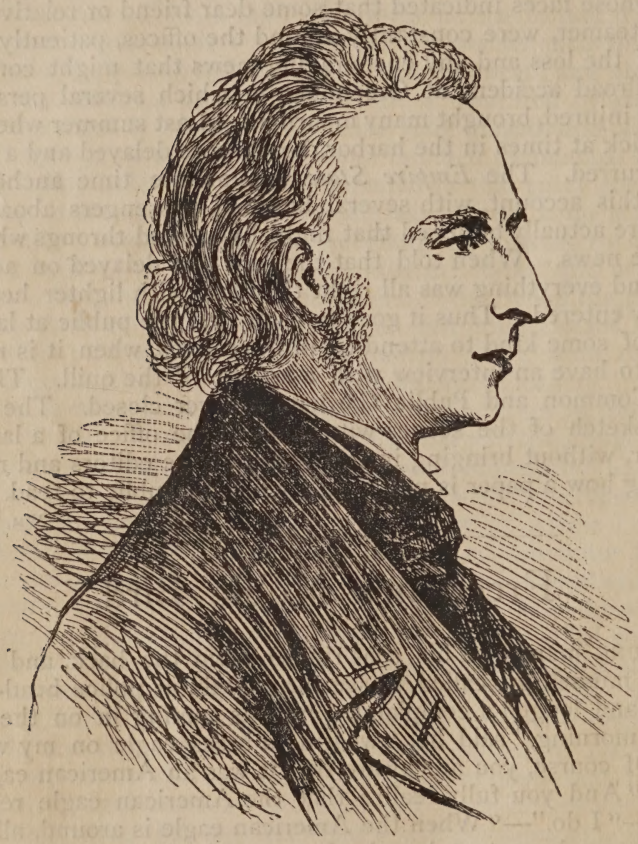
are continually running through the office, and when one of the messages announces the fact that some great accident has happened, the office is sure to be visited shortly afterward by interested persons who wish to obtain facts in the case. At the time the *City of Columbus* went down at Gay Head Light, and the news of the sad affair was hourly published, visitors whose faces indicated that some dear friend or relative were on the lost steamer, were constantly around the offices, patiently awaiting tidings of the loss and any encouraging news that might come. The recent railroad accident at Greenfield, in which several persons were killed and injured, brought many mourners. Last summer when the fog was so thick at times in the harbor, boats were delayed and a few accidents occurred. The *Empire State* was at one time anchored over night on this account, with several hundred passengers aboard. The offices were actually besieged that night by excited throngs who wished to get the news. When told that the boat was delayed on account of the fog and everything was all right they left with lighter hearts than when they entered. Thus it goes to show that the public at large have business of some kind to attend to in their lives, when it is necessary for them to have an interview with a knight of the quill. The office, like the Common and Public Garden, is never closed. The above is simply a sketch of the scenes witnessed in the office of a large daily newspaper, without bringing in the duties of the editors and reporters, or showing how a paper is put together for the public to read.

WM. F. DONOVAN.

Freedom's Noble Bird.

A YOUNG man, with his coat ripped down the back, and his hair dreadfully mussed up, called to see the captain at police head-quarters yesterday and lodged a complaint. "I was coming in on the Gratiot road this morning," said he, "wearing a brass eagle on my vest as a badge. Of course, you are aware that it was an American eagle?"—"Yes."—"And you fully realize that the American eagle represents liberty?"—"I do."—"When the American eagle is around, all tyrants and oppressors have to take a back seat. As I was walking along I met two young men, and one of 'em steps up and says, 'Is that 'ere a wild goose or a menagerie snipe?' 'That's the proud bird of liberty,' said I. 'I kin chuck that 'ere proud bird in the mud!' says the other. 'Not while I live!' says I, and the fight begun. I was flung down, stepped upon, rolled over, and the emblem of liberty was torn off and spit on and trampled into the mud."—"Well?"—"Well, something ought to be done. I don't care for myself, but when anybody insults our emblem he must be taught a lesson."—"I'm afraid there is no law to cover the case."—"No law to protect the American eagle?"—"Never heard of one."—"Humph! Isn't this a land of liberty? Didn't the blood of our forefathers dye a hundred battle-fields that we might be free? And now you tell me that it is all an illusion?"—"Mostly that way, I guess."—"Very well. I'm done! I'm done with brass eagles, live eagles, and all other sorts."

Some Literary Reliques of Mangan.



JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

IN connection with the portrait of Mangan, which we publish this month, the author of the "Pen Sketch," appearing in our last issue, has sent us the following Rebus, or Single Acrostic, on the word Emmet, written by Mangan in his nineteenth year. The patriotic feeling pervading the whole composition was the same which long years afterward took practical shape in the now famous letter expressive of political kinship and sympathy which Mangan wrote to Mitchel a few days previous to the suppression of the *United Irishman:*

The land that we love and the sway that we own —
May the land by the sway never cease to be blessed;
The ruler himself and the seat of his throne,
And the rod that our souls shall forever detest,

Connect — the initials his name they will show,
Ever loved of Ierna and sacred to woe —
An oak, which though firm to each tempest that passed it,
Was doomed by a flash, bright and false, to be blasted.
For long o'er his darksome and pillowless bed
Have the sorrowing winds of the evening been sighing —
Full often, alas! has the passenger's tread
Pressed on the sad spot where his remnants are lying.
Ierna! the man who thy slavery mourned —
Whose bosom forever and hopelessly burned
To behold thee a nation, and happy and free.
And is there a heart that refuses to cherish
His image within it? Or is there a breast
That could think on the fate which condemned him to perish,
With all his best feelings unroused from their rest?
Oh, no, for till life and its sorrows be past
His name on our memory unsullied shall last,
While each tear to the woes of his country he gave,
Her sons shall repay o'er the patriot's grave.

In the short, but interesting biography of the poet, compiled by Mr. John McCall, there is a curious story told concerning the origin of the following humorous specimen of *elegiac* composition. It is said that one winter's evening, while Mangan, Tighe, and other choice wits were seated round a comfortable fire in a certain house in Bride Street, Dublin, after many literary subjects had been discussed, the conversation naturally turned on the very ineuphonious name of a butcher (one Johnny Kenchinow), lately deceased, and the difficulty of finding words in the English language to rhyme with the same. Then it was that the hitherto retiring Mangan made a small wager, that by the time the company had assembled on the succeeding evening he would have an elegy composed on the defunct victualler, *of twelve stanzas, of five lines each*, every line of which should rhyme with either "Kenchinow" or his "stall;" and he won the wager! We make no apology for quoting in full this unique composition: —

Come get the black, the mourning pall,
The reason I will mention now,
And with it, blockheads, bards and all,
Assist to cover Dia's hall
For the loss of Johnny Kenchinow.

And is he gone? cry one and all.
To keep you in suspension now
Is not my wish — yes, at the call
Of death was lately doomed to fall
Lamented Johnny Kenchinow.

If any one refuse to yawl
Ye bards, I will convince you now,
That, though at first a stubborn Saul
To be, ere long repentant Paul
Shall weep for Johnny Kenchinow.

Alas! this world's a slippery ball;
And do I reprehension now
Deserve — for saying that a straw'll
At times compel a man to sprawl
Like peerless Johnny Kenchinow.

Messina's cobbler, him of Gaul —
Nay, he whose home Valentia now
Is — never pierced with shining awl
A shoe more sure than Death's sharp claw'll
Pierce us like Johnny Kenchinow.

Great man! to see thy empty stall —
A stall there's not a bench in now —
Unnerves me quite. I scarce can scrawl
A word; while tears more sour than gall
Flow for thee, Johnny Kenchinow.

What though thy legs were strong and tall,
Them is the wet clay drenching now;
And eke those hands, so wont to haul
The mutton from the well-filled wall
By thee built, Johnny Kenchinow.

Thy widow's purse, of course, is small;
So may the State a pension now
Allow her, as a thread-bare shawl
And sieve-like shoes for respite call
In vain from Johnny Kenchinow.

Her name, likewise, no man dare maul;
She is an upright wench (and now
I talk of wenches) none could squall
So loud by half, or rather bawl
At the wake of Johnny Kenchinow.

But Judy's praises here to drawl
Is none of my intention now —
In sooth, 'twere needless, and withal
My muse is ill-disposed to brawl
For aught save Johnny Kenchinow.

Ye far-famed wits whom rhymes enthrall,
I pray you pay attention now:
Say, will you come? Oh, yes! you shall,
To view the worms that slowly crawl
O'er the head of Johnny Kenchinow.

And if the sight your souls appall,
Pray tell me what must fence you now,
Against that grief which doubtless all
Who view this woe-creating scrawl,
Must feel for Johnny Kenchinow?

Was ever butcher so honored before! — The following is a beautiful paraphrase of his well-known poem "Dark Rosaleen": —

Since last night's star, afar, afar,
Heaven was my speed —
I seemed to fly o'er mountains high
On magic steed.
I dashed through Erne — the world may learn
The cause from love,
For light or sun shone on me none,
But Roisin Dubh.

O Roisin mine! droop not nor pine,
Look not so dull:
The Pope from Rome shall send thee home
A pardon full;
The priests are near — oh! do not fear;
From Heaven above
They come to thee — they come to free
My Roisin Dubh.

Through Munster lands, by shores and strands
Far could I roam
If I might get my loved one yet
And bring her home:
O sweetest flower that blooms in bower
Or dell or grove!
Thou lovest me, and I love thee,
My Roisin Dubh!

The sea shall burn, the earth shall mourn,
The skies rain blood,
The world shall rise in dread surprise
And warful mood,
And hill and dale in Eire shake,
And hawk turn dove,
Ere you shall pine, ere you decline,
My Roisin Dubh!

When Mangan was no more, his early friend, James Tighe, dropped a lyric flower of rare beauty on that lonely, but unforgotten mound in Glasnevin cemetery: —

Still, redbreast, o'er the tuneful dead
That sweetly soothing dirge prolong;
For *his*, who owns this earthly bed —
His was as sad, as sweet, a song.
Unhappy bard! the scene is past,
At length thy mortal struggles o'er;
But, oh! with that untimely blast
Thy raptured strains are heard no more.

Beside the turf that wraps thy clay
Shall kindred memory fondly wake,
And spite of all thy foes can say
Shall love thee for the Muse's sake.
Oh! take from one who knows to scan
The ardent soul, the dark career —
Who feels for erring, wretched man —
Oh! take this tributary tear.

Here, where no more rude cares molest,
But earth's sad sufferings calmly sleep;
Here, "where the weary are at rest,"
Shall Genius oft her vigils keep;
And Pity, with a beaming eye,
Forget the cause that laid thee low,
O'er thy cold grave shall deeply sigh,
And mourn thy pilgrimage of woe.

Still, redbreast, o'er the tuneful dead
That sweetly soothing dirge prolong;
For *his* who owns this earthly bed —
His was as sad, as sweet, a song.

Homes for Working Girls.

Among the many charitable works which claim attention, the establishing of the above-named institutions is a very important one. In all our large towns and cities there are very many young girls who are obliged to earn a living under circumstances which expose them to great temptations. Some of them are orphans. Others are emigrants and strangers in the cities to which they have come in order to obtain employment. Many of them are compelled by their narrow circumstances to lodge in cheap boarding-houses, where the requirements not only of comfort but of decency are neglected, and where they are thrown into contact with a promiscuous crowd of persons, some of whom are positively immoral. The discomfort of too many of these low-priced boarding-houses is of itself sufficient to drive many of these girls to spend their evenings, whenever the weather permits it, in strolling along our public streets or at cheap places of public amusement. It is not surprising that many of these girls become bold and immodest, and that many also go down prematurely to the grave, having lost their virtue and destroyed their souls.

The subject of making more ample provision for guarding working girls from these dangers has long claimed the attention of the benevo-

lent and charitable. Many excellent institutions have been formed in different cities in our country for the purpose of befriending and protecting these girls. One of the most effective forms for the movement we believe, is that of establishing "homes" or boarding-houses for them, where they can obtain plain, but well-cooked and nutritious food, clean and comfortable rooms and beds at moderate prices, under such rules and conditions that persons of corrupt and vicious character are excluded. Such "homes" have been established in New York, St. Louis, Jersey City, Chicago, Cincinnati, and perhaps also in others of our large cities. Wherever they have been started we believe that they have been very successful and have done an immense amount of good.

[We understand that the Most Rev. Archbishop of Boston will soon open such a "home" as is alluded to above, to be under the charge and management of a Religious Order.]

Colonel James A. Mulligan.

"LAY ME DOWN AND SAVE THE FLAG."

THE recent appointment to office by President Cleveland of the widow of the late Colonel Mulligan, revives the memories of the great services of her gallant husband for the perpetuation of the Republic during the late Rebellion.

Dedication of a Monument to his Memory.

On Decoration Day, in Chicago, Ill., an immense concourse of people thronged Calvery Cemetery, to witness the dedication of the monument voted by the State of Illinois, and contributed to by the citizens of Chicago, to the memory of Colonel James A. Mulligan, who commanded the 23d Regiment of Illinois Volunteers (the Chicago "Irish Brigade"), from the outbreak of the war until his glorious death, while covering the retreat of his over-whelmed command, at Kernstown, West Virginia, in July, 1864. The monument is placed close to the entrance of the cemetery, and is of gray Eastern granite, beautifully worked. The design is gothic, a mediæval treatment of the obelisk type, and comprises a massive base in three stages, nine feet square at the ground level, from which arises a group of four dies on a richly-moulded base, surmounted by gothic gables. Each of the four faces under the gables is devoted to a special purpose. Two record the public tribute to the virtues of the dead soldier; one is decorated with a richly-carved wreath; and the front face of the group bears an artistic and striking likeness of Colonel Mulligan sculptured in bold relief from a model by the well-known sculptor, David Richards. From the centre of the four gables a stately shaft arises, surmounted by a richly-moulded cross of the ancient Celtic type. One face of the

monument shows the date of its erection, while the main panel bears the following inscription :

IN MEMORY OF
JAMES A. MULLIGAN,
Colonel Twenty-Third Illinois Volunteers,
Irish Brigade.
Born in Utica, N. Y., June 25, 1830.
WOUNDED IN BATTLE
At Kernstown, Va.,
July 24, 1864.
DIED JULY 26, 1864.
"Lay me down and save the Flag."

The grounds around the monument have been inclosed with granite coping and suitably decorated. The entire work is executed from the designs of J. J. Egan, the architect.

Mr. John R. Walsh, Chairman of the Mulligan Monument Board, conducted the exercises. Very Rev. P. J. Conway, V. G., offered prayer; after which Miss Adele Mulligan, youngest daughter of the dead hero, unveiled the medallion likeness of her father. The monument was then blessed by the clergymen; and the Oriental Quartet sang "Unfurl that Glorious Banner" in superb style; after which Mrs. Mary Prindiville Corse recited a very able poem by Miss Eliza Allen Starr in a most effective manner :—

An Ode

Written by Miss Eliza Allen Starr, for the dedication of the monument to the late Col. A. J. Mulligan.

O comrades brave,
Well may this grave,
Though crowded with honors which can never die,
Demand a sigh,
For gentler dust
Earth never took in trust,
And ne'er resigned
A mortal mind
Of temper more heroic or more kind.

Malice could harm not, envy could not stir,
Nor mammon tempt this soul to worship her;
Brief honors paled before his generous heart;
For such rare souls earth has no price, no mart.

O brave, true heart! O pulses, strong and good,
Which throbbed as Christian patriots' only could;
O calm, wise will! O swift, impetuous thought!
O valorous joy which deeds for history wrought!

O nobler presence, with a chieftain's grace
Lighting the tall, grand form, the poet's face;
O sweet, clear voice, which through hoarse battles rang
With all a trumpet's gladness, not its clang!

Mourn strong men must
For one so just,
Though green the turf above the crumbling dust,
Years but conceal,
They cannot heal
Thy wounds, O death!

But hark! a breath —
An "Alleluia!" born of Paschal tide
Which tells us how he died.

Drenched in his life's blood, still the flag his care:
"Save, save the flag!" and from the field they bear
One who could die in life's full flush and pride,
Nerved by his faith in Jesus crucified.

Wide let the banners fly above his grave,
Far better than long life the blood he gave
For freedom's cause,
For country and its laws.
There shall the statesman, soldier, poet stand,
The votive bay or laurel in his hand;
And as the bugles sound
To-day, across this grass grown mound,
Impetuous youth, grave manhood, age will cry,
"For God and country happy thus to die!"

Hon. W. J. Onahan delivered an oration on the occasion of the dedication of a monument to the memory of the Colonel, from which we gather the following facts in his history:

Twenty-four years almost have passed since a splendid regiment, organized in swift response to the call of country and to the high promptings of duty, marched proudly through the streets of our city on the way to the distant and perilous field of conflict.

There are many around me in this assembly who will recall, with emotion, that bright July morning in 1861 when the "Irish Brigade"— for as such it was even then known and designated — marched down Wabash Avenue, nearly 1,200 strong, their bayonets glistening in the morning sun, and two bright banners gayly floating, side by side, over the column — one the glorious stars and stripes, the other the green flag of Erin — tokens of the twin devotion and loyalty of the men who marched beneath their folds. No regiment ever made a braver show as it marched along, amid the mingled cheers and sobs of the crowds of friends and spectators assembled to bid farewell and to do honor to the "Irish Brigade" on its departure from Chicago.

At the head of the column rode an officer, who looked the hero that he was — the very beau ideal of a military chieftain — tall, handsome, chivalric, brave and pure in heart, Colonel James A. Mulligan, who recruited, organized and led that regiment into service, twice reorganized and recruited it, and fell at its head on the fatal and disastrous field of Kernstown, three years later — July 24, 1864.

It is my duty to speak of him here over the grave where all that is mortal of him lies buried; here, in the presence of the few remaining survivors of that gallant regiment and of the comrades and friends who knew him in the years of his brilliant young manhood; and in the presence, too, of the wife of his heart's best love, and the three children of that happy, but, alas! too early blighted union. Will you marvel that I should confess to a deep sense of embarrassment in attempting under these conditions to raise my voice to give testimony of one whom I knew in the intimacies and opportunities of an early and enduring friendship, and whose memory will always remain with me in honored and shining remembrance?

Grateful though the duty is, in the light of early associations I feel how lamentably inadequate I am to do full justice to his memory. It is true I have a hero for my theme and a sympathetic audience. The subject, the solemnity of the occasion and surroundings, the grave before me, and the monument which now at length fittingly surmounts it, the countless graves of his companions and friends, who were also mine, all these admonish me of the gravity of the task to which I am assigned.

When I first met James A. Mulligan, in the winter of 1854–5, he was already a young man of brilliant parts and promise. Born in Utica, N. Y., June 25, 1830, of Irish parents, he inherited, along with a stalwart, physical constitution in a heroic mould, the intense love of Ireland and the devotion to his ancestral faith which is the unvarying char-

acteristic of the children of the Irish exile the world over. His parents removed to Chicago in 1836, and thus were among the earliest of the honored band who laid, in toil and struggles, the foundation of the great city which has since grown to be the wonder of the nations. At the opening of the University of St. Mary's of the Lake, Mulligan was entered one of the first of students on its rolls, as subsequently, in 1850, he was the first graduate.

His fellow-student, the lamented Bishop McMullen, has testified to the beauty of character, the studious habits and brilliant promise which marked the college career of his friend and companion. The influence of that college career and training remained with and governed him through life. It moulded and fashioned a character which already, under the guiding and directing influence of a wise mother, gave early token of future excellence — a character pure, high-minded, chivalrous, loyal to faith, and hence loyal to every duty of life.

Leaving college, Mulligan adopted the profession of law and applied himself in the office of Judge Hugh T. Dickey, with eager and close industry to the mastery of its principles and formulas. But the desire for adventure and the glamour of far-away lands drew him from the office, and he sought fame and fortune in an expedition undertaken by John L. Stephens for the survey of a railroad across the Isthmus of Panama. After a year's absence, Mulligan returned to Chicago and resumed the study of law, this time in the office of the late Isaac N. Arnold, of honored memory. His literary tastes and inclinations led him to essay his ready and flowing pen in local journalism, to which he had an instinctive aptitude. He edited the *Western Tablet* in the years 1854–5, and was a frequent contributor to other periodicals, East and West. His articles at this period showed high literary excellence, and were marked by a copiousness and felicity of illustration, and a vigor and force of thought, which gave evidence of a highly cultivated intellect.

He was, moreover, a decidedly brilliant public speaker, and his lectures and addresses in those years were always received with marked popular favor. It was during the winter of 1854-5, shortly after my arrival in Chicago, I was first privileged to meet and know Jas. A. Mulligan, an advantage due to congenial association in a Catholic library — the Catholic Institute. The first impressions formed regarding him remained just and true to the last. The lapse of years and more intimate acquaintance only strengthened and confirmed them. His principles were high, noble and chivalric, and in the purity and elevated standard of his personal character and conduct he was truly "without fear and without reproach"; in a word, he was a gentleman. High-minded, courteous, considerate for others, pure in thought and in speech, scrupulously exact as to his personal habits and associations, devoted to his parents and family, faithful to his religion and to the duties it imposed, he was, without qualification, a model Christian gentleman. In society he was always sparkling and animated, the charm of every circle and the admiration of all who were brought into association with him. Blessed with an exuberant flow of spirits, a playful and rich fancy, and a never-failing flow of humor, he was naturally a favorite in every

circle and was always a welcome guest in every home. In the debating clubs and in the Catholic Institute he took a prominent and leading part.

In politics, Mulligan was a Democrat, and his first vote was cast for the Pierce and King electors, in 1852. To the Democratic faith he remained loyal to the last. During the early part of Buchanan's administration Mulligan was in the Interior Department at Washington. His letters from the national capital — many of which were written for publication — are racy and sparkling characterizations of public men, with keen, discriminating comments on the drift and current of public affairs and descriptions of society. He was an ardent admirer of Douglas — the "Little Giant" of the West — shared his views on questions of public policy, and was willing to share his political fortunes also. So, when divergence came between the President and the Illinois Senator, Mulligan resigned his place at Washington and returned to Chicago, there again to try his fortunes at the bar.

His military instincts and ardor found an early bent in his association with the Shields Guards, a local volunteer organization of the State militia, of which he subsequently became captain. While in this connection he acquired the technical knowledge and familiarity with the methods of drill and military discipline. He possessed the confidence of self-resource and the genius of command, as demonstrated in his subsequent career in the army from the gallant defence of Lexington down to the disastrous day at Kernstown.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Mulligan was engaged at his law practice, stimulated to increased exertion by his then recent happy marriage, and by the responsibilities opening before him. His future seemed bright with promise, made all the more radiant by the domestic felicity which he was privileged and so well calculated to enjoy. It is not for me to dwell on the joy and felicity of his home and domestic life, nor may I more than allude to the devoted and romantic attachment to wife and little ones which characterized him to the end.

In devotion to the duties of his profession, and in the opportunities of public and political life, there was for Mulligan every prospect of near and certain success and fortune. The rewards and honors of his profession alone promised ready distinction. With his acknowledged capacity and steadiness, the result in a few years could not be doubtful. On his side he possessed youth, energy, abilities of a high order, with qualities of mind and character well calculated to win for him universal esteem and favor.

In public life there was no place beyond his capacity, and justly might he look forward to high political honors in the course of a not distant future. Such was his situation and condition when the war summons came. He did not hesitate. Putting aside every other consideration but that of duty to his country, he threw himself with characteristic energy and enthusiasm, into the work of recruiting a regiment under the call issued by the government, and naturally it should be an Irish regiment.

The Chicago militia in the ante-war years was chiefly composed of Irish-American citizens, a fact sufficiently attested by the names of the

local companies — the "Montgomery Guards," the "Emmet Guards," the "Shields Guards," and the like. These militia organizations, in fact, became the basis and nucleus of the "Irish Brigade," the officers of the brigade having generally served in one or other rank in the companies referred to. To form an Irish regiment was in the bent and line of his associations and feelings. He was familiar with the historic renown of the Irish Brigade that fought in the French service in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and no one ever recounted the story of their valor and gallantry with more enthusiasm. From Dunkirk to Belgrade he knew the story by heart. He aspired to repeat and renew on American fields the splendid feats of arms which had made the Irish brigades of history world-famous; and he, moreover, aimed to demonstrate that the Irish-American citizen was equally as ready to sacrifice his life for his adopted country as was the native born. Elected colonel, and surrounded by officers, line and staff, well known to him, and of undoubted bravery, capacity, and high character, with men of the rank and file who would never falter or turn their backs to an enemy while he lived to lead them, need we wonder that he looked forward to a career of honor and distinction? You may be sure he had vowed, under the protection of God, to do his full duty wherever he should be assigned, and to win renown for the "Irish Brigade" on every field. He sought to do honor to the State he loved, and to save from dismemberment the Union. He adopted the dying appeal of Douglas as his motto: "Defend the Union and support the Constitution and the laws." He wrote at this time: "Grant that we be again one people, happy in our love of union, in our obedience to Constitution, in the great future that thirty millions, loving God and respecting each other, merit."

It was in this spirit, with high motives and heroic resolves, Colonel Mulligan led the gallant regiment away from Chicago to the scenes and theatre of danger. The disasters and defeats suffered by the Union armies in the earlier stages of the war, and especially the crushing overthrow in Virginia, had filled the North with dismay and almost with despondency; nor was it until the news of the gallant and heroic defence of Lexington flashed over the country in the early days of September, 1861, that the people of the North recovered from the effects of the defeat at Bull Run. Light broke in on the prevailing gloom from a quarter where it was not looked for. With 2,800 men, Colonel Mulligan for nine days held the town against an overwhelming force of the enemy under the command of General Sterling Price. The story of that gallant defence electrified the North, and as the details of the struggle came to be fully known, the name and the praises of Colonel Mulligan were on every lip.

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This Christian monument to a Christian soldier will stand in the coming years, recalling and perpetuating for future generations the story of his life, the lessons of his brave career, the heroism of his glorious death on the field of battle. It will serve as a silent and an impressive monitor to inspire all who shall kneel or pause before it to

seek to imitate the rectitude of his lofty character, the high and elevated standard of his principles, the purity and beauty of his life, the depth and earnestness of his religious faith. His example will stir and enkindle in every heart a spirit of greater zeal and a more intense devotion to the country and Constitution which he fought to preserve and died to maintain; nor will his deep and earnest sympathy for the cause and hopes of his ancestral land be without its suggestive appeal, for the heart will thrill with emotion as the memory and services of this Irish-American hero are recalled.

This Celtic cross will remain a faithful sentinel here by the restless waters of our lake, standing guard in the lonely watches of the night over his dear and honored dust; and under the light of the silent stars, as under the glow and radiance of the noonday sun, amid the falling leaves of autumn and the snows and desolation of winter, it will still proclaim to all, who shall come in reverent pilgrimage to this honored and hallowed spot, that here repose the earthly remains of a soldier whose career was without stain, and whose character was without blemish; whose death was glorious and whose memory is immortal —a shining heritage to his country, to his children, and to all future time.

The exercises concluded with an address by Captain W. F. Calhoun, who had served in a Pennsylvania regiment which was included in the brigade under command of Colonel Mulligan.

France, China and the Holy See.

CONSIDERABLE importance is attached to a long article in the *Moniteur de Rome* on the subject of "France, China, and the Holy See." The *Moniteur* regrets that the negotiations between Pekin and the Vatican should have become the theme of general discussion, even in the boulevard papers; but now that they have been brought to the forum of public opinion, a thorough sifting of the question is to be desired. All the reproaches made by the opponents of direct negotiations between the Vatican and China, are summed up in the charge that they are "a blow aimed at the interests of France." French journalists have even gone so far as to see a connection between the close of the diplomatic negotiations with Prussia and the opening of those with Pekin. The *Moniteur* protests against such insinuations, and declares that Leo XIII. has given unequivocal signs of his love for France, and has done all in his power to save her, by preserving to her the blessings of civil and religious peace. But the Papacy, the *Moniteur* reminds us, is a cosmopolitan institution and must embrace in its charity all kingdoms and lands of the earth; and whenever an opportunity offers of extending the kingdom of God, it is the duty of the Holy See to make good use of the same. China has afforded a providential opportunity. She proposes to enter into direct diplomatic

relations with the Vatican. Hitherto the "protectorate" over the Catholic missions was managed by means of an agreement with France; France acted as a middle party in the interests of the Christian communities. The Holy See injures no one's rights. It has but welcomed an offer which is advantageous for the extension of the civilizing influence of the Church. Could he reject the initiative of the ruler of China at a time when this vast country is offering itself to the influences of modern civilization, when persecutions in the East so often spring from political and national friction, when the missions play a more important *rôle* than ever in those distant regions, wherein, owing to the contact of Western and Eastern culture, a new era appears to be opening for the Church and for Europe? If China had a representative at the Holy See, would the spirit of persecution be feared to the same extent? The French protectorate has certainly rendered services to the missions, but has it not in turn been a source of prestige and influence to France herself? If circumstances have altered, is that the fault of the Holy See? Is it to be expected that the Papacy should subordinate the interest of souls to political combinations? Surely, Catholic France cannot be jealous of the development of Catholicity in Eastern Asia. For when Leo XIII. enters into direct relations with China, he is acting both as an apostle and as a statesman, he is preparing a fruitful future for the Catholic missions and for Christian civilization. Such is a *résumé* of the important article in the *Moniteur*, which, in spite of Paul de Cassagnac, is said to have produced a favorable impression in Paris.

Two Notable Books.

The Latin Poems of Leo XIII., done into English Verse by the Jesuits of Woodstock College. Published with the Approbation of His Holiness.

It is generally known, says the *Brooklyn Examiner*, that in his few leisure moments the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., has been wont to find pleasure in the composition of Latin verses. Comparatively few in this country, however, have had opportunity to peruse them. It is, therefore, a real service which John Murphy & Co., of Baltimore, have performed in publishing them, together with an English version of each by the Jesuits of Woodstock College. The book contains one hundred and thirteen pages of heavy paper, with red line margins, and is a handsome specimen of typography. The Latin verses and the English translation are printed on opposite pages, so that the reader has the corresponding verses in each under his eye at the same time. The dedication, continues the *Examiner*, is "To our Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., who has with such wisdom and foresight elevated the education and training of the youth of the sanctuary, this English version of his poems, which are replete with the simplicity and grace of old Latinity, is dedicated as a modest token of their great love and faithfulness by

the younger members of the Society of Jesus, who from every part of North America are come together for their studies at Woodstock College." The first and longest poems are hymns in honor of St. Herculanus and St. Constantius, martyr-bishops of Perugia in the early ages. These are dated 1881, and are consequently among the latest of the poems, others dating away back to 1822. They are marked by exquisite refinement, pious aspiration, and a certain spiritual delicacy of feeling; but they are scarcely poetry, and there is a perceptable lack of smoothness in the Latin lines. Most of the poems are short addresses to friends, or eulogies of saints, or on vice, ill-health, or similar simple topics.

The following gentle and touching invocation is prefaced by the words: "In memory of Gertrude Sterbini, nun of the Visitation Order, who, in her pure and saintly life, for her dear Saviour's love, bore many a hardship bravely, until, perfect in all holiness, her duty faithfully done, ripe for paradise, she entered into the peace of Christ with glad rejoicing, on the 3d of February, 1873, aged forty-three years one month and twenty days; to her, his sister beyond compare, Julius commends himself and his."

Dear Gertrude, bride devoted of the Lamb,
If still there be of earthly love a care
In thine own heights of Heaven's blessed calm,
Sister, give ear to mourning Julius' prayer.

Mindful of thine, with aid in dark hours come,
With hope to anxious hearts; until with thee
My babe, Ersilia, our sweet parents, home,
And I, in larger love shall reunited be.

In another poem Julius Sterbini implores her heavenly influence, and represents his own needs and her kindly intervention by the allegory of a tempest-beaten ship that is rescued. It appears that it was an amiable practice of the author when bishop of Perugia to commend in verse some of his priests who distinguished themselves by peculiar merit, and also some of the religieuses of the diocese who were of eminent virtue and ability. Several pieces are presented as specimens of this vein. The English versions of the following poems are given as perhaps among the most pleasing:

The Triumph of the Church Foreshadowed.

Thus do I prophesy; flaming light
E'en now with radiance bathes the eastern sky,
And from the starry heavens flashing bright
The rosy dawn lights up the glistening eye.

Then straightway to the nether pools of fire
The hated monsters plunge affrighted down;
And in the fetid, ever-burning mire
Sink once again with many a horrid groan.

Constrained at length, this wonder to confess,
The race that waged erewhile relentless strife
Against its God, turns now that God to bless
And mourn the errors of its sinful life.

Then hatred long indulged and bitter grown
And angry combating against the right
Cease, and by virtue's magic power won
All hearts in blissful harmony unite.

The Hope of the Wicked is Vain.

THE LINE OF THE ROMAN PONTIFFS IS UNBROKEN.

"Cast down from throne to prison cell
Leo has fallen," their joyful refrain,
"Has fallen midst sadness and sorrow."
Ah, vain is the hope of the infidel!
Over glad Rome a new Leo shall reign,
And rule as Christ's Vicar to-morrow.

A Hand-Book of Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints.

The title of the work sufficiently indicates its general scope and purpose. It has been undertaken to satisfy a want often felt personally by the writer and often expressed to her by others. Those who go abroad and travel in Christian lands meet at every step, through town and country, in the broad light of day and in the mysterious gloom of sacred places, symbolic forms which are known in a general way to represent the mysteries and facts of the Christian faith; but which fail to recall them to the uninitiated beholder in anything like a distinct and accurate manner. Churches are dedicated to saints hitherto unheard of; and streets, sometimes large cities, bear their names. Pictures, even of saints best known, are seen in churches and art galleries, coupled with incidents and surroundings that fairly bewilder the mind.

Nor need one go abroad to feel thus puzzled and perplexed. The very pictures and prints, copied from the Great Masters, which adorn our own homes, affect us similarly. In the books which lie on our tables, in the contributions of the art critics to our newspapers and magazines, we are constantly lighting on references to names and facts of which we want ampler knowledge. They come to us invested with a halo of sanctity and mystery, and we long to have at hand some book, simple and accessible, which will tell us all about them; and this is just our aim in the following pages.

Though containing much that belongs to history proper, our book does not profess to be in all respects a true history of persons and facts. Its purpose is rather to show forth the conception of them which is embodied and illustrated in art. History and legend unite in this conception. The artist's individual fancy must also be allowed for. It would be extremely difficult to isolate what is purely historical. It is thus in all records of the past. The difficulty is still greater in all religious narratives, save only the Inspired Writings, on account of the marvellous, which forms a part of them, and which can be neither wholly accepted nor wholly rejected. Wonders related in the lives of the saints, which have undoubtedly a basis in historical fact, have often come down the years exaggerated, distorted, or invested in "showy human colors," — as Cardinal Newman warns us in his consideration of "The Internal Character of Ecclesiastical Miracles," — either through the infirmity of credulous or over-zealous chroniclers or through the malice of the enemies of the Church.

That some of the miracles attributed to the saints should have been merely fabled, need not startle nor scandalize even the Catholic reader, nor excite prejudice against the great mass which rest on evidence at least as firm as that on which we accept the records of profane

history; for, to quote again from the above-named eminent authority, "it as little derogates from the supernatural gift residing in the Church that miracles should have been fabricated or exaggerated, as it prejudices her holiness that within her pale good men are mixed with bad."

An additional difficulty arises from the fact that the originators of many strange stories — such, for example, as those which are related of St. Christopher, St. Hilarion, St. Nicholas of Myra, St. George the Soldier-Saint, etc., and some of the wonder-tales which have gathered about the records of St. Gregory the Great — chose, like the Greeks of old, that mythical form of narration simply to indicate more strongly some moral lesson. Hence they never appealed to the faith of their hearers; nor did any of these, save only the most ignorant, take the stories in their literal sense. For this method of popular instruction we have even a Divine precedent,— Christ himself instructing the multitude by parables.

The difficulties of the historian, however, are no concern of ours. We tell in words the story told in art, adding only as much of real fact as the mind naturally desires to know in connection with the subject. In heroes of the supernatural as well as of the natural order,—

"Our elder brothers, and of one blood,"—

we feel, so to speak, a family pride, not alone for their actual achievements, but even for the fond exaggerations of their disciples and admirers.

As to what must be set down as unmistakably legendary, independent of its helping to elucidate the great works of art, it has often an intrinsic beauty of its own, and is deeply interesting as illustrative of the religious mind of past ages,— ages of faith more ardent than our own, which merited and often won open and extraordinary recompenses.

The book is, by permission, and with profound respect, dedicated to His Grace the Most Rev. John J. Williams, Archbishop of Boston.

Our Representatives Abroad.

THE *Louisville Journal*, one of the ablest papers in the country, has the following article on

Diplomatic Reform Needed.

We have no civil service in our diplomacy. There is consequently no system of promotion. The secretary of the legation is a bird of passage, and the attaché his tail feathers. Nobody, except some cad, who wants to get into society, would accept a secretaryship, and the minister's son, if he happens to have a son raw enough, is usually made, for educational purposes I suppose, attaché. Now, from such material, no competent work can be gotten or expected. Yet, with each suc-

ceeding Congress, the foreign committees of the two houses wrestle with the diplomatic problem, cheese-paring here and cutting the edges there, when, in truth, they ought to abolish the whole thing and reconstruct it upon rational and practical principles. At present our diplomatic service is very nearly as unequal as our tariff. It is either a hospital for decayed gentleman, or a nursery for young fops. I do not pretend that the question is one of vast importance, and I offer the suggestion merely for what it is worth ; but, if the President would do a really good thing, he will devote a little of the valuable time he is bestowing upon the reform of the civil service to this particular branch of it. He will find that it needs quite as much of his attention as the post-offices and the custom-houses. In every case our ablest and best trained men should be sent abroad. They should not merely have some definite knowledge of foreign affairs, but they should know their own country, and all of their country. We do not send them to serve as lackeys in unfriendly courts. We send them to represent and to typify that which is greatest and noblest in our republican system. Franklin was a preëminent success, both in England and in France, and Greeley would have been ; yet neither was, in himself or in his day, a strong illustration of your dandified gentleman.

Henry Watterson, writing to the same paper, on the

Cost of Popularity in England.

I do not mean that the American minister in London should wrap the American flag about him and perform. I do not mean that he should stick his legs in a pair of Irish jackboots and whoop up the boys. But I do say that popularity in England for a minister of the United States means the subordination of America to British ideas, and the adoption by the minister of a complete British outfit. Mr. Phelps showed that he had done this, or was seeking to do it, when he tickled the Tories by the conceit that nobody in America but a riff-raff of demagogues, seeking the Irish vote, sympathized with Mr. Gladstone in his home-rule fight, and then, thinking to reinstate himself in the good graces of the riff-raff, our genial but inexperienced representative hurries down to the footlights to preside at a midnight supper given in a theatre in honor of a variety clog dancer.

First Masses in Various Parts of America. — First Mass in California, at Monterey, December 16, 1601. First Mass in Canada, on Riviere des Prairies, June 24, 1615. First Mass in Maryland, at St. Clements Island, March 25, 1634. First Mass in Montreal, May 18, 1641. First Mass in New York, at Onondaga, November 14, 1655. First Mass in Michigan, at Keweenaw Bay, July 26, 1663. First Mass in Vermont, at Fort Anne, La Motte Island, July 26, 1666. First Mass in Wisconsin, at Green Bay, December 3, 1669. First Mass in Illinois, at Chicago, December 15, 1673. First Mass in Louisiana, at mouth of Mississippi, March 3, 1699. First Mass in Mississippi at Bolixi, Easter Sunday, April 19, 1700.

The Last of the Shanachies.

THE teller of old tales was a recognized character in Ireland long ago. When the bard vanished from the scene, the *shanachie* preserved whatever traditions of song and story still linger in the land.

I spent an hour to-day in Kildysart workhouse with the last of the Shanachies, blind Teague M'Mahon. He must be as old as the century, if not older; but his broad, bent figure and his ruddy, well-featured face are still full of vigor. The sightless eyes are closed, the white hair is long and thick, and only the wrinkled hands, somewhat wasted from enforced illness, show how old the *shanachie* must be. The purely rural workhouse of Kildysart, twelve miles from any large town, is no bad place of shelter for the denizens of the infirm wards. Blind Teague is quite a personage among them, especially as a kind gentleman sends him newspapers and tobacco all the way from Dublin, and it is known that his stories have been written down in books and his name printed by the learned Dr. Petrie. He is, in fact, the only thoroughly happy person I ever saw in a workhouse.

Though born near Kildysart, Teague hails from further west in Clare — from Kilmurry M'Mahon, where his people were followers of the extinct family of M'Mahons of Cloneena. When Teague grew up he took service with one Connell, who, besides his farming, worked a quarry near Money Point, not very far from Kilrush. This Connell was brother to Peter Connell, a famous old hedge-schoolmaster, and a very shanachie of shanachies, at whose feet the sturdy hewer of flagstones sat. Peter was an old man then and Teague a very young one; so the gleaner of old traditions flourished in the last half of the last century.

Teague only knows a limited amount of English. He speaks like a foreigner, with difficulty and deliberation, using the most dignified idioms and with a tantalizing slowness, but with a wonderfully good accent. He evidently picked it up late in life from educated people. As his vocabulary is limited, he needs an interpreter. Once he turned to him in the middle of a broken sentence of his halting but picturesque English, to exclaim in Irish: "Why cannot Morgan John's wife speak Irish?" But this was said more in sorrow than as a reproach for my degeneracy. In his young days country ladies had to know enough of Irish to manage the large number of servants then kept when the killing and curing of meat, the opening and carding of flax and wool, and the making of bread and cider, had all to be carried on at home. Except silk, broadcloth, saddlery, and wine, almost everything was produced in the household.

Blind Teague, partly himself in English, partly in Irish to his interpreter, told me of Peter Connell. Now, that schoolmaster in his youth not only crossed into Connaught to study "all the old talk and the old stories," but visited every part of Ireland, and even spent a long time in Scotland, from whence he brought back much matter of song

and story. We know how the heroic cycle of the legends of Fionn and Cuchulain and the doom of the Children of Usnagh live in Scotland as in Tigh Lore. How many years Peter Connell spent thus I cannot tell, but Teague assured me "he spent ten years in Limerick sitting on the one bench with Dr. O'Reardon," writing it all down. The doctor was to have found the means of publishing the book, but he died, and the MS. was still unpublished; and Teague often saw the outside of it in the farm-house where he worked with Peter's brother who sheltered his old age.

One time Peter was keeping school at Gower, three miles from Kilrush, when he gave the following proof of his acquirements. He must have had access to documents quoted by the late learned Father Shearman in the pedigrees in his *Loca Patriciana.* For I identified some of the particulars given by Teague, but he does not seem to have informed his disciple whence he derived them. Peter Connell's aid was indirectly sought to rescue from a serious dilemma one Murtagh M'Mahon, of Cloneena, of whose family Teague's people were followers. This gentleman's only daughter, Margaret M'Mahon, was married to the O'Donoghue of the Glen, the great-grandfather of the present chieftain. On the birth of their eldest son the Kerry gentlemen is reported to have said that, if the child's lineage on the mother's side were equal to that of the O'Donoghues, few Irish noblemen would be above him. These words reached Madam O'Donoghue's ears, who indignantly appealed to her father for proofs of the antiquity of her own family. Now, Murtagh was a pleasant gentleman who had made a runaway match in 1750 with "Fair Mary M'Donnell" of the New Hall family—a lady whose courage, beauty, and charity are recorded in Irish verses translated by Professor O'Loony. This gentle and "Fair Mary M'Donnell," and stern "Red Mary M'Mahon," the strong-minded lady of Liemenegh of a century earlier, are the idyllic and epic heroines of West Clare tradition even yet. Now the chiefs of both branches of the M'Mahon sept had disappeared in the long struggles culminating in Cromwell's wars, and the various junior branches, who held on to their own castles and lands, were unable to claim the chieftancy; so, Murtagh was sorely puzzled.

In his perplexity he appealed to a certain poet of his clan, Michael, the son of Murrogh. The son of Murrogh was quite ready to chaunt the praises of his race, but was no better prepared than Murtagh himself with dry genealogies. So Murtagh then appealed to a certain learned Irish scholar named Considine, who had not the courage to avow his incompetence, but asked for time and visited the hedge-school where Peter Connell held sway. Peter, who told Teague, who told me, knew where to come at the required information, but he had no notion of telling it to his brother scholar. He raised difficulties and said, "I could gather it in ten days through the country if any one would mind the craythureens," *i.e.* little creatures. Considine volunteered; so for ten days the young scholars of Gowran passed from Peter Connell's ferule, while, as he told his disciple, he ranged the country far and wide gathering the links of the pedigree. I suspect, however, he simply got at the papers of Hugh M'Curtin, who died in 1755, leaving many

precious documents preserved by his family, the hereditary historians of Thomond. This last of their line lived by teaching a small school near Liscanor Bay. Whether Peter Connell really travelled far and wide as he stated, or simply got at M'Curtin's clan pedigrees, he presented himself not to his brother pedagogue, but to Murtagh M'Mahon of Cloneena, armed with a voluminous document to which he casually alluded as containing all the fathers since Brian Boru, but only the mothers since one Brian M'Mahon who was grandfather to Murtagh's ancestor of Cromwell's time. He professed his willingness to produce sundry more details if required, and if he got ten times more and the overhauling of O'Donoghue's pedigrees, he professed his ability to pick out any number of errors in the Kerry document. Considering that Irish pedigrees not unfrequently ran up to very near the days of the Ark, it was not very hard to pick holes in the early part of them. Peter Connell's services were not required either for the dissection of the claims of the Kerry Milesian, or the further addition to the document he produced, and though Madam O'Donoghue's father was not a chief himself, Peter Connell succeeded in tracing her descent to chiefs enough to satisfy even a Kerryman's wife. What reward Peter got, though it was an ample one, I am unable to state. It was years and years after, in extreme old age, that he sought his brother's fireside with his precious volume, the labor of a lifetime. Many a song, and many a story, and many a queer tradition blind Teague, then a stalwart young peasant, learned from the sage. I tested several of them as to dates and names by looking them up in authentic records, and allowing for exaggeration and certain elements of ghostly and diabolical nature, nearly all the people were living at the times stated and performed the feats of bloodshed, love-making, or drinking, from which the legends spring.

How long Peter Connell dwelt with his nephew I do not quite know; but while there he received a visit from a gentleman who offered him fifty pounds for the precious book he had been so long compiling on condition it should bear the purchaser's name — an offer refused with scorn by the poor old pedagogue, saying, "What I worked at these thirty years I will not part with it." He was kindly treated by various people, and had many learned books, some in Irish, from which he derived much solace, nor was he by any means insensible to the comforts of the national beverage. He was a tall, gaunt, swarthy man, large limbed and black-haired, dark-eyed, and strongly built, like nearly all his family. I asked his disciple how he spoke English — for his Irish was, of course, perfect. Teague's disciple's reply was that he was "flat in his tongue that you would never think he could speak a word of English." To this most accurate description of a strong brogue Teague added all good Irish speaking men were of necessity "flat" in their English, *i.e.*, spoke it with broad, open sounds — but that Peter Connell 'had' every word of both Irish and English in the big dictionary, could talk fine English, and once when his English was impugned, swore the king himself could not beat him in English speech. The year Teague spent at Money Point quarrying for his brother was "the year when the oats was pulled out of the ground," some year of phenomenal dryness, before the great Clare election of 1826. Teague was strong about twenty-six, but

whether it was *apropos* of the great election of O'Connell, or that he himself was twenty-six the year he spent under the rooftree of the Connells, or that Peter died in 1826, I could not unravel. Dates are very hard things to get interpreted. At all events some time about that momentous date Peter Connell was gathered to his fathers. A Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Martin, erected a tombstone over his remains, and the old Irish scholar's bones sleep in Barrane churchyard, quite near the Colleen Bawn's grave. All the Connells but one had voted for their great namesake, and Peter's own nephew, Andrew, was dispossessed in favor of the kinsman who had pleased the Protestant middleman under whom they held. Andrew had inherited the precious volume, and kept it though he sold the printed books. Seven pounds' worth of the Irish ones were bought by the O'Gorman Mahon. He set off to the Tralee assizes in the hopes that the Liberator would buy the MS. book. But Andrew at home and abroad had a weakness for whiskey, and he imbibed freely in Tralee, and was finally reduced to pledge the precious MS. for ten shillings to pay his score.

Some one, however, redeemed it. The busy Tribune of the people had no time to examine it and did not buy it, and Andrew and the volume returned to the West. He eventually sold it, Teague grandly says, to "the English Government," and went to America on the proceeds. Teague returned to his own country, where his people seem to have been cottier tenants working as laborers but holding some land. He was getting on so well he was offered to have his holding enlarged to twelve acres, when his sight failing, he gave up the little bit he had, got money from his landlord, who gave the little bit to add to some other farm, and went to Dublin. He recovered his sight on being couched for cataract, and made a fine living "hauling timber out of the bog." Bog timber is most valuable for roofing purposes, and greatly prized even now. However, the wet nature of his work affected his eyes again and he returned to Dublin — this time doomed to slow and gradual extinction of sight.

Teague was walking one day outside Dublin talking Irish to another man, when he was stopped, accosted in Irish, and asked where he was from. Teague immediately named his remote birth-place. "I am a Kilmurry man, too," said his interlocutor in Irish, and this was no less a person than poor Eugene O'Curry, probably the best Irish scholar of his day. The Irish professor of the Catholic University took up his old neighbor and was good to him, and made him known to richer men interested in Irish lore, and then Teague had fine times. He is fully convinced that but for his blindness they would have made him porter in the Royal Irish Academy. He knew Dr. Todd and Dr. Lyons, and "Dr. Stokes and his son the Councillor," and the late Mr. Pigott and Mr. O'Mahony, who keeps him in newspapers and tobacco, and Mr. Joyce; but his man is "The Doctor," not the great lexicographer, but gentle, kindly Dr. Petrie. Many a tumbler of punch has Teague partaken of in a corner of his dining-room while "singing songs, and the doctor playing them on the fiddle," and some other tricean "taking them down." Great was his pleasure when I told him I had been playing over some of them the other day, and he says Mr. Joyce has "translated them finely."

Teague looks on the Royal Irish Academy as a sacred shrine; and it is his great boast that his was the only single knock that was ever answered at that learned door. Once a policeman ordered him off the steps as having no business there. The indignant shanachie responded: "It is I that have business there with the gentlemen, and not the likes of you that would be let inside." Teague's emphatic rap was repeated and he was let in, in the very teeth of the guardian of law and order.

Long after his various patrons had got all the songs and stories and old pedigrees they wanted, they continued their benefactions, and Teague says he never wanted for anything in all the years "he gave in Dublin." But when he got very old he felt smothering in the city, and a longing came on him to go back to the breezy west country. He was so old his people were scattered; but in Kildysart workhouse he found various contemporaries, plenty of people to speak Irish to him, and the finest breezy air blowing over ridge upon ridge of rocky hills, and coming from the Shannon, five miles wide, where the Fergus joins the wider stream. There are few finer inland views than this world of waters, the near hills and distant mountains, distant plantations, and the many isles, one with a ruined abbey, all spread out before Kildysart workhouse. Teague's sightless eyes cannot profit by these beauties, but the air and sunshine reach him, and the last of the shanachies, as I before stated, is that phenomenon, a thoroughly cheery and contented pauper.

If any gentle reader appreciates the old Gaelic tongue, let him add to its votary's happiness by a little more tobacco. Four ounces go so cheaply by post; and may I also commend to him the grave and respectable old man who interpreted between me and Blind Teague M'Mahon?

MRS. MORGAN JOHN O'CONNELL, in *Irish Monthly*.

The Holy Man of Tours.

M. DUPONT saw one day as he was hastening along the street, an immodest picture exposed at the door of a shop; he stopped, thrust his foot through the canvas, and paid the price demanded by the owner on condition that he would never again display such pictures to the public view. Basphemy particularly excited his grief and his anger. Travelling one day on the top of a diligence, he was seated by the side of the driver. The latter suddenly yielding to an unfortunate habit, uttered an oath. M. Dupont instantly dealt him a vigorous blow on the face. Surprised and indignant, the man stopped his horses and demanded an explanation of the insult. "Unhappy man," replied M. Dupont, "it is you who have insulted me. You have outraged my Father! Who gives you the right to insult my Father in this manner?" "Your father!" said the blasphemer. "Yes," said M. Dupont; "God is my Father and your Father. Why do you outrage Him as you have just done?" Then, with the eloquence of his heart, he made him com-

prehend how unworthy of a Christian it was to thus outrage his God. The poor man confused and ashamed, pleaded his deplorable habit as an excuse and promised to correct it. M. Dupont in parting gave him a five-franc piece and made him promise to come to see him in Tours. He came sometime later and assured him that, thanks to him, he had entirely renounced his bad habit and was now leading a Christian life.

Investure of the Cardinal of Quebec.

QUEBEC, July 21, 1886. The weather to-day was all that could be desired for the great festival attending the installation of Cardinal Taschereau. The ancient capital never presented a gayer appearance. Crowds have been arriving continually since yesterday, many coming from New York, Boston, and other American cities. Flags were flying in every direction, and eighteen triumphal arches were erected on the route of the procession. The procession started at 8.30 o'clock. Over thirty societies were represented, beside members of parliament, the bench and bar, municipal and commercial bodies, and the clergy. In the cardinal's carriage, which was drawn by four black horses, were seated his eminence and the papal ablegate. A detachment of Papal Zouaves acted as a body guard. The procession moved by way of St. Louis, Ursule, Ann, and Garden Streets to the Jesuit barracks. The cardinal was greeted all along the route with the cheers and the respectful salutes of the assembled thousands. The procession here halted, and his eminence and the bishops proceeded to the kiosk, which had been erected on the ground, and put on their pontifical robes in the presence of about twenty thousand persons. The procession then proceeded to the Basilica, amid the booming of one hundred guns fired by the Quebec field artillery. The service in the church was most imposing. The Mass sung was that of Charles XII. The sermon was delivered by Mgr. Gravel, of Nicolet. The ceremonies connected with the cardinal's installation were opened yesterday with the swearing in of the new cardinal in the private chapel of his palace, in the presence of the papal ablegate and the noble guard, the archbishops of Toronto, Montreal, Halifax, Ottawa, St. Boniface, Charlottetown, St. John, N.B., St. Louis, and New Orleans, besides a large number of the lower clergy. Standing in front of the altar, and having the papal ablegate on his right and Archbishop Lynch on his left, his eminence, with his right hand on the gospels, read the prescribed oath in the case of all princes of the church. He afterward signed it and handed it to the ablegate, who will take it back with him to Rome. The ceremonies were very solemn and impressive.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.

Spain Honored

THE GOLDEN ROSE which has been presented by the Pope to the Queen of Spain is a work of the highest artistic value. Being wrought in massive gold, it weighs about two pounds three ounces and a quarter avoirdupois. It is not a single rose, but an entire plant, with nine flowers, fourteen buds, and one hundred leaves. The roses are modelled upon real specimens collected in the garden of the Vatican. The plant is inserted in an exquisitely-chiselled vase of solid silver, which bears an effigy of St. Christina and the following inscription, said to have been dictated by the Pope himself: "Mariæ Christinæ, Alphonsi XIII., Hispaniarum Regis Matri, Leo XIII., Pontifex Maximus, D.D.D., Anno MDCCCLXXXVI." The work was executed in a fortnight by the jeweller of the Apostolic Palaces.

On the occasion of the presentation of the young King of Spain a most impressive scene took place in the Atocha Cathedral. After the *Te Deum* had been sung the queen stood alone before the altar and made a solemn offering of her child, Alfonso XIII., to the Blessed Virgin. The altar was ablaze with light, and by the queen stood the Cardinal Primate, the bishops, and the leading clergy of the cathedral and realm. Around were the grandees of Spain, diplomatic corps, the ministers, the great officers of the throne, the representatives of the Army and Navy in brilliant uniforms, the principal authorities of the capital and the provinces, with deputations of the Cortes and the great cities.

Ordinations at Maynooth.

MANY an Irish heart looks forward to the day of the ordinations at the great *Alma Mater* of the Irish priesthood. We gave a sketch a short time ago in our MAGAZINE of St. Patrick's College. It is now more than four score years since aspirants to the priesthood were reared in virtue and learning within its venerable walls. Since its foundation, at the close of the last century, it has unceasingly continued to send forth preachers of the gospel not alone to Ireland, but to the most remote regions of the earth. In our own country here many of our priests were educated at Maynooth, and at least one member of the American hierarchy — the venerable bishop of St. Louis — passed through the halls of Maynooth.

The number of students on the college rolls during the academic year 1885–6 was close on five hundred; the largest number, with a few exceptions, in the records of the college.

There was a special interest attached this year to the ordinations. The officiating prelate was His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. The

name of Dr. Walsh will awaken recollections in the minds of many, of what now may well be looked upon as history. The empress of Austria, during her last visit to Ireland, made a valuable present to the college, consisting of a beautiful set of vestments. The chasuble is profusely ornamented with gold, and decorated on both sides with wreaths of shamrocks worked in green satin. The mitre presented by the empress is richly studded over with diamonds. Since they were presented, about seven years ago, they have not been worn by any officiating prelate. Dr. Browne, the present accomplished president of the college, thought that a suitable occasion for introducing them would be on the first visit, for conferring Holy Orders, of the archbishop, during whose presidency they were presented to Maynooth. It might be added — and we see this fact has escaped the notice of the writers of the many biographical sketches of Dr. Walsh — that he is the first bishop who read a complete course of study through Maynooth, professed in its several chairs, and afterwards guided its working as president.

The archbishop wore on the occasion the ring presented to himself by the empress of Austria. The ring, a costly one, has set in it an amethyst diamond.

First *tonsure* was conferred by His Grace on one hundred students on the evening of Pentecost Sunday. On the following morning minor orders were conferred on about one hundred and twenty students, and on the octave of Pentecost close on two hundred priests were ordained. The friends of the young priests, visitors from Dublin and the neighboring towns, and crowds of the peasantry from about Maynooth, flocked in to witness the imposing ceremony, and get the blessings of those who had on that day received the commission from on High to serve God at the altar and the power to offer sacrifice.

The Good God's Water and Bread.

THE late Cardinal Lavigerie told this story:

One of our dear children, ten years of age, who had always been noted for his precocious intelligence, fell seriously ill; he was put to bed, and soon his poor little body was one single sore.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, who were taking care of him, admired his patience; and one day when, according to custom, I was visiting our sick, they called my attention to it. I approached his bed, he took me by the arm to bring me nearer and make me bend down to him, for his voice was very weak even then.

"Father," he said, putting his hand on his breast, "I am all black in there." — "What do you mean by that, my child?" — "That my heart is black, for I am not God's child. I want you to give me the *water*." — "What *water* are you talking of?" — "Baptism that makes the soul white before God, and — one goes to heaven."

And saying this, he fixed his wistful eyes on me, and lifted my

hand to his lips. "Since you want it," I said to him, "I will send you the Father who will instruct you better yet, and who will afterwards baptize you." In fact, he did receive baptism with the sentiments of a soul predestined.

When I returned two days after and asked him, "Well, you are baptized?"—"Yes, Father," he replied, "but now I want *God's bread.*" — "That's the Holy Communion," the Sister said to me. "The Father has been speaking to him about it, and he's asking every moment for it." — "What is *God's bread?*" I asked the child. "Father, it is Sidna-Issa (the Lord Jesus)."

A few days after, as he was gradually growing weaker, the Father who had baptized him took him the Holy Eucharist. There then took place in that child something so extraordinary that those who were witnesses of it still speak of it only with astonishment. At the sight of the Sacred Host, the face of this poor Arab, still almost a savage, and dying with the most frightful of diseases, was lighted up with the rays of faith and love. It was as a light coming from the soul, and transforming his features. He stretched his little emaciated arms out of the bed towards the Divine Guest who was visiting him, and when He had been laid upon his lips, he remained as in ecstasy with his eyes fixed upon heaven.

Everybody around him, Sisters, priests, unbelieving children, respectfully gazed through their tears, upon this spectacle so sublime in its simplicity.

I arrived a few minutes after. As soon as they saw me, all the children ran to meet me. "Oh!" they said, surrounding me, "we all want baptism like Jeronymo."

Our little neophyte had taken this name in touching memory of the first Arab martyr. His death was becoming an apostolate.

I approached his bed, and, in fact, his countenance was transfigured.

"I am going to heaven to see Jesus," he said to me.

A little while after he expired.

From the French by TH. XR. K.

"DESERT SAND FISHES." — The Arabs eat the legless desert lizards, calling them "sand fishes," so as not to seem to transgress a commandment; for the creatures are unclean; one species indeed being specially anathema, for Mahomet ordered his people to stone them whenever found, as they hung their necks in mockery of the Moslems attitude of prayer. To this day, therefore, the faithful persecute them rigorously as scoffing unbelievers. None the less were they considered, and indeed are still, very important in Eastern medicine, the traditional coldness of the creatures recommending them to a pharmocopœia of fancy as being supposed to be beneficial in all ailments arising from excessive heat, although so diverse as burns, sunstroke, sand-blindness and fever.

Consecration of a Splendid Edifice.

Laying Corner Stone 1876 Dedication 1881 - Consecration 1886.

In the accompanying illustration we present, with pride and pleasure, a faithful picture of the Catholic parochial property of St. Ann, Gloucester, Mass. It is a perfect picture except the relative position of buildings, the location of parochial house and school, being on an adjoining street, rectangular with the church and convent, and actually even more convenient and desirable than in the picture. It is plainly an incomparable group of church property, of which the finest parish of our richest city might well feel proud. Hence this present claim for the admiration and imitation of more pretentious congregation, and as a just tribute to the religious zeal and generosity of our Cape Ann fishermen, better known to public fame only by the number of their widows and orphans. Their beautiful granite church was solemnly consecrated at 9 A.M. Sunday, July 25, by His Grace, John J. Williams, archbishop of the diocese, surrounded by fifty of his reverend clergy, with the Rt. Rev. P. T. O'Reilly, accompanied by Very Rev. P. Healy, of Chicopee, his vicar-general, and Rev. Thomas Griffin, of Worcester, his chancellor, with certain other distinguished clergymen of the Springfield diocese, as may be seen from the list of the clergy present. Rt. Rev. Bishop McMahon, of Hartford, also honored the occasion by his presence, and gave Pontifical Vespers. Bishop O'Reilly delivered the morning sermon, and Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, of Worcester, gave an excellent discourse at 3.30 P.M., on education. The musical programme, of rare merit, was most happily rendered by forty select vocalists from the best Boston choirs, under the able direction of Mr. John J. McCluskey; and the new organ, the finest in Essex County, was at its best under the inspiring touch of Mr. J. Frank Donahoe, the worthy organist of the Boston Cathedral.

The services included the following programme of music: Beethoven's grand

Mass in C, sung by Miss Ellen A. McLaughlin, leading soprano of Boston Cathedral; Mrs. Celia Mooney, leading alto at Boston Cathedral; Miss Tessie M. Flynn, leading alto at St. James Church, Boston; Mr. John J. McCluskey, leading basso at the Boston Cathedral, with a chorus of forty voices, and Mr. J. Frank Donahoe, organist of the cathedral. Mr. Donahoe performed a grand march composed by himself and the "Offertoire" of Baptiste. Miss McLaughlin sung at the offertory, and Mr. Farley sung "Veni Creator," composed by Cirillo, and the grand choral "Te Deum." At 1 o'clock the bishops and priests dined at the parochial residence, and the choir, with other invited guests, some fifty of the laity, dined at the Pavilion Hotel. At 2 o'clock they were treated to a drive through the city and its surroundings. At 3.30 P.M. there was a lecture on "Education," by Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, with a sacred concert, the programme being as follows:

1. Organ Solo — "Priests' March from Athalie" ..... Mendelssohn
   Mr. J. Frank Donahoe.
2. Soprano Solo — "Salve Regina" ... Dana
   Miss Ellen A. McLaughlin.
3. Pilgrims' chorus of forty voices.
4. Contralto Solo — Fac ut portem, from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," by Mrs. D. A. Ring, leading contralto of St. Augustine's Church, South Boston.
5. Tenor Solo — "Cujus Animam," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," by Mr. John Farley.
6. Hallelujah Chorus — Handel. Grand chorus.
7. Lecture, by Rev. T. J. Conaty of Worcester.
8. Bass Solo — "God Everywhere," Lachner. Mr. John J. McCluskey, basso of Boston Cathedral.
9. "The Heavens are Telling the Glory of God," by Miss McLaughlin, Mr. Farley, Mr. McCluskey, and chorus.

The church was consecrated by Most Rev. John J. Williams, Archbishop of Boston, assisted by several of the clergy of the diocese, with Rev. J. P. Bodfish, rector of the cathedral, as grand master of ceremonies, and Rev. Charles W. Regan of St. Ann's Church, this city, assistant master. The consecration services began at 7 A.M. and lasted until 9.30 A.M., and were of a private nature. The public services were held both morning and afternoon. The church was filled at both services, a large number of prominent citizens belonging to Protestant churches being present. A special train arrived from Boston at 9.45 A.M., bringing about fifty priests and a select choir of forty of Boston vocalists. The morning's exercises began with a High Mass of consecration, with the sermon by Bishop P. T. O'Reilly, of Springfield, and the *Te Deum* by the full choir. The officers of the Mass were as follows: Rev. Hugh Roe O'Donnell, of East Boston, celebrant; Rev. W. P. McQuaid, of East Boston, deacon of honor; Rev. M. F. Flatley, of Malden, sub-deacon; in presence of the most reverend archbishop, with Very Rev. William Byrne, V.G., Very Rev. John Hogan, S.S., D.D., superior of the ecclesiastical seminary of Brighton, assistant priests; also Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly, of Springfield, with his vicar-general, Very Rev. P. Healy, of Chicopee, and Rev. Thomas Griffin, of Worcester, chancellor of the diocese; also Father Neagle, chancellor of the archdiocese, Rev. J. P. Bodfish, of the cathedral, grand master of ceremonies, and P. P. Chapon, S.S., D.D., professor of dogma, Brighton, Prof. Rev. Louis Walsh, Prof. Rev. J. Begley, of Brighton Seminary. Among the visiting clergy were Revs. John J. Gray, of Salem, J. Harrington, of Lynn, John Tierney, of Rockland, Christopher McGrath, of Somerville, J. J. Harkins, P. Phelen, and M. Howard, of Holyoke, James Quan, of Webster, Thos. Berans, of Spencer, P. Quaille, of Turner's Falls, M. Moran, of Boston.

At 7.30 P.M. there was a Vesper service by the St. Ann's choir, under the direction of Miss Carrie Simpson, the organist of the church.

Throughout the services the church was filled to overflowing by an audience of earnest and devout worshippers. This beautiful church edifice stands, indeed, as a lasting monument to the Catholics of Cape Ann and the indefatigable energy and ability of its pastor, Rev. J. J. Healy.

For the services of the day no tickets of admission were issued, but collections were taken up at both the morning and afternoon services, which resulted in securing quite a large offering.

This church is a magnificent structure, built from the choicest material out of the depths of the Rockport Granite Company's quarries. The style is pure gothic, and it is sufficiently ornamental to be recognized as the grand and chief ornament of the city by all its citizens, regardless of creed or denomination. It is also a good centennial monument of Catholic faith and religious zeal in Gloucester, as in May, 1876, was laid the corner-stone by

his Grace the Archbishop of Boston. It is rectangular in form, and in dimension is 82x142 feet, with a tower 185 feet in height.

It has six spacious entrances, three through a commodious vestibule and three to the basement. This basement might of itself pass for quite a church, having solid hard-wood pews with over a thousand sittings, with its high and neatly frescoed ceiling and elegantly carved altar, on either side of which stands a commodious vestry-room. The three front entrances to the church are large, pointed openings, with heads of tracery, that in the centre having moulded copings. Over this central entrance is a rose window 16 feet in diameter, with label mouldings of granite. The side windows, eight on each side, giving one in each bay, are 5½x15 feet, pointed and with heads of tracery. The roof is lighted in the dormers, one in each bay; it is slated with the best Eastern slate, with bands of unfading Vermont green. The interior arrangements consist of nave, aisles and chancel, the latter with a vestry on either side, connected by a passage in the rear of the main altar. The aisles are three in number, leading from the several entrances, the main aisle being six feet and the others four feet in width. The roof is open timbered, with the timbers cased and moulded, and pointed in form. The organ gallery over the vestibule, extending slightly into the auditorium, is the only gallery in the church. The chancel, at the rear of the auditorium, is octagonal in form, with an arch 40 feet wide and 60 feet high, pointed and with heavy stucco mouldings. It contains four windows 4 feet by 14 each, with figures in richly stained glass. These figures represent the four Evangelists, with their respective emblems the ox, lion, eagle, and angel.

The altars, three in number, made from the architect's design, and in style and proportion in perfect keeping with the other work, are all in marble, set in mosaic style, of exquisite variety, and represent nearly all the nations in Europe. The main altar, some 30 feet high, is one of the handsomest in this country. The nave arches, sixteen in number (eight on each side), are pointed in form, with heavy moulding, and springing from richly carved caps and graceful columns 24 inches in diameter. The wainscoting, altar rail, gallery, front, etc., are finished in brown ash, and all the work in the roof is of pine, richly decorated. The windows are of cathedral glass, and very rich and elegant in design and color, and the walls are richly decorated. In the frescoing, as in everything else in the building, the pure geometrical gothic style has been scrupulously adhered to in every detail, and amid countless varieties of beautiful shades and shadows, the most perfect unity of design and color has been most admirably preserved. A description of the countless sacred emblems which everywhere greet the eye, and representing scenes in the life of the Saviour, from ceiling and window, would require too much space. The student of biblical and ecclesiastical lore may here find a rich field for interesting study, not for hours, but for whole days, in their pictoral illustration. Crowning this sacred edifice is a steeple towering its graceful proportions 185 feet in height. And in the handsome belfry of fine cut granite hangs the largest and mellowest church bell in the State.

This church alone costs $100,000, and the entire group is the work of only ten years; and to the cost of these buildings, so handsome and substantial, must be added nearly $20,000 for the land. In May, 1876, was laid the corner-stone of the church. In 1880 was built the parochial house of choicest brick and stone, and the finest in New England; and within the present year has been erected this convent, so handsome in all its parts, interior as well as exterior, as also the school-house, with six as fine school-rooms as may be found in the city. This is an immense work for a poor congregation of not over four thousand souls. These various enterprises have involved an expenditure of $140,000. Hence these words of Bishop O'Reilly in his preface to his sermon: "This is a surprise to all the priests not only of this diocese, but of all New England. Praise is in the mouths of all. Let it not be said that the people have not been extremely generous, many of them poor and making their living by toiling on the sea. Their hearts are in the right place; they have the faith, and is it not cheerful when they are nearing land to see the first object that of their church, the cross on the highest tower glittering in the sunshine."

Forty years ago saw no Catholic congregation in this place. Among the priests present at this consecration was the Rev. D. O'Callaghan, the respected pastor of St. Augustine's, South Boston, who, as altar-boy from Salem, served the first Mass in Gloucester. The Rev. Thomas Shahan, then the pious pastor of

Salem, purchased for them a Baptist Church, which was dedicated by Rev. John O'Brien, of Lowell, September 30, 1855, the sermon being preached by Rev. N. S. O'Brien. A few months, thereafter, Rev. Dr. Acquarone became the first pastor, and remained in charge until at the age of eighty he retired in 1871 to his native Italy.

Rev. J. J. Healy, the Pastor.

Rev. J. J. Healy, present pastor of St. Ann's Church, is a native of Bantry, county Cork, Ireland. He was ordained a priest in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., June 30, 1868. After three years in St. James parish, Salem, Mass., he took charge of his Gloucester parish, September 5, 1871. The Catholic church property in Gloucester was then limited to an old wooden building, formerly a Baptist church, scarcely sufficient accommodation for the Sunday school which the new pastor soon rallied around him. There being no parochial house, the first six weeks were spent in a hotel. During these few weeks the Sunday school was organized, certain religious societies established, and a respectable parochial house was purchased and soon suitably furnished. All this rush rather excited the quiet people, who never expected to see all this accomplished during their natural lives. They even assembled in church to protest against such innovations and the rashness of the priest in thus purchasing a house without their counsel and consent. On this occasion a more or less stormy discussion took place between priest and people, wherein the former evidently came out victorious, for he not only persisted in his house transaction, but soon set about purchasing house lots around the old church, with the evident determination of some time in the future building a more suitable church. The people were innocent enough in their remonstrance, as the sequel plainly shows. For upon ocular demonstration of the extraordinary zeal and business capacity of their pastor they soon rallied to his generous support. Lot after lot was purchased in quick succession, and the old buildings were economically displaced and disposed of. It was, of course, an expensive way of getting land, but all the surroundings being built on, and this spot being controlled and otherwise desirable, he was left no choice in this matter. Many thought a somewhat larger and better church ought to be begun before a great while, and not a few declared the old church good enough for a poor congregation. But before they had time to arrive at any unanimous conclusion the excavations were progressing, and in dimensions somewhat alarming. A new church was evidently inevitable, and the people, with the best grace possible, anxiously awaited future developments.

The foundation seemed rather heavy for a wooden structure, and a brick one would, of course, be too expensive; and it was not until the walls arose far above the surface with handsome, substantial granite that the good people believed that they were about to have a veritable granite church. Both Catholics and Protestants stared and wondered, reluctant to express their innermost thoughts, and still each day developed new strength and beauty. The administration was such a great success from the beginning, and so far beyond their highest expectations, that they determined more and more to give it a fair and full trial.

Laying of the Corner-Stone.

Collections and fairs followed in quick succession, and so marvellously successful were the results that the people became more and more confirmed in faith and works. The year 1876 saw the laying of the corner-stone and the comple-

tion of this handsome granite edifice, this grand centennial monument of both priest and people; and with the use of their first staging was finished not only its handsome frescoing, but its three magnificently rich marble altars. Soon after followed the erection of its grand organ, regarded the best in Essex County; the granite belfry and tower, and finally the placing and blessing of the largest and most mellow of church-bells in New England. In 1880 a magnificent parochial house of faced brick, with brown-stone trimmings and finest granite underpinning, equally grand in all its other parts, found them in possession of the finest priests' house in the archdiocese.

Within the present year have been completed the very pretty convent and the school, with six large school-rooms, the best that can be found in the city. All continued to praise and admire this great parochial work. Although very satisfactory returns were annually read of all moneys received, the absence of any public report of the indebtedness left the timid somewhat fearful. But now that they have already seen their grand church solemnly consecrated, and with all the richness and grandeur which it actually contains out of debt, all cannot but unite in devout praise and thanksgiving for the great things the Lord hath done for them in so brief a period.

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

WRITERS of fiction have never dared invent so marvellous a story as that of the perilous trip of Elizabeth Mouat, a woman of 60 years, who, alone on a fishing smack, was blown from the Shetland Islands, clear across the stormy North Sea, to an island on the coast of Norway. The woman had visited Lerwick on Mainland, to see a doctor, and was returning to her home on one of the smaller islands in a fishing smack of twenty-three tons, manned by a captain and two sailors. She was the only passenger. A storm came up and the captain was knocked overboard by a boom. The two sailors lowered a boat to rescue him. A sudden breeze filled the sail of the larger vessel, and out she sped into the stormy sea, bearing off the old woman alone in the cabin. The two sailors gave the alarm on shore, and when two other vessels started in pursuit, the sail of the runaway ship was only a speck on the horizon, with a storm raging and night coming on. In the morning there was no signs of the lost vessel, and the friends of Elizabeth Mouat never expected to see her again. In the cabin of the little vessel the woman had barely enough food to support life, and she was able to keep from being knocked about the cabin only by clinging to a rope. It was Saturday when the vessel left Lerwick, and for a whole week the old woman clung to the rope while the craft was tossed about at the mercy of the wind and waves, and finally, on Sunday morning, eight days after she was given up for lost, the vessel went ashore on the Norwegian coast, near Skager Rock Channel, having traversed more than two hundred miles of stormy water. Here Elizabeth was rescued by fishermen, and in spite of the hardships she had undergone, she at once regained her strength and has returned home none the worse for her remarkable voyage. With enterprise that is almost American, the manager of the Royal Aquarium has offered her a position in his museum. But Elizabeth has declined. "Faith," she said, "I've travelled enough for the rest of my poor days."

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

AT THE SIDE OF THE PEQUEST.*

PEQUEST stream that runneth ever,
Dainty, tidy little river,
Gleaming like Apollo's quiver,
Mimic flood;
Tripping lightly through the meadows,
In and out amid the shadows
Of the wood.

Laughter-loving little rover,
Scaling gaily hills of clover;
Of the plaintive plover, lover
Ever true;
Poet mournful of the twilight,
Fill with tears the tender eye might
Hearing you.

Sudden thrills of music pealing,
All thy hidden haunts revealing;
Slower now and sadder stealing,
Lest thy flow
Might disturb the loved ones sleeping
In the mounds thy waves are sweeping,
As they go.

Pequest, like thy tiny river
Thus our life is running ever;
Never ceasing, resting never
From its source;
Now it hails the happy meadows,
Now it feels the dismal shadows
Of its course.

Oxford, N. J. JAMES H. GAVIN.

THE CHARM.

ONE Christmas eve two boys were sent by their master to a neighboring village with parcels of goods that had been purchased at his shop. The bundles were very heavy, and Tom did nothing but groan and complain beneath his, while Will was as merry as a lark.

"How can you laugh so?" said Tom; "your bundle is as heavy

*The Pequest is a pretty little river that flows through a picturesque district in Northern New Jersey.

as mine, and you are not stronger than I am; how, then, can you trot along so gaily?"

"Oh," replied Will, "I put a certain charm into my bundle, which makes it seem quite light; and if you had done the same, yours would have been as light, too."

"Do tell me what it is; I should be gald enough to put it in, if I could get it," said Tom.

"The name of the charm is *patience*," replied Will, "and it lightens not only heavy burdens, but makes every trial of life lighter and easier to bear."

LITTLE BRIAN'S TRIP TO DUBLIN.

I.

In a pretty cottage amongst the Wicklow hills, lived a widow named Byrne, and her four small children.

Her husband had died of fever, before the youngest child was born; and from that day the poor mother was obliged to toil without ceasing in order to keep her family from want.

Her whole property consisted of a small farm, and a tiny piece of garden in front of the cottage. But she looked after and cultivated these so well that by dint of hard work and the strictest economy, she was able to live, and bring up her children in a respectable manner.

But alas, the hard times came; and there was hunger and want within the cottage. The rain fell in torrents throughout the long summer days; the potatoes rotted in the ground; the corn remained green and unripe; and the poor widow saw nothing but misery and starvation for herself and her little ones, during the coming winter months.

The neighbors did what they could to help her, for they were good and charitable. But then, they, too, were poor — and the rent had to be paid.

So the mother's heart grew sad as she looked upon her rosy-cheeked darlings, and thought of the miserable life that lay before them. For she had no money; and if the rent were not paid within a certain time she and her children must leave the thatched cottage, the little farm and pretty garden; and unless they chose to perish by the roadside they must take shelter where they could. Their only refuge then would be the parish workhouse.

This prospect filled the poor woman with grief, and many and bitter were the tears she shed as she went about her work.

Now, Brian, her eldest boy, was seven years old, a fine, merry little lad, with blue eyes and fair curly hair. And when he saw his mother weeping, he would stop his play, creep up to her side, and stroking her hand, lay his cheek lovingly against it. Touched to the heart by his tenderness, and anxious to keep him happy as long as possible, she would smile upon him and do all she could to look cheerful.

"Go back to your games, Brian asthore," she would say, with a kiss. "Mammy has her work to do, so you must run away."

And delighted at the change in her manner, the child would return to his play.

This went on for several days; but each time it occurred, Brian was more difficult to satisfy. His mother was in trouble he felt certain, and at last he came to know that it was money she required — money for the rent.

And then the boy grew thoughtful, and cared no more to play, but would sit for hours in silence, his dog Toby by his side.

One day, a brilliant idea struck him, and he rushed to his mother, looking flushed and excited.

"Mother, dear mother, I will get the rent for you," he cried, and flung himself upon her breast.

"My poor little man, Brian machree. How could you do such a thing?" she asked, smiling sadly.

"Oh, just finely," he answered, in a confident voice. "I'll walk all the way to Dublin, an' I'll beg it in the streets."

"Walk to Dublin! Sure, you're far too small for such a trudge as that, alanna."

"Small! Why I'm big an' strong, mammy dear. Sure I was seven years old last Christmas." And he stretched himself to his fullest height.

"Troth an' you're fine an' strong for your years, God bless you," said the mother. "But, darlin', you've never thought of the long way it is — an' the troubles you'd have, the cold, lonely nights, an'——"

"Well, but mammy dear, sure I know you're in a bad way, an' you've no money for the rent. Now people tells me that boys of my size get many a penny in Dublin, an'——"

"My poor, poor darlin'. Sure you're good an' you're true." And the heart-broken mother pressed the boy in her arms.

"Oh, let me go, mammy; let me go," pleaded Brian. "I feel as sure as day that I'll get the money — maybe the whole rent — an' it's no distance at all when you know the way. John Doyle says it isn't — so say you'll let me go."

But the mother would not yield, and tried in every way to shake the child's resolution. Whilst they were talking a neighbor came in, and with tears in her eyes, Mrs. Byrne told him what Brian wanted to do.

"Well," he answered, after a few moments' reflection, "the boy is right. He's young an' small, it is true. But sure, when he has the pluck to seek his fortune, let him do it. You're in hard straits at present, ma'am, so in the name of God let him go. I'm off in the mornin' as far as Kingstown with a load of hay, an' I'll give him a lift to there, an' that's not far from Dublin at all. An' sure he'll meet many a kind woman on the way to give him a bit an' a sup; for the poor in Ireland's always good to one another — glory be to God."

But still the mother's heart was not satisfied. "He has nothin' to sell," she cried, wringing her hands; "an' nothin' to do — oh, how can my Brian go beggin' through the streets?"

"But, mammy dear, sure I've got Toby," cried Brian. "My dear old Toby, my darlin' good dog, I'll take him with me, an' sure he'll mind me finely, an' maybe, get money for me; for he can do plenty of

tricks—he can die for his country—an' smoke a pipe. Come, Toby, come, and show mammy here what you can do."

And as the dog came frisking towards him, the boy sang in a clear, sweet voice:—

"Die for your country
My Toby dear;
Die for your country
And have no fear."

"There," he exclaimed in triumph as the little terrier lay at his feet pretending to be dead. "Isn't he a clever fellow? Oh, you'll soon see what heaps of money Toby an' me'll pick up together in the Dublin streets."

"You're a brave boy, an' you'll do right well," cried Tom Kearney, laying his hand upon the curly head. "An' now, Mrs. Byrne, oppose him no more. It's my belief that it's the Almighty Himself that's put this into his little mind—an' sure He'll take care of the lad in Dublin just as well as here in Wicklow."

And so it was at last decided that the child should go; and the next morning Brian rose before the sun, and with his bundle on his back, and Toby at his heels, started off on his journey to Dublin.

His mother and tiny sisters walked beside him, as far as the cross roads, where Tom Kearney was to meet him. And as they went along the poor woman gave her little son a few words of advice.

"Oh, my darlin'," she whispered, "don't forget that no matter what may come you must be honest. Never touch what does not belong to you, for och! sure my heart would break entirely if my boy ever stole the worth of a penny. Keep away from bad companions, Brian, for sure there'll be many such where you're goin', I'm thinkin'. An' oh, my darlin', say your prayers every night an' every mornin', an' God will take care of you and keep you from harm."

Then, as Kearney and his cart came in sight, she took the child in her arms, pressed him to her heart, and covered his face with kisses. Then, calling upon God to bless and protect him, she set him down, flung her apron over her head, and rushed back to the cottage.

With streaming eyes and quivering lips, Brian climbed up on the load of hay, Tom cracked his whip, and the cart started off at a brisk pace

And when they had jogged along for several hours they came in sight of the sea, and a beautiful harbor full of yachts and boats; then Kearney stopped his horse, and turned with a sigh to his fellow-traveller.

"My little lad," he said, "the best of friends must part. This is Kingstown, and that's the road," pointing straight before him with his whip, "that leads to Dublin. I've got to leave my hay at a livery-stable down in the town yonder, so you'd better go on a-head at once."

"Very well," said Brian, and he scrambled down from his perch on the hay; "you've been a good friend to me, Tom. Good-by, and God bless you."

"An' God bless you, my boy, an' bring you the best of luck, an' safe home;" and with tears in his eyes, Tom shook the child warmly by the hand. Then, whipping up his horse, he drove off into Kingstown.

Brian looked after him sadly; and checking back a great sob that rose in his throat, he shouldered his bundle, and trudged off bravely towards Dublin.

As the evening was now coming on, and the air was damp and chill, the poor boy found himself alone upon the road. But he did not mind this much; he had Toby to talk to if he chose, and his heart was so full of sorrow at parting from his mother and friends that he scarcely noticed anything as he went along.

But oh, what a long way it was! He walked and walked and walked until his little feet were sore and his limbs grew weary. He had travelled for many hours, and yet he could not tell the number of miles he might still have to go before he could reach the city.

But the dear Wicklow hills, that he loved so well, were farther away each time he looked back; the roads became crowded and full of life; then he found himself surrounded by rows of tall houses, and the lovely mountains were hidden from his sight.

II.

And when the boy began to realize that he had reached his destination, and that after his long weary tramp, he was at last in Dublin, he looked about to see where he could take up his stand, and put Toby through his tricks.

"For there's no time to be lost," he said to himself; "an' sure tired an' all as I am, I must begin to work for the rent. The sooner we get it, the sooner we'll march home, doggie," and he patted Toby, and encouraged him to do well.

But all his trouble seemed useless. No one noticed either him or his dog, and not a penny came his way. The crowds of people rushing here and there bewildered the boy; the noise of cabs and cars driving along almost deafened him, and completely drowned his little song. Poor Toby, too, seemed frightened at the din, and, refusing to perform his tricks, crept close to his master, his tail between his legs.

Then, as it grew dark, and the lights sprang up in the shops and streets, Brian stared in astonishment at the beautiful things he saw in the windows. "Sure this is like heaven," he cried, "an' now I know why mother told me so often to be honest; for these things is that lovely that——" and he hurried on lest he should begin to covet the wonderful treasures.

"*Evenin' Telegraph, Freeman's Journal*, an' *Irish Times*," called a shrill voice at his ear, and turning round he saw a small boy standing by his side.

The children looked at each other for an instant in silence.

"Arrah, thin, an' where do you come from, that you seem so mighty skeered?" asked the Dublin urchin, with a laugh.

"From Wicklow," said Brian, blushing. "I've come to work, an' get money for the rent."

"Arrah, thin, you're me darlin!" cried the imp, blinking his little eyes, and shuffling gaily from one foot to the other. "You're—Here you are, sir—*Evenin' Telegraph*, sir, *Irish Times*, sir." And off he darted after a passing gentleman.

Brian thought he was gone forever; but in a second back he came.

"An' now will ye be after tellin' me how ye're goin' to work, me fine cove?" he asked, with a wink.

"Well — I thought. I —" began Brian.

"Sure an' that won't do ye much good. But I tell ye what — do like me."

"But I have no papers to sell," said Brian, sadly." "I —"

"No; but a little money will buy some."

"But I have none."

"But sure ye can easy get some, at least if you're quick and sharp. Look there — there's a gent droppin' some coppers; he doesn't see them, poor blindey — I do." And in an instant he had flown across the street, was down on all fours in the mud, had picked up the pennies, and was away round the corner before the gentleman had time to look about for his money.

Then back came the youngster, grinning and winking.

"I'm a bright one, amn't I? Now, if you're only sharp like me, ye may soon get yer rent."

"But those pennies weren't yours," said Brian. "You stole them, and I'd die before I'd steal."

"Phew!" the street boy gave a whistle. "What a saint, ye are, me darlin'. But sure ye're young. Ye'll soon come round, an' change yer ways, or me name's not Billy Muldoon."

"Oh, is that your name?" said Brian, eagerly. "Well, Billy, did your mother never tell you it was wicked to steal?"

"Go along wid ye," cried Billy. "Why, bless your heart, I niver had a mother — leastways I niver knew her. An' sure ivery one o' us boys will be after pickin up things — if we gets the chance — *Evenin' Telegraph*, sir, only a half-penny, sir," and he darted off to sell his papers.

"That's one of them bad boys that mother told me not to go with, I'm thinkin'," said Brian to himself; "so I'd better get away from him as fast as I can."

Then, whistling softly to Toby, he ran down a side street.

"Oh, my God," he murmured, clasping his little hands, and raising his eyes to heaven, "do not let me learn to steal. Help me to get the rent; but do not let me grow wicked. Poor Billy had no good mother to teach him what was right; but I have. So please, dear God, keep me good and honest."

And then he wandered up and down the streets, not knowing what to do, nor where to go. The poor child was weary after his long fatiguing walk, and yet in all this big city he had not a friend who would give him a shelter for the night.

"Sure, mother told me I'd find it lonesome and strange," he whispered sadly to Toby. "She said the night would be long, an' sure she was right — she was right. But we won't mind that, doggie dear, if we only get the rent. An' sure to-morrow mornin' we'll both begin to work."

Then, feeling utterly tired and exhausted, Brian sat down upon the steps of a large house in Merrion Square. He opened his little

bundle, and taking out some bread that he had carried with him from home, he broke it, and giving one-half to Toby, ate the other himself. And when they had finished their meagre repast, the friends nestled together against the corner of the hall-door, and fell asleep.

And as Brian slept he dreamed a beautiful dream, that carried him back to the cottage amongst the hills. Once more he found himself sleeping near his little sisters, whilst in the corner knelt his mother, praying aloud for her children. Then he saw her rise from her knees, and, going round, kiss her darlings one by one. And, as she came towards him, she smiled upon him with more tenderness than upon the others. Seeing this, the boy's heart gave a great bound, and, raising himself, he flung his arms round her neck.

Then, all at once, his mother seemed to change; her rough, worn dress disappeared; her hands grew white and soft; her form tall and slender; and in her place stood a young lady, with a pale, beautiful face, and a kind, sweet smile. Bending forward, she drew him towards her, pressing him to her heart with an exclamation of delight. Then, taking him up in her arms, she called him her "darling child," and kissed him again and again.

III.

"Am I dreaming, or am I awake?" cried Brian, gazing at the stranger in astonishment.

"You are awake, dear love, and at home at last," answered the lady, in a low voice. "I knew you would come to-night, so I came out here to look for you." And she bore the boy quickly into the house.

Very much surprised, Brian grasped his bundle tightly, and, whispering to Toby to follow him, allowed himself to be carried along without further remark.

But as they went up a broad, handsomely-carpeted staircase, the lady staggering under his weight, he wondered greatly where he was going, and why he was being made so much of.

At the top of the first flight of stairs he was at last put down, and a second lady came to speak to him. She was small and dark, and did not smile or seem pleased to see him. She laid her hand gently on his head; but sighed heavily as she looked at him.

"Who have you here, Miss Laura?" she asked, sadly.

"Who? Why, how can you ask, Bridget?" cried the girl, excitedly. "It is my darling Gerald, of course. Why, I was sure you would know him directly. He has come home at last, as I always told you he would. But oh, how dirty and wretched he looks!"

"Yes, dear, so he does," said Bridget, soothingly; "and if you will lie down and rest now, I will take him away, and wash him and change his dress. Poor boy, he must have come a long way, he looks so weary and tired."

"Yes,' said the child, "I have come all the way from Wicklow. But, please, my name is not Gerald — it's Brian."

"Oh, just listen to him, Bridget!" cried Laura. "The poor darling has forgotten his own name. And only think of him being in

Wicklow all this time — away from those who love him. Oh, it is too horrible!"

And she clasped the boy to her heart, and kissed him long and passionately.

"Well, now that we have found him we must make him comfortable, Miss," said Bridget. "I'll take him away, and give him a bath, and change his clothes. But, whilst I do this, you must rest. Come, now, to your room;" and she drew the girl's arm gently within her own.

"Very well, Bridget. But you must bring him to me as soon as he is dressed. For oh, how I have longed for him all these weary months!"

"Yes, dear, of course you have; and you shall see him very soon again, I promise you."

And then they went away together, and Brian and Toby were left alone upon the stairs.

"What does it all mean, doggie dear?" whispered the boy. "Sure, if the hall-door wasn't so big, an' the chain they've put up so heavy, we might run off with ourselves, an' leave these ladies to themselves. For sure I feel strange an' queer in this great house," and he gazed about him in bewilderment.

But very soon Bridget re-appeared; and, taking him by the hand, she led him up another flight of stairs, down a long passage, into a large, well-lighted room.

"And now," she said, turning him round, and looking him sharply up and down. "I hope you are going to be a good boy, and do everything that you are told."

"Yes," said Brian, timidly, whilst his blue eyes filled with tears. "Mother taught me to be good; an' sure I try to do what she teaches me. But, please, will you tell me why I am here, an' why the pretty lady kissed me an' cried so much?"

"Yes, I will tell you. You are a good child I think, and since Miss Laura has brought you into the house we must keep you here for a time anyway. But you must promise to do exactly as you are told."

"Yes, I'll promise that," said Brian. "But why did Miss Laura bring me in? I'm only a poor boy an' sure —"

"Yes, yes; but listen and I'll tell you all about it," replied Bridget, sighing. "Two years ago, that dear young lady had a brother about your age and height. Their mother was dead, and Miss Laura loved the boy — oh, so dearly. One night she and her father went to the theatre, and whilst they were away the house they lived in caught fire. Her little brother was in bed and asleep, and he was burnt to death. As my dear child came from the play she saw her home in flames. For an instant she gazed in horror at the burning house; then, calling wildly for her darling Gerald, fell back in a death-like swoon. Her father brought her home here, to her grandmother's house, and did all he could to make her forget that terrible night. But she could enjoy nothing — think of nothing but her little brother. That he is dead, she will never believe, and is always expecting him to come back to her. She is kind and gentle to every one about her, but would hate any person who dared to say that Gerald was dead. To-day she was more

restless than usual; she wandered up and down the stairs — refused to eat — and then, to-night, when no one was watching, she slipped out of the hall-door. There she found you asleep. She is so happy, and fully persuaded that you are little Gerald." And at the thoughts of the young girl's sad condition, Bridget burst into tears.

"Och, dear, dear, an' sure the lady's quite wrong," cried Brian, "for I'm nothin' at all but a poor boy from the country!"

"Well, I'm glad you are that," said Bridget, drying her eyes. "A town child might be sharp and wicked. We must humor Miss Laura, and keep you here for awhile, so I'm glad you're not a street boy. But what brought you up here? Why did you leave your home?"

"To get money for the rent," cried Brian, eagerly. "Toby and me's goin' to work hard to get it for mother — for if she doesn't pay it soon she'll have to leave our little cottage, an' sure then we won't know where to go. But I'm sure to get it for her; I know I am!" And the child's eyes danced with delight at the certainty of his success.

"You are a good lad," she said, laying her hand upon his head. "And if you are kind and gentle, and do what I tell you, I promise to help you get the money you want."

"Oh, thank you. I'll do anything you like. I'll work ——"

"I won't ask you to work, my child. What I want you to do is very easy. You must take the place of Miss Laura's brother, wear his clothes, that have always been kept ready for him; you must sleep in his bed, and play with his toys. When my mistress calls you Gerald, you must never contradict her, but answer brightly, and do all you can to amuse her and make her happy."

"Of course, that'll be mighty easy," said the boy, gaily. "An' sure Toby here will do all his tricks for her."

"You are a kind little man," cried Bridget, "and it is very likely you will do my poor darling good."

"Please God, I will if I can!" said Brian, earnestly. "Both me an' Toby'll do our best." Then the boy had a good, warm bath; his golden curls were brushed and combed; his old shabby clothes were taken away, and he was dressed in a rich velvet suit, with collar and cuffs of delicate lace.

"Sure mother wouldn't know me at all," he said, laughing, as he turned himself round before the glass. "An', indeed, Brian Byrne, I don't think it's yourself that's in it to-night."

Then Bridget led him into another room, where a plentiful repast had been prepared for him.

"You are really a bonnie boy," she said, smiling. "Eat your supper, whilst I go and look after my young mistress."

So Brian and Toby sat down together, and enjoyed the dainties that were set before them. But, when Bridget returned about an hour later, she found them curled up in a big arm-chair, fast asleep.

"You must come to bed, dear boy," she said, giving him a gentle shake. "Miss Laura is sleeping quite peacefully, and does not want you any more to-night."

Then Brian was laid to rest in a neat little crib, covered with fine linen and soft blankets; and murmuring a prayer for the sad young lady and his darling mother, he fell asleep once more.

IV.

And now began a pleasant life for Brian. He was petted and made much of by every one in the house. His smallest wish was gratified at once, and he was treated as though he were a little prince, instead of a simple peasant boy, come up to Dublin to beg for money for the rent.

His mornings were spent in Laura's boudoir, and there he had pictures to look at, and toys to play with, such as he had never seen in his life before. And the gentle girl would tell him stories, and talk to him so pleasantly that the hours flew past like minutes, and Brian lived as one in a dream.

But still he did not forget his promise to Bridget, and tried to do all he could to make the young lady happy. He put Toby through his tricks, sang little songs, and managed to please her in many ways; and in a few days his bright companionship acted like a charm upon her, and she began to smile, and look gayer and better than she had ever done, since that terrible fire two years before.

Sometimes Laura was able to go for a drive, and a carriage and pair would carry them round the park and through the crowded streets. But this was a rare occurrence, for the girl's chest was delicate, and the autumn days were raw and damp.

Then, as the boy's happiness seemed her first thought, she would send him out with Bridget, telling her to buy him any pretty toys he might fancy in the shop-windows.

At first these purchases pleased the boy, and he would carry them home in triumph. But he soon grew sad at seeing so much money spent upon things that he did not want,—money that would be such a treasure to his mother, that would help her to pay the rent. And as he remembered this, he began to hate the presents that were heaped upon him, and longed to possess the bright shillings instead.

"Oh, pray, dear Mrs. Bridget, don't buy any more toys for me," he cried at last. "Don't buy any more I entreat you."

"But, why, dear boy? Miss Laura wished me to get them for you."

"Yes, yes, I know she's good an' kind—but sure—indeed I'd rather have the money," he said, blushing. "For it's a long, long while since I left home, an' sure I haven't got a penny of the rent."

"Never fear; it will all come to you some day, Brian, and maybe very soon," and she sighed heavily.

"Why do you sigh, Mrs. Bridget? Sure I do everything you tell me—an'—an' I hope yer not angry for me askin' for the money?"

"No, no. I am not angry, dear boy; not angry at all."

"Then please let me have the money. Don't buy anything more. Sure I've toys enough, an' I want——"

"Very well. You shall have some money," answered Bridget, kindly. And then she bought him a pretty money-box, into which she dropped a bright half-crown.

"Thank you—thank you," cried Brian, joyfully. "Now I won't be long gatherin' up the rent; an' then won't mammy be proud of her boy?"

From that moment Brian grew wildly happy. He sang and whistled up and down the stairs; he laughed and chattered as though he had never known sorrow; and wherever he went he took his money-box with him.

"What a miser you are, Gerald dear," Laura remarked one evening, as the boy sat gazing at the solitary coin. "I do not like to see my little brother so fond of money."

"I am not fond of money at all," cried Brian, pushing his loved money-box out of sight. "But I am saving up for — " Then, stopping short, he blushed and hung his head. He was not allowed to speak to Laura of his home, or the much longed-for rent.

"You are saving up for something secret, I suppose?" she said, smiling. "Then I shall not call you a miser, dear. And see, here is a little help for you." And opening her purse she gave him a golden sovereign.

Brian uttered a cry of joy, and, flinging his arms round her neck, he kissed her rapturously.

"Is that the way to your heart, Gerald dear?" she asked.

"Oh, no, no," he cried. "Only — only —. But it's a secret — I cannot — I may not tell you."

"Indeed," she said, coldly; then, sighing, she pushed him away, and turned and looked out of the window.

After this, Laura seemed to care less and less for the boy's society; and at last Bridget told him she was very ill, and that he must not go near her.

This news filled Brian with grief, and, creeping off to his room, he sat there for hours, with only Toby and his money-box to comfort him.

"Oh, how is she to-day?" he whispered next morning, as he met Bridget on the stairs.

"Worse, dear lad — worse;" she cried. "There is but little hope for her now;" and as she spoke the tears streamed down her cheeks. Then, the house grew strangely silent. The servants stole softly about, and Bridget was rarely to be seen. Laura's door remained closely shut; and Brian was sent for no more.

The poor child felt sad and lonely in the big house; and his heart ached for the sight of some one who loved him. Then the thought of his dear mother came into his mind, and he wept bitterly as he remembered how little he had done for her during the many long weeks he had spent in Dublin.

"You may well cry, my boy," said a maid, as she passed the corner where he sat; "you may well cry, indeed. You'll never, never find such a friend again. Your day is over, and you'll soon have to pack off. There's no one now to keep you as a fine gentleman. Miss Laura is dead, poor dear; so there is no one left to want you."

"Laura dead — Laura dead! Oh, I am sorry; my poor, poor dear," cried Brian, and, flinging himself on the ground, he sobbed aloud.

The next day the house seemed filled with people. Strange men went up and down the stairs; and a tall, elderly man, with a pale, sad face and snow-white hair, looked well-nigh broken-hearted as he passed into the young girl's room.

"That's her father," whispered one of the servants. "Poor man! He little thought she'd die off like that whilst he was away. Dear, how he loved her — more than ever, Bridget said, since she lost her mind. He always hoped she'd get well, poor dear; and now she's gone."

And, hearing this, Brian longed to go down and comfort the unhappy father — to tell him how much he, too, loved dear Laura, and how bitterly he mourned her death. Bnt then as he approached the library, where the bereaved parent sat alone, he grew frightened, and running back to his room, shut the door and began to weep afresh.

"No one cares for us now, Toby dear," he said, with a sob. "Kind Miss Laura is dead, and wants us no more; no one wants us here. So I think we had better — go away — go to our work at last, old dog, an' look about for the rent."

Toby wagged his tail joyfully; he was tired of the little room, and longed for a walk.

Then, very sadly, Brian put on his hat, took up his money box, and went down the broad staircase.

There were men in the hall, and the door stood open; but no one seemed to notice the boy, and without a word he passed out into the street.

He walked slowly away, for his heart was sad at leaving this house, where he had received so much kindness; and his tears fell silently as he thought of the sweet girl whom he should see no more.

But soon the air refreshed him, and as the cool breeze touched his hot cheeks, and lifted his curly hair, his spirits gradually rose, and he became more cheerful as he went along.

And when he had left the square and its sad memories well behind, he quickened his pace, and hurried down Westmoreland Street, across the O'Connell Bridge into Sackville Street. This, he thought, would be a capital place to stop, and put Toby through his tricks.

So, under the shadow of the great post-office he took his stand, and, obedient to his smallest word, the little dog did promptly all that he told him.

A crowd soon gathered round them; and many were the remarks of surprise and admiration bestowed upon the dog's cleverness, and the boy's beauty and handsome dress.

"Who can he be? What are his parents dreaming of to allow him to go on like that in the street?" cried a lady. "He looks like a gentleman's son, and yet it is strange he should exhibit himself in such a manner. It will do him a great deal of harm." And she hurried away in disgust.

"Arrah, thin, me foine saint, so ye've took to stealin' at last; an' begorra ye've done well on it," cried a shrill voice, and, looking round, Brian found himself face to face with Billy Muldoon.

"Indeed, I've not," he said, with flaming cheeks. "I —"

"Didn't ye, troth? Arrah, thin, where did ye get that?" and Billy touched the boy's velvet coat with his dirty fingers. "An' that, too, me darlin'?" And the pretty beaver hat was sent flying into the mud.

"They were given to me, I tell you," cried Brian, angrily, as he stooped to pick up his hat. "A lady gave —"

"Tell that to the marines," sneered Billy, and, giving the child a violent push, he laid him flat upon the pavement.

"You wicked young rascal," cried a man in the crowd. "How dare ye treat the boy like that. I'll—"

But Billy was off round the corner; so, turning to Brian, the stranger lifted him out of the mud, and planted him firmly on his feet again.

"Oh, thank you," cried Brian, with streaming eyes. "You're very good, an'—"

"Not a bit of it," said the man kindly; "but sure I hope ye're not hurt, my little gentleman?"

"No; I'm not hurt at all; but sure I'm not a gentleman, but just—"

"My goodness! Why, yes—I declare ye're Brian Byrne." And in an instant the child was in the man's arms, his face hidden on his breast.

"Tom Kearney! Tom Kearney! my dear old friend," gasped Brian. "But it's me that's glad to see ye. An' how's mammy, an' Peggy, an' Biddy, and Susie, an' Maura? An' oh, sure I've got some of the rent, Tom, an'——"

"Hush, hush, alanna. Sure I'll tell ye all in good time. But there's a crowd round us now, avick; so we'll just go home first, an' then ye'll hear everything."

"Home, Tom?" and the boy struggled out of his friend's arm. "I couldn't go home yet, for sure I haven't got all the rent."

"Och, sure, I don't mean into Wicklow," cried Tom. "But me an' me wife's come up to see the city, an' we're stoppin' with a cousin in Britain Street, beyant. So come along, an' tell me all you've been doin' since you came to the city, an' where ye got them fine clothes from. Sure I thought ye must be the son of the lord-mayor himself, ye looked so mighty foine, till ye got that toss into the mud."

Then, taking the boy by the hand, Tom led him out of the crowd.

And as they went, Brian's little tongue worked hard and fast, as he gave a full account of all that had happened since he parted from Tom on the Dublin road.

"Well," said his friend, gravely, as the boy finished his story, "I'm thinkin' ye've not done well to run off from the house the way ye did. For that Bridget was a good soul, and treated ye very kind like. The poor pale gentleman did not know ye was there, maybe; but all the same, ye ought to have spoken to him; an' above all, ye should have said good-by to Bridget. Them's not the manners Mrs. Byrne teaches her children, I'm thinkin'."

"But sure I couldn't see Bridget," said Brian, tearfully; "an' the pale gentleman frightened me dreadful!"

"Well, well, dear, sure we'll say no more now. But I must take ye to the house in the mornin', an' then ye can do yer manners."

"Very well," answered Brian, "sure I'll just do what ye wish."

But the next day little Brian was not well. He had caught a bad cold, and was hot and feverish. Mrs. Kearney took great care of him, and nursed him tenderly: so it was some time before he was allowed to go out.

At the end of a week he was at last pronounced to be quite well, and he and Tom went off at once to pay their visit in Merrion Square.

When the butler saw the child and his friend, he smiled pleasantly, and showed them into the library.

There was no one in the room, but in a few moments the door opened, and a gentleman entered. He was pale and sad, with snow-white hair and a tall, slight figure. Tom guessed immediately that he was Miss Laura's father.

"Are you the little boy my poor child loved so well?" he asked, laying his hand on Brian's head.

"Oh, yes; an' sure, sir, I loved her, too."

"That is right. I am glad to hear you say that," he answered with emotion. "My poor darling had strange fancies of late; but she was kind and gentle to all."

"Indeed — indeed she was," said Brian, shyly, and with tears in his eyes. "An' sure I wanted to tell ye — to say to ye how sorry I was when she died."

"That is a good, brave boy," said the old man, kindly, "And now," he continued, looking up at Tom, "I suppose you have seen my advertisement, and have come to hear what there is for your son?"

"Advertisement? I don't know what you mean, sir," answered Tom. "Brian is only a child of a friend, and I assure you, neither he nor I saw any advertisement."

"Indeed! Well, that surprises me greatly," said the gentleman. "I put one in the *Freeman* a few days ago, as I wished to see the boy."

"Then I'm right glad I have brought him, sir, but I saw no advertisement at all. Brian here came to do his manners, and tell you how grateful he is for all the kindness he received from your dear young lady. An' he wanted to say good-by to a certain Bridget, too — for I'm goin' to take him back to the country by the end of this week."

"Tom, Tom, not till I've got the rent," cried Brian, in an agonized voice. "Not till I've got the rent!"

"Sure, Brian, avick, the streets of Dublin's no place for an innocent child like you," said Tom, sadly; "an' I'm right down sorry I ever advised yer mother to let ye go."

"But how can I go home without the rent?" sobbed Brian. "What will poor mammy say when she hears —"

"Hush! Do not cry, my boy," said Laura's father. "You shall have the money for the rent very soon."

"But how? how?" questioned Brian, looking at him in astonishment.

"Come to me, and I will tell you," he replied, and, taking the child upon his knee, he whispered in low, broken accents: "You were good and kind to my poor Laura. She loved you, and for some time thought you were her brother. But just before her death she came to understand that she had been mistaken, and believed at last that our little Gerald was dead. Still she did not forget you, and so she made a will leaving you twenty pounds a year for your life."

"She was good! She was good!" cried Brian. "An' is twenty pounds much, sir? Will it pay the rent for mother?"

"Brian! Are you dreamin', man?" exclaimed Tom. "Why, sure the rent isn't half that money."

"Then may God bless you, sir, an' darlin' Miss Laura—an' take ye both to heaven," cried Brian. "God bless you, for you are good;" and, throwing his arms round the old man's neck, he kissed him affectionately.

"God bless you, dear, you made my darling child happy during her last days on earth. You are a good boy, and, with God's help, you will grow up a good man. You must write to me from time to time, and tell me how you are getting on. For my Laura's sake I would not like to lose sight of you altogether. God bless you."

With these words the old man kissed Brian gently on the forehead; then, putting him off his knee, hurried from the room.

And in a few moments Bridget came in. She seemed very sad, but talked kindly to the child, telling him many things about poor Laura and her last hours on earth.

And as she bade him good-by, she gave him a purse containing ten golden sovereigns, that her master had told her to deliver into his hands. This was the first instalment of the little fortune left to him by Laura.

* * * * * * * *

And so little Brian got money for the rent, which he carried off joyfully to the thatched cottage among the hills.

Mrs. Byrne was bewildered at first, and could not believe the wonderful news. But when she saw her children happy, her home comfortable, her boy strong and happy by her side, then she realized the good fortune that had come upon them; and she praised and thanked God with all the powers of her soul.

And as years went on, the money left by Miss Laura was used wisely and prudently. With it Mrs. Byrne was able to give Brian a solid education, and teach him many things that he could never otherwise have learned. He is now a man occupying an honorable position in a well-known firm of solicitors. He has a handsome house, and plenty of friends; but he never forgets the gentle girl who loved him and helped him in his hour of need.

And amongst his treasures in his own private room is the little money-box. This he will keep to the day of his death, in memory, he says, of Little Brian's Trip to Dublin.

CLARA MULHOLLAND.

HE WANTS TO FIGHT NOW.—Hans Von Speil read about the Canadian fishery troubles with composure until he observed the head line, "Another Schooner Seized," when he got mad.

"Dem Ganady schaps vants to carry off all our schooners, ain't it? Without our schooners den we trinks our peer out of dem leedle peer mugs, vot don't holt more as a schwollow. Down mit Ganady! Let us vight vor our schooners!"

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1886.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

ALL letters should be addressed to the editor, Patrick Donahoe, 21 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

THE convention of the Irish National League of America will be held in Chicago, on 18th and 19th of August.

WE are pleased to learn that the suit entered against the estate of the late Rev. Father Crudden, of Lowell, Mass., has been amicably settled to the satisfaction of all concerned.

SLAVERY has been abolished in Cuba. Spain breathes freely.

ON the 9th of July, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster celebrated his seventy-eight birthday.

Western Watchman: There are ups and downs in every Protestant sect; but we really think the poor Baptists have had too much Downs of late.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY of New York, since its establishment in 1841 has sent to Ireland from friends in the United States $30,000,000, chiefly from Irish girls.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.—The Most Rev. PETER RICHARD KENRICK, Archbishop of St. Louis, was in Boston on the 28th of July, on his way to Narraganset Bay, to recruit for a few days before his return to St. Louis. He was accompanied by Rev. J. J. Hennessy, of St. John's Church from whom we are glad to learn that His Grace the Archbishop is in good health. We trust he may live to wear the Cardinal's hat. More unlikely things have come to pass.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT assembled on the 5th of August, and the Congress of the United States adjourned on the same day.

CANADA has now a cardinal, 6 archbishops, 27 bishops, and nearly 2,250 priests.

THE appointment of Col. J. W. Coveney for surveyor of the Port of Boston has given general satisfaction not only to the Democrats, but to our citizens generally.

WE are indebted to the *Boston Daily Herald* for the portrait of Rev. Father Healy which was given in connection with the account of the consecration of St. Ann's Church, Gloucester.

BOSTON COLLEGE.—Such is the popularity of this College, that we fear there will not be room for all wishing to enter. Apply early.

THE LECTURE by Father Conaty delivered at Gloucester on CHRISTIAN EDUCATION, will be given in our next.

LEO XIII. AND THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.—At the special request of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Little Sisters of the Poor have opened a house in Perugia, the birth-place of his Holiness, who has deigned to defray all the costs himself.

THE manufacture of lager beer in America is of recent origin, dating scarcely back to 1850. There are now 2,200 breweries in this country. These sold last year over 19,000,000 barrels of malt liquor.

THE O'SHEA-LYNCH scandal has culminated. At the last meeting of the Galway branch of the National League, a resolution was unanimously adopted calling on the gallant member to resign his seat. He has since done so.

A PLEASANT PASSAGE. — That must have been a pleasant passage of the steamer *British Crown*, which arrived in Halifax harbor the other day, and immediately hoisted the danger signal. To a reporter who boarded her the Captain said: "You are sitting immediately over eight hundred kegs containing eighty tons of the most destructive kind of powder. Yes, I have been a little nervous during the voyage, because, in addition to the dangers from fog and ice, I had the largest cargo of powder ever brought across the Atlantic in a single steamer, one keg of which would blow the steamer to millions of atoms. The Imperial Inspectors insisted on placing the magazine directly under my cabin. Besides the powder, I have a large quantity of shells and other ammunition, for the Imperial garrison and dock-yard here." The captain says he steamed through eight hundred miles of fog which never once lifted.

THE GOLDEN ROSE which his Holiness the Pope customarily gives to an Empress or Queen, who has deserved well of the Church, has this year been presented to the Queen of Spain.

MR. MACFARLANE, the only Catholic amongst the Scotch members, voted for the Home Rule Bill.

RELICS OF GENERAL MEAGHER. — The sword of General Thomas Francis Meagher, two battle flags, and other relics of the commander of the Irish Brigade, that have hung for over twenty years in the house of his widow, in New York City, have been shipped for Ireland, in charge of Mr. James Bryce Killen, to be presented to the Young Ireland Society of General Meagher's native city, Waterford. The portrait of the famous orator and soldier, painted by Gallagher, accompanies the relics.

WHEN Father Talton, the first colored Catholic American priest arrived at Southampton, England, on June 23, he had letters of introduction to a Catholic Irishman of that city named Dunne. Mr. Dunne took the priest to his home, "thinking it a great blessing that he might say he had kept the first colored priest of America at his home." Father Talton said Mass at St. Joseph's Church, Southampton, on June 23, and dined with the parish priest, Father Scanlan.

RETRACTATION. — A piece of good news, which has for some days been whispered round Rome, is happily verified by the announcement in the official *Osservatore Romano*, namely, that Mgr. John Baptist Savarese, the only person of any note belonging to the sect known under the name of the "National Italian Catholic Church," touched by divine grace, has returned to the bosom of the true faith, made humble submission for his past errors, and is disposed to do all that is possible to atone for the scandal given.

LOUVAIN UNIVERSITY, BELGIUM.—The nocturnal pilgrimage of the students belonging to the Sodality took place on June 3, when some four hundred and fifty went on *foot and fasting* from Louvain to the shrine of Our Lady at Montaign. The road is a bad one, the distance fifteen miles; nevertheless, this pilgrimage is yearly carried out by the students, who, on arriving at Montaign, assist at Mass, general Communion, and sermon.

OLD CATHOLICS.—To give some idea of the present condition of that moribund sect, the "Old Catholics," we are able to quote from their official *Kirchenblatt*, or calendar for the year. It appears that in 1885, they had in Prussia, 157 baptisms and 172 funerals; in Bavaria, 78 baptisms and 126 funerals; in Baden and Hesse, 233 baptisms and 207 funerals. Altogether 468 baptisms as against 505 funerals. Moreover, at the Bonn University there were four students of theology, and actually three professors. Add to this, that of these students only one was German, the remainder being Austrian (2) and Swiss (1). Not very brilliant prospects, surely.

FIVE MINUTES' SERMONS.—In future, at all the Masses on Sundays and holy-days, in the archdiocese of Boston, the gospel of the day is to be read, accompanied by a discourse of five minutes' duration.

THE LATE BISHOP HENDRICKEN.—Our readers must have read the thrilling account of the assault made upon Father Hendricken on his voyage to America in our late MAGAZINE. Three years later the *New York Herald* contained an account of a fearful murder at sea. The captain of a vessel had been horribly mangled and mutilated by a sailor who had been maltreated by him. The captain was the same who almost martyred the young priest who lived to become the Prelate of Providence. Naturally the bishop became the life-long friend of Rev. Mr. Davies, and that gentleman has many letters from him which bear testimony to that friendship.

INDULGENCE ATTACHED TO A PRIEST'S FIRST MASS.—At the instance of Mgr. Mermillod, bishop of Lausanne and Geneva, the Holy Father has granted a plenary indulgence, on the usual conditions, to priests on occasion of celebrating their first Mass, and also to any of their relations to the third degree inclusive, who assist at it. To others, who are present, is granted an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines. On the same occasion a request was made for an indulgence to be attached to the blessing given by a priest, especially when newly ordained; but this was not granted.

AN ELEGANT OFFICE.—Owing to the large increase of business, the Tremont and Dartmouth Street offices of the Massachusetts Title Insurance Company proved too small for the demands made upon them, and the company has removed to commodious quarters at 23 Milk Street, which have been fitted up in a most sumptuous manner. The office is the most elegantly appointed in Boston, and there are but few in New York that surpass it for rich effects. The decorating has been quietly but artistically done. The walls and ceiling are of a rich neutral tint. The floor is covered with Brussels carpet of Persian pattern. The dividing lines of the front offices are shown by a substantial and elegant mahogany rail with solid posts and effective brass trimmings. The cashier's department is further embellished with a light brass grill, which will serve to keep the light-fingered gentry at proper distance. On the right hangs the large oil painting by the well-known artist, Mr. I. H. Caliga, entitled "A Flaw in the Title." This canvas excited much attention when it was first exhibited at the Art Club. It is one of the few works of recognized artistic work possessed by Boston; and the company in securing it displayed more than ordinary business shrewdness, for if it had commissioned the artist to paint it, he could not have produced a work more appropriate. The desks and chairs are of mahogany, the upholstering of the chairs being of green leather, and the desk of green broadcloth to match. Book-cases, pictures, etc., further tend to give the whole establishment a cheerful and warm effect. On the right as you enter is a cosey reception room for the use of visitors, etc. Connecting with it is a telephone closet. On the side nearest Hawley Street are five offices, the first for the vice-president and manager, Mr. Arnold A. Rand. Next in order is the office of the corresponding clerks, shorthand and type writer, and next to that the office of the counsel. Then one comes to a room devoted to the use of the seller and buyer of real estate during the passing of titles; next in order is a room for the chief title clerk and the lawyers and conveyancers who make the preliminary examinations. In the rear of the reception-room is the office of the book-keeper, the cashier, etc. The Goddard building had to be altered to meet the requirements of the company's large and rapidly-increasing business. Want of space forbids us from going into the details of the company's methods, many of which are quite ingenious. The officers of the company are: President, Nathaniel J. Bradlee; vice-president and manager, Arnold A. Rand; treasurer, Henry H. Sprague; directors, Hales W. Suter, James Longley, Francis V. B. Kern, N. J. Bradlee, J. Thomas Baldwin, Thomas Hills, John C. Haynes, Alfred D. Foster, George H. Richards, Samuel Wells, Arnold A. Rand, Henry Whittemore, H. H. Sprague; Thomas Hill, Baltimore; William Trautwine, Philadelphia.

TERRIBLE!—The death of the well-known "Old Catholic," Professor Michelis, at Freiburg, is one calculated to inspire awe at the sudden judgments of

God. His last public act was to summon a Catholic paper for having published the Papal Encyclical, *Jam pridem*, "because it contained a libel upon the Old Catholics." He lost the case, of course. About four o'clock on one of the last afternoons of May, the unhappy man took his usual walk on the Schlossberg, entered one of the wine gardens, and called for a small measure of wine. A few minutes later three gentlemen came to the same spot, and were horrified to see Michelis stretched lifeless on the ground. Death had struck him as he was in the act of raising the glass to his lips. It is related that the brother of the deceased, Edward — in his day a well-known writer, poet, and professor, and chaplain to the illustrious Archbishop of Cologne, Clement Augustus — used to say: "My brother Fritz will become either a saint or a heretic."

HEALTH FOODS.—The A. M. C. Perfect Cereals consist of flour, rolled oats, oat meal, oat farina, farina, graham farina, grain of gold, cracked, rolled, and pearled wheat, pearled hominy and hominy grits, and pearled and rolled barley. Column after column could be written about the healthfulness of the A. M. C. Perfect Cereals, but we can only state in a brief and general way that there is nothing which tends more to keep the general system in as perfect a condition as the *daily* use of these foods; and all the more desirable, both for health and pleasure, are the numerous changes which the above varieties offer in this connection; we ask of our readers to experiment for themselves on a breakfast dish of all the varieties, and note the wonderful change of feeling during this season of dull, hot weather. Let those troubled with dyspepsia throw to the dogs the numerous quack nostrums they are now using and try a diet of a few weeks on these farinaceous foods, to learn how beneficially they act on the entire digestive organism. Then again to the mothers we would say there will be no such thing as a doctor's bill for cholera infantum when oat farina is fed the child. In a word, all conditions and ages are benefited by the use of these foods, which have received the highest endorsement from physicians all over the country. Write to James E. Whitaker & Co., 174 State Street, Boston, Mass., for cook-book and further information. From the cook-book the housewife will learn for the first time how many excellent dishes can be prepared from the highest order of cereals known to man.

A WONDERFUL AGE. — The following interesting certificate of death fell into our hands a few days ago: "I, Dr. D. Francisco Blanco, parish priest of the church of San Lorenzo, Seville, Spain, testify that in the book of interments in this parish there exists the following entry: 'On the first of November, 1788, the body of the Rev. John M. Bustamente, D. D., aged 131 years, was buried in the vault reserved for priests in this church.' Some days before his death he made his will before the escribano Jose Ortiz, and bequeathed his property to the poor. At the age of 116 he had composed many hymns and sermons. At the time death surprised him he was engaged in writing a treatise on devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. He was a religious and notary of the Order of St. John of God and Mayordomo of the Convent of St. Elena and alguacil mayor of this Archbishopric. He was for many years in the Royal Navy and understood eight languages. He was a learned and venerable priest."

PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE JESUITS. Prince Bismarck is rapidly conquering his long-existing dislike of the Jesuits and their works. At the instance of the Archbishop of Posen, he has withdrawn the ban under which priests who have made their studies at the Innspruck College, directed by the Jesuit Fathers, have long been placed. Henceforward, these priests are eligible for appointment to any parish in Prussia.

ATHLETES. — Irishmen who interest themselves in native prowess had plenty of cause for excitement in those got up by the Gaelic Athletic Association. Irishmen have always been famous for strength and activity. According to the experiments by an Edinburgh scientist on some hundreds of students from the three countries, the Irish excel both Scotch and English in height, strength, and weight between the ages of 18 and 25. The Italian writer who visited Ireland in Rinuccini's time described the Irish as swifter runners by far than the people of any European nation. Spencer, Stanihurst, and a number of other English writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries describe the native Irish as being exceptionally strong and active. Any

person witnessing the hurling contest between Tipperary and Galway men would see that the race has not degenerated since. By the way, we are informed on good authority that some of the best of the Athenry team either could not or would not speak a word of English. This was carrying out the Gaelic programme to the extreme of consistency.

KING LOUIS of Portugal, in a letter to the Pope, thanks his Holiness for having blessed his son's marriage, and on the same day agreed to a Concordat which assured the maintenance of Portuguese prestige and the progress of religion in India. The King, in conclusion, begs the Papal Benediction for his subjects, his family, and himself. The request has been graciously acceded to by his Holiness.

SANCTUARY CARPETS. — The firm of Thomas O'Callaghan & Co., 601 Washington Street, opposite Globe Theatre, has recently furnished the sanctuaries of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, Camden Street, and Father Roche's Working Boys' Home, Bennet Street, with new and handsome carpets. The reverend clergy and members of the religious orders are invited to an inspection of the goods and price-list of this house before purchasing elsewhere. Correspondence from all parts of the archdiocese, in relation to carpetings, rugs, etc., respectfully solicited.

THE Sioux Chief, Fintan Mantogua, a nephew of Sitting Bull, whom the Rt. Rev. Bishop Marty, of Dakota, had sent to St. Mornard's, Ind., to be educated for the priesthood, died recently after a lingering illness.

THE Rev. C. H. McKenna, O. P., is rector of St. Mary's Church, New Haven, Conn., which was recently given the Dominicans by Bishop McMahon.

THE MURDERER OF THE BISHOP OF MADRID. — It is consoling to learn that the Vicar-Capitular of Madrid has been able to lay before the Chapter a letter from the murderer of the Bishop, Gaetano Galeotto, in which the latter unfortunate man expresses the deepest contrition for the horrible crime. It will be remembered that at first, after his arrest, the culprit maintained the most cynical and hardened obstinacy. Now, however, the grace of God has worked, we may hope, in his heart, and the wretched man is thoroughly repentant. His letter does not seek in any way to palliate the blackness of his guilt; he acknowledges the fulness of his crime and his responsibility; but he expresses his great trust in God's mercy, and refuses to give up the hope of salvation. He adds: "With all my soul I beg forgiveness of all, on account of the bitter grief I have caused all by my scandalous deed. Pray for me to God and to our Blessed Lady, and forgive from your hearts the most unfortunate and most unworthy of your subjects." In conclusion, he begs the Chapter to make his confession and repentance publicly known in all the dioceses of Spain, but especially in Madrid, as he wishes thereby to beg pardon of all the clergy of Spain, which he does with the deepest contrition.

ON ASCENSION DAY the new Archbishop of Cologne, Mgr. Krementz, and the Auxiliary Bishop Baudri, confirmed no less than twenty-one hundred school children in four churches of the city. This was the first occasion for ten years that the Sacrament of Confirmation had been administered in the archdiocese.

THE HOLY FATHER, deeply touched by the painful situation to which the poorer classes of Venice have been reduced in consequence of the cholera epidemic, has sent to his Eminence the Cardinal Patriarch of Venice a sum of 10,000 francs to be distributed amongst the families which have been most tried by this scourge.

THE French Academy has awarded one of the Montyon Prizes of fifteen hundred francs to the Abbé Joseph Roux, priest of the diocese of Tulle, for his clever and instructive book entitled, "Thoughts."

THE NEW BISHOP OF LIMERICK. — The solemn ceremony of the consecration of the Most Rev. Edward T. O'Dwyer as the new Bishop of Limerick, in succession to the late Dr. Butler, took place on Tuesday 29th of June with all the impressiveness which the Catholic Church bestows on its more august functions. St. John's Cathedral was crowded to its utmost capacity, for the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer was, possibly, the most popular

clergyman to be found within the confines of Munster. The consecrating Prelate was the beloved Archbishop of Cashel—the metropolitan of the new Prelate—and the sermon was preached by the Most Rev. Dr. Carr, a highly-accomplished and graceful pulpit orator. The assistant Bishops were Dr. Higgins of Kerry, and Dr. M'Carthy of Cloyne. Dr. O'Dwyer, it is stated, is the youngest member of the Hierarchy at present, and the only one within its sacred ranks who has been elevated to the mitre directly from the position of curate.

ORANGE CIVILIZATION.—"The civilized population of Ulster" is the designation applied by Mr. Chamberlain to the Orangemen. He, no doubt, wished to imply that the Irish Catholics are, as Lord Salisbury said, not a whit better than Hottentots. Let us see how these Orangemen—those *élite* of the Irish people—bring forth the fruits of their civilization. Here is an extract from the daily papers: "Five young men were sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from four to six months, for being members of the riotous mob that attacked and severely beat a number of Roman Catholic girls employed in the Belfast Rope Works, on the morning after the defeat of the home rule bill. The evidence showed that *twenty-five girls were set upon by a crowd of four hundred men and boys, and were knocked down, kicked, and stoned.* The manager of the works stated that he used his best efforts to save the girls, but was unable to restrain the fury of the mob." Could Mr. Chamberlain find, even amongst Hottentots, such a shocking instance of brutality?

THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.—The decrees of the council of the Church recently held at Quebec, having been sent to Rome and approved by the Holy See, being returned to America for promulgation, have been received by Cardinal Taschereau. The principal mandate of the decrees is the following, which is directed against the Knights of Labor, and will, by the direction of the Holy Father, be read in all the Catholic Churches throughout Canada. The wording of the mandate is as follows: "The cosmopolitan character of secret societies, and that of the Knights of Labor in particular, necessarily leads their members to compulsory obedience of the dictates of a council residing in a foreign country, which council at a given time may not only have interests at variance with those of the government to which its members owe allegiance, but may even be at war with God. For these and other reasons the Church could not consistently tolerate the organization or approve of the means resorted to in order to attain the desired end."

CARDINAL MANNING, in a recent speech on school board education, said that what he objected to was the system which he characterized as a system of non-Christian education, for he maintained that the mere reading of the Bible without the teaching of the doctrines of the faith, could not be said to constitute a religious education. He quoted John Mill, who was certainly not a Tory, who was a philosophical radical and an unbeliever, and who had said that a system of education by government must inevitably lead to a despotism over the mind, leading by a natural tendency to a despotism over the body.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.—For some time past the question of purity in baking powders has formed quite a feature of newspaper discussions, and eminent doctors of philosophy have given opinions as to the ingredients which compose many of the articles sold under that name. The investigations have narrowed down to the limit which awards the Royal Baking Powder the palm of purity, and several of the most distinguished scientists have testified to their conviction that no extraneous or deleterious matter enters into its composition. The Royal Baking Powder Company have achieved a world-wide reputation for the success which has marked their preparation of cream of tartar for baking purposes. It is indisputably shown that they have eliminated all elements of tartrate of lime, alum, or other impurities, and present to the public a healthful and chemically pure article. Such widely-known chemists as Henry Morton, E. G. Love, H. A. Mott, Wm. McMurtrie, and others have verified its superiority over other manufactures, and testified, through practical experience, to its excellence. It is well for families to observe the fact that it costs more to manufacture the Royal Baking Powder than any other; but it is, as shown by chemical analysis, the one "absolutely pure" baking powder made.

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU has been presented by the citizens of Quebec with a purse of $5,577 at the Grand Seminary Court, Quebec. Mayor Langelier delivered an address and there was a universal observance of the celebration in honor of the holy Father's elevation to the Cardinalate. An address to his Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, was adopted by both houses of the Quebec Legislature, and presented by the members of both houses led by their Speakers, to which the Cardinal felicitously replied. The members of the two Houses present were then severally introduced to the new Cardinal, who shook hands with each of them most cordially, presenting at the same time to the Catholics his archiepiscopal ring to kiss as they knelt to receive his blessing.

ARE WE GOVERNED BY UNBELIEVERS? There is a very large percentage of the representatives of the American people in the United States Congress who do not profess any religion at all. Of the 408 senators members and delegates from the territories who compose Congress, seventy-two are Methodists, sixty-three Baptists, forty-one Episcopalians, thirty-seven Presbyterians, thirty-six Catholics, fifteen Unitarians, eight Lutherans, ten Christians (Campbellites), and two Quakers, making a total of 283 who are actively connected with some church organization. This leaves 125 who either never belonged to any church or have drifted out of such associations.

"SQUIRE" HOLMES' WILL.—The late Charles H. Holmes, better known as "Squire" Holmes, of Topsfield, Mass., left a will by which he bequeathed $500 to the Congregational Church, of which he was a member. The residue of the estate is left "to the Sisters of Charity of the Catholic Church of Massachusetts, known as the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul." The will is in the handwriting of deceased, was executed in 1873, and fills less than a page of paper. The will authorizes the judge of probate to appoint an executor, but this provision is revoked by a codicil, and S. D. Hood is named.

PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH. — The growth of the Catholic Church on the North American continent is one of the most remarkable events in its history. One hundred years ago there was but one bishop in all British North America, and one bishop in all the United States of America. There are now in Canada alone six archbishops and twenty-two bishops, a number that the necessities of the church will soon increase; and in the United States twelve archbishops and sixty-two episcopal sees.

THE late John Kelly made no charitable bequests. Sorry! We cannot conceive how a wealthy person can pass out of this world without remembering God's poor.—*Donahoe's Magazine.*

He remembered them when alive. Donahoe knows this, and instead of the above-quoted statement he should have help up John Kelly's example for the emulation of wealthy Catholics. Kelly did not leave the poor to starve until after his will was read.—*Catholic Herald.*

All right! But we should have been pleased to see John Kelly's name inscribed upon a Catholic institution, so that he would be remembered for all time. Will the Catholics of New York erect a statue to his memory in Central Park for all the charities and good work he did for the poor during his life?

CONCERNING THE RED HAT. — The Pope places the red hat upon the head of the cardinal to signify that he is to consecrate his mental acquirements to the service of the church, and its color signifies that the wearer must be prepared to lose the last drop of his blood rather than betray his trust. The hat is round in form, with a low crown and wide rim, from the inside of which hang fifteen tassels, attached in a triangular form, one to five. It is worn but twice — once when the cardinal receives it in consistory, and next when it rests on the catafalque at his obsequies. It is then suspended from the ceiling of the chapel or aisle of the church in which he may be buried. The red beretta is a square cap, with three corners, symbolic of the Trinity, projecting from its crown. It is sent to distant cardinals by an ablegate or spiritual pontifical messenger, who must be one of the Pope's private chamberlains. Cardinals alone wear the beretta of red. The ordinary hat of the cardinal is a broad brimmed, round black hat (tricorner), absolutely similar to those worn in Rome by all ecclesiastics, secular as well as regular. It is of beaver in winter, of straw covered with silk in

the summer. At the base of the crown is a thick, red cord, twisted with gold thread, and terminating in gold tassels. The cardinal usually wears his hat in the city, in the country, while walking or when travelling; in short, each time that he goes out in walking dress or in black cassock.

COMING EVENTS.—Two interesting and significant signs of the times are reported from Ireland. In Waterford a crowded meeting was held, presided over by the Mayor, to compel the corporation to remove certain portraits from the Council chamber, and hang up in their stead the portrait of Thomas Francis Meagher, the famous rebel of '48 and the hero of Marye's Heights. Meagher was a native of Waterford, and his father was at one time its mayor and a member of the imperial parliament. In Dublin, the proposal has been made to starting a shilling subscription for the purpose of erecting a statue of Gladstone opposite the old Irish Parliament House in College Green.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL FOR INDIAN GIRLS AT AVOCA, MINN.—This school, founded by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland, is in charge of the Sisters of the Holy Child, from the Mother-house at Sharon Hill, Pa. There are forty-seven pupils, who come from Rosebud and Pine Ridge agencies of Sioux reservations of Dakota, and from the Chippewa reserve in Northern Minnesota. In addition to the branches of a solid English education, they are taught to be good housekeepers. Music and other accomplishments are not excluded. The pupils' natural bent for outdoor exercise is encouraged as far as practicable. Boating and fishing are their favorite spring and summer sports.

POOR GLUTTON.—Recently at a public dinner in one of the leading hotels of the Continent, an Englishman declared that since the home-rule scheme had been proposed, the Irish question had become so distasteful to him that he was unable to eat potatoes.

GLADSTONE TO LEVISON GOWER, EX-LIBERAL WHIG.—The premier writes: "I advise you to take resolutely to the study of Irish history. I have done in that way the little that I could, and I am amazed at the deadness of the vulgar opinion to the blackguardism and baseness which have been practised on that unfortunate country. No words are strong enough to characterize the proceedings that led to the union. It is an open question in my mind whether, if this folly lasts, the thing in the end may not come to repeal, which I should greatly regret."

THE POEM by the late Rev. A. J. Ryan, published in this issue, has not been published before.

LITANY OF THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS. On June 8, 1862, the late Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius IX., through the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, issued an authorized version of the Litany of the Most Holy Name of Jesus, and signified his intention of granting to the faithful an indulgence of three hundred days, whenever bishops should apply for this favor for their dioceses. Recently this last condition has been removed. Pope Leo XIII. has extended the indult of the late Pope to the whole world; and a decree of the same Sacred Congregation, dated January 16, 1886, grants the indulgence to all the faithful of both sexes, and makes it applicable to the souls in purgatory; the only conditions being, that it should be the authorized version which is used, and that it should be said devoutly and with contrite heart. The indulgence, however, can be gained only once in the day.

MR. JOSEPH SHIELDS, a nephew of the late Gen. Shields, is studying for the priesthood, and will be ordained in about two years hence. He is an estimable young man, and we hope he may make as great success in the priesthood as his venerated uncle did in the United States army.

A DECREE *Urbis et Orbis* proclaims "St. Camillus of Lellis, and St. John of God, protectors of all hospitals and of the sick in general. Their names will be inserted in the Litany of the Dying."

AMONG the most unhappy of men or women are apostate Catholics.

THE Mitchelstown, County Cork, Board of Guardians have petitioned the lord-

lieutenant to stay all evictions until November. They say that there are prospects of a splendid harvest, which will enable the farmers to pay the landlords, and that ejectments now would ruin thousands.

WHEN an Irish Legislature numbers amongst its advocates the Spencers, the Roseberys, the Granvilles, the Kimberleys, and the Hampdens of the English nobility, it is as good as won.

THE LATE COL. MULLIGAN.—We give elsewhere in the proceedings at the dedication of the monument. Of Mulligan the *Milwaukee Sentinel* says: "He was the American Regulus. When a Confederate prisoner he was released in order that he might go to Washington and ask for an exchange of prisoners. He was unsuccessful, and was advised not to return; but he was a man of honor, and went back to take his place in the Confederate prison."

MATTHEW ARNOLD is in Washington. He probably came to be interviewed about the Irish question and to lecture about it, as Froude did some years ago. He is reported to have said: "It (Home Rule) would be just like having a Southern Congress in this country, as well as the present one. It would always be dangerous. The Irish, like the Southerners here, have a natural taste for politics, and they would be anxious to make themselves conspicuous." Pretty sly, Mr. Arnold; but you were not aware that the "bloody shirt" had gone to the wash, observes the *New Orleans Morning Star*.

THE BLIND.—There is an excellent school for the instruction of the blind in connection with St. Joseph's Academy, McSherrystown, Pa. It is under the direction of a thoroughly competent member of the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph, a graduate of the Phialdelphia Institution for the Blind, who had several years' experience as a teacher there. The school was opened four years ago, with the approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Harrisburg. Its existence ought to be generally known throughout the Union, on account of the great danger Catholic children run, of losing their faith, in State institutions, where they are compelled to attend sectarian religious services, and study from text-books written by Protestants or infidels.

THE Rev. Joshua P. Bodfish has been appointed rector of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston. He is succeeded in the chancellorship by the Rev. Richard Neagle, late of St. Mary's Church, Charlestown District.

MR. PARNELL belongs to the Episcopalian Church of Ireland.

AN INCIDENT IN THE IRISH DEBATE.—Among the speakers from the Irish benches in the House of Commons, was one quiet-voiced, gray-whiskered, respectable, genteel-mannered old gentleman, who astonished most of his hearers by reminding them that, for conscientiously putting in practice similar doctrines to those enunciated by Lord Randolph Churchill, he (Mr. J. F. O'Brien) had been convicted of treason and sentenced to be "hanged, drawn, and quartered."

"RELIGION is the basis of all human order, and I rejoice that it is growing firmer among us. Revolutionists, however, who cherish confused notions of right and wrong, are still busy all over Europe. If they should undermine faith and morality, a general upheaval of right and justice would follow. Your task is to guard this basis and remain strong in right."—*Kaiser William, Emperor of Germany.*

MAJOR SAUNDERSON, the leader of the anti-home rule Ulster men in the late parliament, comes of a family that for generations has been conspicuously loyal to England and obnoxious to Irish agitators. "But," said a friend to him, "the Nationalists admire your worth, and if you would only join them they would soon raise you to the very top of the tree." "Yes," was the dry response; "with a rope."

DESTROYING THE LIQUID.—James Moore is a well-known hotel-keeper in the town of Liberty, N. Y. One day recently he went away from home on business, leaving his son in charge of the hotel. When he returned he found that the young man, who had never been known to drink before, was under the influence of liquor. Mr. Moore at once

cleaned his bar of every bottle and demi-john containing liquor and smashed them to pieces in the street. He then emptied all the liquor barrels in his cellar and destroyed their contents, vowing never to allow another drop of intoxicating drink to be sold or brought into the house.

LADYSBRIDGE, CO. CORK.

EDITOR DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE:—

Dear Sir: In the conclusion of my paper on "Mount Melleray Abbey," which appeared in the July issue of your MAGAZINE, I indulged in the hope that I would do myself the pleasure of presenting to your readers a sketch of St. Bernard and of De Rance, the Abbot of La Trappe. Circumstances, I regret to say, have intervened which compel me to desist from so doing. I have, however, one word to say. There are a few phrases in my paper which may mislead some. I said that the great St. Bernard was the founder of the Cistercian Order. What I wished to convey by that I intended to explain in my second paper. Every one knows that St. Stephen was the first abbot of Citeaux, and the real founder of the Cistercian Order; but as St. Bernard is the great colossal personage not only of the Order, but of the age, as it was he who gave the young Order a life and an energy, he is often called, in a more or less limited sense, the founder of the Cistercian Order.

Faithfully yours,

VIATOR.

A VALUABLE GIFT — Free to Farmers and Fruit Growers.—The Fruit and Vegetable Growers' Association, of the United States, at their last meeting at Columbus, Ohio, in June, resolved to furnish, free of charge, to all farmers and fruit growers, illustrated directions with specifications how to make Arnold's perfect, but simple and cheap, fruit evaporator, free, to all who would send stamps to the secretary, to pay return postage, as Mr. Arnold gave his invention to the Association under the condition that they would do this to help the great producing classes in marketing their present immense fruit crop profitably. Those desiring the Evaporator can address, with stamps, the secretary, Dr. W. Orlando Smith, Alliance, Ohio.

MEN or women seldom die of hard work. Activity is God's medicine. The highest genius is willingness and ability to do hard work. Any other conception of genius makes it a doubtful, if not a dangerous, possession.

HERE is an amusing story of actual occurrence in the cultured city of Boston: Louis Mason, a talented artist, has on exhibition in Doll and Richards' art gallery a powerful painting called "Il Viatico," which represents a priest hastening with the Blessed Sacrament to a dying sinner. The priest is accompanied by acolytes and a band of assistants in white dominos, as is the Florentine custom. The dominos, struck the eye of a recent visitor to the gallery — she was a home-made lady, perfectly innocent of art education, but not afraid to ask questions, and so she speered the artist himself: "Now I s'pose that's a sheet and piller-case party, be it?"

THE REV. DR. MORIARITY, of Syracuse, N. Y., received a complimentary letter recently from the Premier of England, Mr. Gladstone, in reference to the reverend gentleman's latest work, "The Keys of the Kingdom." Mr. Gladstone is noted for using postal cards, but in this instance he has honored Father Moriarity with a letter in due form — with the coat of arms of the Kingdom of Great Britain. His signature is bold and free. It is somewhat of a coincidence that the Rev. Dr. Moriarity, on the previous day, baptized the infant son of one of his parishioners, who called the child William Gladstone Buckley.

IRELAND'S LEGISLATIVE CAPITAL.—A correspondent of the *Chicago Citizen* says: "For many reasons the town of Athlone, which lies in the exact centre of Ireland, is pre eminent as a site for the Irish legislative capital. The Shannon — the Ganges of Ireland — sweeps through it. The scenery all around is most beautiful. Railroads and canals radiate from it to every part of Ireland. It is close to the remote West. It is the strategical key of Ireland. By occupying it the jealousies that Cork and Belfast may have of Dublin would be allayed. It would be an advantage to remove the capital from proximity to England and from the pro-Anglican influences in Dublin."

GENERAL ROSECRANS, Register of the U. S. Treasury, has written a letter to

Congressman Warner in reply to a question from that gentleman asking the expense to the government of our three principal wars. General Rosecrans replied that the sum assumed and paid by the government for the war of the revolution was $6,000,000; the war of 1812 cost $115,000,000; the Mexican war, $135,000,000, and the war of the rebellion, $6,189,920,905.

THE LATE BISHOP HENDRICKEN.—The Rev. Mr. Wr. Woodbury, of the Westminster, Conn., Congregational Church, recently paid the following tribute to the memory of Rt. Rev. Bishop Hendricken: —"The late Bishop of the Roman Catholic diocese of Providence was a man for whom I had a sincere and profound esteem. His monument is yonder spacious and beautiful Cathedral. But more enduring still must be the memory which his friends and people long will cherish of the faithfulness and zeal with which he discharged the providential duty which had been assigned to him. Pure-minded, honest, straightforward and upright; of indomitable will, of a mental and spiritual force which was superior to bodily, of single-minded purpose and wonderful simplicity of character, he served his church with unexampled devotion, and wielded an influence among and upon the people of his charge which was vastly beneficial, and which will remain for many years to come a power for good in our community. A Protestant of Protestants myself, I pay my humble tribute of respect to the dead Bishop's memory. It might have been wished that he could live to consecrate the Cathedral he had built; but a purer and better consecration than any formal rite is the grateful remembrance and appreciation of his worth!"

A COLORED CLERGYMAN. — For a long time the colored Catholics of New York city have been waiting to hear Mass celebrated by a priest of their race, and on a recent Sunday their wishes were gratified at the church of St. Benedict the Moor, at the corner of Bleecker and Downing Streets. It was announced that the services would begin at 11 o'clock A. M., but long before that time every seat in the church was filled. Colored people, old and young, came from all parts of the city, and some from out of town. Rev. Father Augustus Talton, the first and only colored Catholic priest in this country, celebrated Mass, assisted by Rev. Father Burke, pastor of the church, and Rev. Father Burtsall, of the church of the Epiphany. Father Talton has been assigned to a colored congregation in Quincy, Ill. When shall we have a church for our colored brethern in Boston?

THE DEMON OF ORANGEISM.— Almost any act of brutality might be expected from some of the more degraded Orangemen, but we must acknowledge that we were wholly unprepared for the revelations which were made in the Belfast Police Court recently. From the proceedings on that occasion it appears the Catholic workpeople in the mills and factories of that town are subjected to systematic persecution. The tenets of their creed are ridiculed and sneered at, and any retort on their part is resented by a blow. In some cases so bitter has been the torture which Catholic girls have had to endure that they have felt it necessary to abandon their employment. An instance of the trials which they have to undergo was given by a girl named Bridget Treanor. She was one of four Catholics who worked at the Agne Street Factory, where some three hundred girls are engaged. She stated that on the 8th inst. a number of the workers made a few pieces of wood into the shape of a crucifix, tied a rod on it in mockery of the Saviour, and carried it round "the stands" to provoke her. On going out of the mill she was attacked and beaten, and she was obliged to ask the assistance of the police in order that she might get to her home. No efforts were made by the mill authorities to afford protection to the unhappy girl. She was left at the mercy of a dastardly crowd without a spark of manly feeling.

HIS Holiness, the Pope, has created the Honorable Gedeon Ouimet, Minister of Education and Canadian Commissioner to the Colonial and Indian Exhibitions, a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory, in recognition of his great services to the cause of education in Canada. M. Ouimet, who is now visiting Ireland, has received congratulations from almost all his fellow-countrymen at the exhibition.

VERY REV. FR. FIDELIS and Father Luis, Passionists, have left Buenos Ayres for Valparaiso. They intend to establish a branch house of their congregation on the West Coast.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Ticknor & Co., Boston.

A HAND-BOOK OF CHRISTIAN SYMBOLS AND STORIES OF THE SAINTS, as Illustrated in Art, by Clara Erskine Clement, edited by Katherine E. Conway. With Descriptive Illustrations. Price, $2

The publishers have given us a splendid book in illustrations, press-work, etc. The price is very moderate. Elsewhere we have given the preface, which explains the object and design of the book.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

THIS firm leads in the Catholic book trade in midsummer.

Elsewhere we give a lengthy notice of a very elegantly gotten-up book, Poems of Leo XIII. Price, 4to volume, cloth, $2.00. Gilt edges, $2.50.

A HYMNAL AND VESPERAL for the Seasons and principal Festivals of the Ecclesiastical Year. Demy 4to. Price 75 cents.

The main object is to furnish a suitable hymn-book for Sunday Schools. A great part is from the breviary, the rest from Faber, Caswell, and other approved Catholic hymn-writers. Although designed for Sunday Schools, the Vesperal will be found servicable for ordinary church choirs.

THE PIRATES OF THE RED SEA. Recollections of Travel. Translated from the German by Karl May. Fifteen engravings after Fraipont.

This is a large book of some five hundred pages, well illustrated. The writer is at his best in the published exploration "Under the shadow of the Padischah," and he has visited every land where Ottoman rule prevails.

DEVOTION OF REPARATION TO THE HOLY FACE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. With the approbation of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. Price 5 cts.

Charles H. Whiting, Bostou.

PRACTICAL BOOKKEEPING. Embracing Single and Double Entry, Commercial Calculations, and the Philosophy and Morals of Business. By Ira Mayhew, LL.D. Boston: Charles H. Whiting. 75 cents.

This work, first published in 1860, is now in its one hundred and fortieth edition. Dr. Mayhew is a veteran in the work of education, and it must be pleasant to witness the wonderful advances recently made in the direction of practical work in the school-room. Despite its long term of service, this book is fully abreast of the times, and has no superior as a text-book for public schools. It has been more extensively used than any other work on this subject. Catholic schools are partial to it, as are seminaries and private schools generally. Its wise suggestions and sound philosophy would, if heeded, accomplish almost a revolution in business methods and morals. It is, by all odds, the cheapest and best book on the subject for the ordinary business of every-day life.

ALL the above books can be obtained of Messrs. Noonan & Co., as well as of the publishers.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE Messrs. Sadlier & Co., of New York, announce a new work from the well-known and gifted authoress, Mrs. James Sadlier, entitled "Purgatory"; doctrinal, historical, and poetical. 1 vol. 8vo. English cloth, $2.00.

GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE has just completed a "Young People's History of Ireland," as a companion volume to his recently published "Young People's History of England." The Irish history will contain an introduction by John Boyle O'Reilly, and will be published in the early autumn by Lee & Shepard.

MISS ELEANOR C. DONNELLY has just completed the "Life of Father Felix J. Barkelin, S. J." The work is now in the press and will be a volume of five or six hundred pages. It is dedicated to His Grace, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, the preface being written by Dr. Horstmann, Chancellor of the Archdiocese.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE *Stamp Collector*, an illustrated monthly, has made its appearance at Chicago, Ill., F. J. Abbot, publisher. To those interested in the collection of stamps, this publication is invaluable.

THE *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* will hereafter be published in Philadelphia, where the address of the editor, Rev. Father Dewey, S. J., will be at the Gesú. Only $1 a year.

The Catholic Historical Researches, edited by Rev. A. A. Lambing, A.M., for July, containing articles on Very Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin, the proto-priest of the United States, and Very Rev. Andrew White, S. J., the apostle of Maryland, together with other interesting historical matters. The number commences a new volume. Price only $1 a year. Address Rev. A. A. Lambing, A.M., Wilkinsburg, Allegheny County, Pa.

IRELAND THE VIRTUOUS. A lecture by Rev. Charles Carroll, S.T.D., professor of mental philosophy and Hebrew at St. Joseph's College, Dubuque. The lecturer divides his subject under various heads—Faith, Hope. Under the later head he introduces Davis' grand poem of Fontenoy. Charity; Love of Country. The lecture was delivered at St. Patrick's Church, Dubuque, Iowa, on the evening of the 17th of March, 1886.

THE ANGELUS is the name of a childrens' paper published at Detroit. Only 75 cents a year. Address Angelus Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co.

Vocal: "Somebody's Mother," Song and Chorus, by J. W. Wheeler. "Sleep in Smiles," Waltz Song, words by Will Parsons, music by W. N. Manning. "Friendless and Sad," words by E. A. Coates, music by Eastburn. "A Mother is the Best Friend after all," Song and Chorus by J. P. Skelly. "The Storm," Male Quartette, by H. S. Perkins. "Boys Don't Hurt the Birds," Song, by Charles McK. Trimmer.

Instrumental: "Reverie," by C. F. W. "Bonnie Doon," Transcription, by S. Frost. "Sparkling Eyes Garotte," by F. P. Ryder. "Oakland Waltz," by Chas. D. Blake. "J. G. Lennon's Funeral March," by C. D. Blake, with a fine lithograph of deceased on title page.

THE LATE FREDERICK LUCAS, the founder of the *London Tablet*, and a convert to the Catholic Church, was elected a member of parliament. Meeting his cousin, John Bright, who addressed him thus: "Well, Fred., and how goes on the old superstition?"—"Why, John, a great deal better than the new hypocrisy," replied Lucas.

THE HARVEST IN IRELAND.—The latest reports on the harvest prospects, from nearly every county in Ireland, are almost invariably favorable. From Roscommon, Sligo, and Mayo, in the West, the accounts are most satisfactory, and the people are evidently very hopeful. The potato crop, they say, will be very abundant; and a good deal of turf has already been cut and saved. Similarly, Leinster returns speak with sanguine anticipation of the potato crop. In Limerick the crops, generally, are promising. The fine, ripening weather has produced the best results in the Killarney district. The same may be said of Kerry, generally. The appearance of Tipperary is described as "one sheet of vegetation;" and the grass is particularly fine everywhere. Cheering news comes from Clare and Waterford. Among a number of reports from the North, there is not one in the slightest degree unfavorable, save that, in some districts, the harvest may be late. Potatoes are doing very well everywhere; so, also, in a general way, are oats, flax, mangolds, and turnips. On the whole, the harvest reports, to hand, are of a very cheering character.

DR. JOHNSON would get into trouble in an hour or two if he were back amongst us, and a master of an elementary school. "Sir," said the learned Doctor, "I would rather have the rod to be a terror to all to make them learn, than to tell a child if you do thus or thus you will be more esteemed than your brothers and sisters. A child is afraid of being whipped and gets his task, and there's an end on't."

HAPPY.—To be comparatively happy, you must earn your bread by the sweat of your brow. The most common error of men and women is that of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work. It has never yet been found when thus sought, and never will be while the world stands; and the sooner this truth is learned the better for every one. If you doubt this proposition, glance around among your friends and acquaintances and select those who appear to have the most enjoyment in life. Are they idlers and pleasure seekers? We know what your answer will be. Of all the miserable human beings it has been our misfortune to know, they were the most wretched who had retired from useful employment in order to enjoy themselves.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CARDINAL.

IT is with deep regret that we announce the death of one of the most valiant of the modern defenders of the church. Cardinal Guibert, archbishop of Paris, went to his rest and his reward on the 10th of June. Three of Mgr. Guibert's predecessors, it has often been remarked, died violent deaths, and he is known to have envied their fate, as a divine favor not likely to be extended to himself. The line of victims is not, however, unbroken. Archbishop Affré was shot in June, 1848, while endeavoring to mediate between the government and the Red Republicans, and Archbishop Sibour was stabbed by a lunatic priest, in 1857, while officiating in a Paris church; but Archbishop Morlot had a peaceful end in 1852, though his successor, Archbishop Darboy, was shot by the Communists in 1871.

BISHOPS.

THE death of the Most Rev. James Alipius Goold, O. S. A., archbishop of Melbourne, of which see he was elected bishop in 1847. It was raised to Metropolitan rank in 1874. The deceased prelate was an *alumnus* of the Urban College of Propaganda, and highly esteemed in Rome and elsewhere. He was born in the city of Cork, Ireland, in the year 1812; his Grace was therefore in the seventy-fourth year of his age at the time of his death.

BY the death of Mgr. Paredis, bishop, of Ruremonde, in Dutch Limburg, which took place on June 18, one of the most remarkable ecclesiastics of his time has been taken from the church. Mgr. Paredis was the Nestor of the bishops of the Netherlands, and, I believe, the oldest bishop but one of the whole Catholic world. He was well known in England, and had, and still has, many admirers here. I remember the late bishop of Southwark, Dr. Coffin, saying, after he had extolled him to the skies: "This Mgr. Paredis is the only bishop who never set his foot within the walls of Rome." It is true; he never did betake himself to the Eternal City, as he was unable to bear the fatigue of so long a journey. Neither Gregory nor Pius nor Leo ever saw him, yet all three admired, revered, and loved him. He was known at the Roman Court to be a man of sterling worth, made of the stuff that goes to make a bishop.

CLERGYMEN.

ON the morning of July 17, the Rev. John M. Kremmen died at the rectory, Southbridge, Mass., after a short illness. Every member of St. Peter's congregation mourns in him a devoted personal friend, as well as a vigilant pastor. His death is also deeply deplored by his brother priests in the diocese of Springfield, as well as by many attached friends in Boston and elsewhere. His funeral took place from St. Peter's on the morning of July 20. Fr. Kremmen, though apparently in robust health, had been ever since his ordination a sufferer from lung troubles, brought on by overstudy, while he was in the seminary at Troy, N. Y. Charity to the poor was, perhaps, the distinguishing trait in a character which abounded in well-defined virtues. He was a fervent priest, a faithful friend, a devoted patriot. The funeral was largely attended. All the mills shut down for the day, and the business men of the town closed their stores, thus allowing all persons to pay respect to the dead pastor, who was loved by all the inhabitants of the town. May he rest in peace!

REV. FATHER P. J. CALLERY, pastor of St. Mary's Church at Florence, Mass., died of apoplexy at his home at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the 30th of July. The terrific thunder shower of the previous night gave a fatal shock to his nervous system. He was about forty years old, and universally esteemed.

ON the morning of July 24th, the Rev. Thomas Blake, pastor for thirty-five years of St. Bridget's Church, at Xenia, Ohio, which his zeal had built, and which, with the other nine churches erected under

his direction, will be his best monument, slept in the Lord. Father Blake was born in Cork in 1824; was ordained priest by the great Archbishop Purcell, Patriarch of the West, in 1851, and, since his ordination till a few years before his death, labored to build up and extend the Church of God in the counties lying along the Miami River.

SISTERS.

DEATH OF A GREAT WOMAN. — On the feast of Corpus Christi, in the Motherhouse of her Order at Namur, Sister Mary of St. Francis (in the world the Honorable Mrs. E. Petre) went to her reward. For the last thirty-five years this good nun has watched over the foundations of the Sisters of Notre Dame in England. In 1850, in the prime of life, she renounced every attraction that the world could offer her, and sought a retreat in which she could spend her life for God and for His poor. There was then one convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame in England; now, thanks to her, there are twenty, in which thousands of poor children are instructed in their religion by the Sisters of her congregation. *L'Ami de l'Ordre* prints the following notice of the deceased lady: "The Sisters of Notre Dame commend to the prayers and oblations of the faithful the soul of the Superior of their house at Namur, Sister Mary of St. Francis, in the world the Hon. Laura Maria Petre, born Stafford-Jerningham, who has piously passed away, strengthened by the sacraments of the Church, in the seventy-sixth year of her age, and the thirty-sixth after her entry into the religious life. The deeply-regretted Sister Mary of St. Francis belonged, by her birth and connections, to some of the chief families of England, and she united with the virtues of a religious scrupulously exact in fulfilling her rule — humble of heart, devoted to our Lord, to the Blessed Virgin, to the church and the saints, to the poor and unfortunate — a marked distinction, simplicity, and courtesy of manner. During thirty-six years this eminent woman showed how the cloister can add a crown even to the greatness of this world. May the example of this illustrious Catholic Englishwoman stimulate others to an equal devotion in her country and in our own!"

MOTHER AMABLE, Superior General of the Order of the Sisters of Charity of the House of Providence, died Monday, the 12th of July, at the Mother House in Montreal, Canada. The Mother Superior is the head of all the houses. The order is largely represented in Canada, Vermont, and in many places in the West. The Sisters of Charity all through the Northwest, in Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho, are branches of this same order. The Mother was a most accomplished lady, of wonderful executive ability, and was a member of one of the most distinguished Canadian families. Three years ago she made an official visit to all the houses of the order on this coast. The Sisters of Charity have sustained a deep loss in her death.

AT the Carmelite Convent, Biddle and Caroline Streets, Baltimore, Md., Mother Ignatius, sub-prioress, died on the 15th of July. Born in 1820, for the first sixteen years of her life she was known as Amelia Keating, of the family of that name so long honored in Philadelphia. Marrying very early Dr. Bauduy, after four years, that gentleman falling a victim to the plague, contracted in discharge of his professional duty, Mrs. Bauduy was left a widow with two children — a daughter that died in infancy, and a son, Dr. Jerome Bauduy, who survives her. Her mother, also a widow, entered the Visitation Convent of Georgetown as a nun, charging it on her daughter to remain with the Mr. Keating, who was grandfather of Amelia Keating, so long as that gentleman should live. This Mrs. Bauduy did, but on the death of her grandfather, contemning the allurements of the world, and sacrificing her affections for those that were very dear to her, in 1856 she took the Carmelite habit as a novice, and a year after made the vows of the Order. How greatly she has been esteemed by the Carmelite Sisters has been shown by her almost continual occupation of important offices. Repeatedly elected prioress, she has still oftener filled other posts. She was looked on by the nuns of her community as lovely and self-devoted, and as a model of the religious life.

LAY PEOPLE.

MRS. JOHN MCCUSKER died on the morning of July 15 of dropsy, at her residence in Central Falls, R.I. Her maiden name was Rachael Orr, and her birthplace was Ireland. In her young days she moved to the United States, and for a number of years resided in Lonsdale, after-

wards removing to Central Falls, where her husband had established a good trade. Mrs. McCusker had been sick but about eight weeks, her first trouble which caused her to take to her bed being rheumatism about the heart, this finally turning into dropsy. She was well known in the different villages near by, and had a large heart. Her manners were always pleasant, agreeable, and courteous, and her life seemed to be made up of sunshine. She was one of the most earnest women temperance workers in the village, was a member of the Church of the Sacred Heart of Pawtucket, and quite a number of the societies connected with it.

FULL of honors and of years, M. Jules Malou has passed away. He was so far happy in the opportunity of his death that he lived to see the Catholic triumph which has given to Belgium the strongest government she has known since she was made a kingdom. For many long and weary years M. Jules Malou rendered splendid, but thankless service, to the Catholic cause, and it is pleasant to think that he lived to see his reward, and the party he made, firmly in the saddle. Governor of Antwerp, he entered the Chamber as far back as 1841, and was Minister of Finance in the Cabinet of M. Van de Weyer in 1846. Also a member of the Cabinet of M. de Theux, he shared that minister's fall in 1847. His later career will be very familiar to our readers. Twice the Belgian Premier, in 1884 he retired from public life, leaving the direction of the victorious Catholics to younger hands. M. Malou was a great worker, and the regrets of thousands of grateful Catholics follow him to the grave.

JOSEPH G. LENNON. — We briefly announced a serious accident to this gentleman in our last. He died on the 13th July. In his demise Boston meets with a severe loss, more especially felt by the musical public. The circumstances of his early demise are very painful, which add to the grief of a large circle of friends and admirers, particularly his mother and family, of which he was a devoted member. Mr. Lennon was born in Lowell, Mass., about thirty-five years ago. His musical talents were early recognized. He received his musical education at home and abroad. He was possessed of indomitable courage, and succeeded in all his undertakings. His loss is deeply regretted not only by his immediate relations, but by the community at large.

THE death, in New York City, is announced of Mrs. James Tone, for many years a resident of that city, and a lady whose death will be deplored by a wide circle of friends, and charitable institutions, of which she was a generous patron. Mrs. Tone was a native of Westmeath, Ireland, and in 1828, at the age of seventeen, came with her family to New York, where, two years afterwards, she married James Tone. The good works of Mrs. Tone, and the rare qualities of mind and heart with which she was endowed, are known to all the older residents of Rochester. It was she who erected the first cot in St. Mary's Hospital, and both that institution and the City Hospital have received much at her hands. She was the oldest living member of the Cathedral, where services were held in the schoolhouse upon her arrival in Rochester. In building up the Cathedral and other city churches she took a prominent part.

DIED DOING HIS DUTY. — Valparaiso, Ind., July 26th. The limited express on the Fort Wayne Railroad met with an accident this morning which but for the heroism of MARTIN BURKE, the engineer, would certainly have resulted in a dreadful loss of life. The limited, usually runs through here at a high rate of speed. This morning a misplaced switch let it onto a side-track occupied by loaded coal-cars. The engineer immediately pulled the reverse lever and turned on brakes. The latter not working, he told his fireman to jump for life, and then made a second attempt to control the train. He partly succeeded, but lost his life by the act. The engine struck a coal-car, smashing it into splinters, and sent the tender with a crash through the baggage-car. The engineer was struck in the crash, thrown from the cab, and when picked up was a corpse, his skull being cut open. Not a passenger was hurt.

HOME RULE IN SPENCER MASS.—A large and enthusiastic meeting of the friends of Ireland was held in the Town Hall on the 15th of July, which was addressed by Rev. Father Conaty, of Worcester, and Rev. Father Beavens. The latter reverend gentleman's address was on "Gladstone's Latest Policy," which was a masterly production. $560 was collected. This, together with the net proceeds coming from the lecture, will make upwards of $700. What other town in Western Massachusetts will follow the noble example of Spencer?

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A Visit to the Field of Aughrim.

I.

THOUGH the name of Aughrim does not convey anything very pleasurable to an Irishman, still having occasion to call at Ballinasloe a few years ago, I thought it would be a pity to leave that part of the country without visiting a place so celebrated in Irish history, particularly as it is only three miles distant from the latter town, and accordingly on a fine afternoon in May, I proceeded to the fatal battlefield.*

Approaching the village which gives name to the battle from Ballinasloe, I first remarked a slightly-elevated line of sand or gravel hills, which were called by the driver of my car "the Camp Hill," because, as he said, "the soldiers pitched their tents there. He did not know what soldiers did so, but I assume it was on the crest of this line of hills the army of Ginkel halted on the morning of Sunday, the 12th of July, 1691, when it first came in sight of that of the Irish, which was posted on opposite line of hills called Kilcommodan. The position occupied by the Irish is considered by competent judges to have been a most formidable one, and for a defensive battle such as it was about to fight, one "than which Ireland, perhaps, could not furnish a better." † It was defended in front and on both flanks by a deep bog or morass, through which a river flowed; this bog further covered the rear of the Irish to some extent, and was only passable by two narrow paths, one on its right called the pass of Urrachree, and one on its left called that of Aughrim.

The invading army paused — as well it might — for here stood at bay the best blood of Ireland, the representatives of its ancient chieftains and princes, as well as of some of its first Anglo-Norman settlers ready to risk life and fortune in defence of their ancient faith and of him whom they regarded as their legitimate king. In the struggle about to take place for the crown of our island kingdom, it was a strange turn

*According to Dr. Joyce the word Aughrim is derived from the Irish "each-dheuim," which Colgan translates equimans, *i. e.*, Horse Hill; but we are not informed by that learned gentleman of the original cause of its being so called; possibly it was good feeding ground for horses.

† O'Callaghan. The Green Book.

of Fortune, or possibly a sarcasm of the fickle dame, which caused the invading so-called English army to be commanded by a Dutch officer, while our native soldiers were directed by a French one; but there were very few or rather no foreigners in our ranks, and it is some little consolation to think that the credit of the victory cannot be arrogated by either English, Scotch, or Anglo-Irish soldiers. The so-called English army consisted of British, French, Dutch, Danish, and Anglo-Irish troops, and, according to O'Callaghan, an historian of whom Ireland ought to be proud, and whose statements as to matters of fact have never been controverted, amounted to 24,500 infantry, 9,5000 cavalry, and 12 pieces of cannon. The Irish army, according to the same authority, amounted only to 11,000 infantry and 4,000 cavalry, with 9 field pieces; in other words, the Anglo-Foreign invaders numbered more than two to one against us. English writers, with a sad want of truth and honor, have hitherto estimated the Irish army at twenty-five thousand men, and that of their own friends at seventeen or eighteen thousand only; but the above numbers, as given by O'Callaghan, have not been contradicted to the present date, and may therefore be taken as correct.

In the composition of the two armies there was even a greater disparity than in their numbers; for while the invading force was for the most part made up of veterans, trained in many a continental campaign, well armed, well clothed, and well appointed; the Irish were the very reverse in each instance, and were besides disheartened by recent defeats.

The front of Kilcommodan Hill rises rather gently up from the bay which separates it from the Camp Hill, but it rises to a much greater height. On the Aughrim side the rise may almost be called abrupt, but both ranges of hills become more level as they approach Urrachree to the far right of the Irish position.

II.

According to the memoir of Count D'Araux, who acted in Ireland as the commissioner of Louis XIV. the Irish were scarcely armed at all; many of them he says carried little staffs (petits bastons) tipped with iron — a poor weapon to encounter regular soldiers with.

It was at this latter place the battle first began, the ground being favorable for the action of cavalry; General Ginkel sent forward a Danish officer and sixteen horsemen to force a small Irish outpost also of horse stationed there; the Irishmen turned out, and, though fewer in number, the Danes bolted on their showing front. It would be curious to learn if any thought of Clontarf had been flitting through the minds of these heroes at the moment.

Having looked over from the Camp Hill, the positions occupied by the two armies, it was easy to understand the pause made by the invaders, and the view taken by writers, of the strength of the Irish position.

I next moved towards the village of Aughrim, pursuing the road from Ballinasloe — comparatively speaking — a new one made through

the Camp Hill. I passed over the bog, now nearly all cut away, which separated the two armies; it appears to have been about half a mile in breadth. The river, the overflow of which originally caused the formation of the bog, still continues to run through its centre, but is now reduced to a very insignificant stream, and flows over the road I speak of, which at this particular point appears to have been incorporated with the ancient one which formed the Pass of Aughrim. On leaving the bog, the visitor will meet the remains of the old castle of Aughrim. Of this ancient fortress, which originally belonged to one of the O'Kelly families, a very small fragment, and that nearly covered with ivy, is all that now remains. Even at the date of the battle it was in ruin; but inasmuch as there were then remaining some of its walls, outworks, etc., it offered a good support for the left wing of the Irish army which rested on it, and from it commanded the only passage over the bog in that direction.

While examining the remains of the old castle I happened to meet with its present owner, Mr. Thomas Mollony, a very intelligent person, and who kindly acted as my guide over the field. He considers the castle was of much larger extent than its present appearance would lead one to suppose, and his reason is that the ground for some distance all around the ruin is useless for agricultural purposes, owing to the quantity of stones and rubbish in it, and which he considers came from the walls, etc., of the old building. This castle was the key to the Irish position, and was recognized as such by both armies. Accordingly it was garrisoned by St. Ruth with two regiments of infantry and one of dismounted dragoons — a force amply sufficient for its defence. The command was given to Colonel Walter Burke, a brave and able officer, sprung, according to D'alton, from the "Mayo Furlough line."

My guide next brought me through the little village of Aughrim, a house in which he pointed out to me as having been standing on the day of the battle, then to the centre of the Irish position on Kilcommodan hill — on the way he pointed out the continuation of the old road leading from the Pass of Aughrim which was in use at the time — it is now a little borheen. He next brought me to "St. Ruth's Fort" which is a very fine earth work formed hundreds of years before St. Ruth's time. From the rampart of this fort the entire field of battle is visible, and from it, tradition affirms, St. Ruth watched the movements of the coming foe on that eventful day.

In a hollow behind St. Ruth's Fort is a place called Gort na narragh, the Field of Penance, where the officers and soldiers of the Irish army went to confession the Saturday evening before the fight — this is the tradition of the place and it is fully confirmed by history.

About a mile or so away to the right Sarsfield is said to have been stationed with his horsemen, and, though second in command, he was, owing to a fatal coolness between himself and his chief, unacquainted with the plan of action and consequently, on the death of the latter, was unable to strike a blow when his arm was most needed.

It is not intended to attempt an account of this fatal battle, the details of which have been so often given by historical writers, that such would be superfluous now, but it may be remarked that Ginkel's attack

on Urrachree, though three times attempted and on each occasion with an increase of force, was utterly foiled. This action which was altogether a cavalry one and in which the enemy were superior to the Irish, terminated about three o'clock in the afternoon, when Ginkel called a council of war to consider whether the action should continue or not for that day. It was resolved to fight it out and the plan adopted was to attack in force the Irish right at Urrachree, so as to cause them to weaken their centre at Kilcommodan, and their left at Aughrim by sending to it the necessary reinforcements, and while this action was going on, to find or force a passage through the bog covering the Irish left and centre, and attack with all available force these divisions of their army. If the attacks on the wings succeeded they would likely be thrown on the centre, which being itself engaged, confusion would be almost certain to arise and bring on a route.

Accordingly, at five o'clock in the evening, the battle recommenced by an artillery fire, and the impetuous attack of three splendid French infantry regiments on the Irish position at Urrachree, which was met with the unmost gallantry and althongh the latter were inferior in numbers, the fight was undecided at six o'clock.

As expected by the enemy, St. Ruth sent reinforcements to the wing attacked, weakening by so much his left and centre from which they were taken ; but not as he considered or intended, to any serious extent. The enemy seeing the success of their ruse against Urrachree prepared to assault the now weakened Irish centre at Kilcommodan, and left at Aughrim. The attack on the centre was made by four infantry regiments 3,400 strong, who floundered through the bog and advanced gallantly against the Irish who were posted on the slope of the hill, and protected by lines of ditches skilfully taken advantage of for defensive purposes. After delivering their fire against the advancing enemy, the Irish soldiers retired through openings in the ditches prepared for them — some of which are still to be seen — till they had drawn their opponents to a place where they could be advantageously attacked. The attack was duly made and the foe driven with heavy loss down the hill, and across the river and bog, till they reached the protection of their cannon planted on the opposite firm ground. Three times was this attack tried, and three times did the badly armed and ill-appointed Irish hurl it back in wild confusion.

Thus far the fortune of the battle on the right and centre was entirely in favor of the Irish, so much so indeed, that St. Ruth, who watched its progress from the rampart of the Danaan Fort, is reported to have thrown his hat in the air, as he saw the enemy flying in disorder before his victorious soldiers.

But meantime that enemy was making way in a quarter least expected. While the attack on the centre was proceeding they sent forward a strong force, numbering some 4,600 men to carry the pass defended by the Castle of Aughrim, and if successful, to operate on the flank of the Irish left. This body consisted of some batallions of infantry seven regiments of horse, and a few peices of artillery, with strong supports in its rear. The movement was evidently Ginhills hit or miss for the day. The attack on Urrachree, if a real one, had failed ;

besides the Irish Horse, whose gallantry was known and respected, were too numerous about Urrachree to leave much chance in that quarter. The Hill of Kilcommodan was too strongly guarded and entrenched as had been already proved, and the Pass by Aughrim Castle offered the only chance of success. Perhaps too, Ginhill hoped for *other aid* than mere hard fighting, for in the opinion of an equally competent judge, that pass was held to be sufficiently occupied.

It has been stated that St. Ruth was obliged to send reinforcements from his left and centre to assist his right at Urrachree, these reinforcements he directed to be taken from his second line. When taking them from Aughrim, a whole battalion of the first line was taken in addition, by some mistake, or, as is generally believed by treason, as the unfortunate name of Col. Henry Luttrell, is supposed to have been associated with it. The loss of this batallion in the defense of the Pass, though serious in itself, would not have been fatal had not another untoward event occurred at the most important position. During the advance of the Anglo-foreign army over the bog and causeway at Aughrim, the ammunition of Col. Burke's men who defended it, became exhausted, and he accordingly sent to head-quarters for a supply which was furnished without delay. The powder was all right, but when the packages of ball came to be opened, they were found to have been intended for English muskets, while his men were armed with French ones, the bores of which did not suit the balls sent.*

Two such unfortunate events as the withdrawal of the batallion, and the difference in size of the balls happening at this particular point, the object of the enemy's strongest attack, give color to the opinion that they were not accidental, an opinion which O'Callaghan says took possession of the Irish soldiery on the spot. A beaten army is very often tempted to attribute its defeat to treason, perhaps without just grounds, but in this case it is to be feared such grounds really existed.

From these two circumstances it will be seen that the advance of the Anglo-foreign army over the bog at Aughrim was not, and could not, have been properly opposed; the outside defenders of the post were too few to offer effectual opposition, while the garrison of the old castle, which of itself ought to have been able to hold them in check, was paralized through the fatality mentioned, respecting the balls. St. Ruth, from his position on the old fort, saw the enemy repulsed with heavy loss along the right and centre of his line, and victory preparing to alight on his standards. At one point only—the old castle of Aughrim—was there any appearance of matters going wrong, and of it he still had no serious fears; he was not aware of the two fatal errors, or worse, which had occurred; but seeing the enemy reforming their ranks after having passed over the bog, preparatory to commencing operations against his left flank, he ordered up some squadrons of horse, intending to drive them back over the bog and secure his victory. Putting himself at their head he exclaimed, alluding to the enemy: "They are beaten; let us beat them to the purpose!" and moved with the horsemen down the hill to a field now called "St. Ruth's Field," near the

* Some accounts have it that the balls sent to Col. Burke were *cannon balls*.

bottom of which he was struck by a cannon ball which carried off his head, and he dropped lifeless from his horse. The spot where he fell is marked by an old thorn-tree, which, though now in the last stage of decay, is only an off-shoot of the original tree. It is said St. Ruth was killed through means of a herdsman of the district, who pointed him out to an English artillery officer named French, an ancestor of the present Lord Clancarty; but it is very doubtful if the statement rests on any foundation; it is more probable he was struck down by a chance shot, and with him fell the hopes of Ireland and of the Stuart dynasty.

The fall of the General produced the most disastrous consequences to his army. Owing to some sad feelings of jealousy entertained by St. Ruth against his officers, he is said to have kept his plan of the battle locked up within his own bosom, and therefore there was not on the spot a single officer capable of directing the movements of the army in this momentous cricis. His second in command, the brave Sarsfield, who, through his influence with the soldiers, might possibly have been able to make some attempt to retrieve affairs, was stationed some two miles away in charge of a force of horse, which Captain Parker, who was engaged on the invading side, says formed the greatest and best part of their cavalry; but being unacquainted with the death of St. Ruth, till confusion had become general, was unable to make any effort to restore the day.

The enemy's force at Aughrim Castle had thus time to recover themselves, and began to act with deadly effect against the Irish divisions around them; their thrice defeated left and centre were again brought to the charge, and the leaderless Irish, tired and discouraged, began to give way; then cavalry—which was of first rate quality, and if employed even at the last minute, might, in the opinion of its enemies themselves, "have given a turn to affairs"— remained inactive, and in a little time, seeing that the day was lost, rode off the field, when the route of the infantry at once became complete.

The Anglo-foreign army pursued their advantage with the most ferocious blood-thirstiness, only four hundred and fifty prisoners having been taken, amongst whom were one hundred and eleven officers, while the number of slain amounted to four thousand, most of whom fell during the pursuit of the routed army. The loss of life in this pursuit would have been much greater but for the presence of mind of one of the regimental chaplains, Father James O'Reilly, a scion of the Cavan family, who, taking advantage of a slight eminence separating the pursued from the pursuers, caused a drum-major and some of his men whom he chanced to meet, to beat a charge. This had the effect of causing the latter to halt and reform their ranks, and of the delay caused by their so doing the Irish took advantage.

When St. Ruth fell, one of his staff threw a horseman's cloak over the headless remains of the commander-in-chief, to keep the fatality from spreading amongst the men, and had them carried to the rear. The head* was wrapped up in a cloth and carried away with the body,

* Blake Foster's "Struggle for the Crown."

but what became of them afterwards is not known with any certainty; they are said to have been stripped of everything of value and thrown on the bare hillside with hundreds of his brave soldiers who fell on the same fatal day. According to the account handed down in the family of my friendly guide, the remains of St. Ruth were carried by some means to the Abbey of Loughrea, possibly with the retreating cavalry who made for that town, and there interred, but were subsequently exhumed and reburied in the Abbey of Alhenry; he never heard that they had been buried at Killconnell, as I have seen it somewhere stated, and which, from its nearness to the field of battle, would be likely to have been selected for his place of interment, as it was for many of his superior officers.

The victors buried their own slain with due honor, but to their shame be it said, left the remains of their vanquished foes to fester on the ground where they fell, a prey to wild birds and animals, and where eighteen years afterwards a traveller saw their sculls and other bones still lying scattered about. The trenches in which the enemy buried their slain are still to be seen. I remarked a couple of them towards the bottom of the slope of Kilcommodan: they are large, sunken squares, showing that with the decay of the bodies, the earth which covered them had fallen in; it was their sunken state which attracted my attention to them.

Still further to the left than St. Ruth's Tree, is a place now called the "Bloody Hollow," where a great slaughter is said to have been made of the unfortunate Irish. While at the castle my guide pointed out a spot on which three hundred Irish soldiers were butchered by the enemy in cold blood, after they had surrendered; these were possibly the defenders of the old castle, as we know that it was garrisoned, along with another, by the regiment of Colonel Walter Burke, which was almost annihilated — the colonel himself and some forty or fifty men only surviving as prisoners. For the credit of humanity, it is to be hoped that they fell during the fight, and not after the surrender, as the local tradition has it. In either event, the poor fellows deserved a better fate, for their defence of their post was both gallant and successful, while their ammunition lasted; and when the fatal mistake of the balls already alluded to was discovered, the brave men continued to fire at the advancing enemy, first the buttons from their uniforms, and lastly the ramrods of their pieces. Though for a long time completely surrounded by the enemy, to whom they could offer no effectual resistance, they yet held their post, even after the battle was won, and were the last of the Irish army that gave in.

The lines of ditches by which the Irish centre was protected and behind which it made such a determined stand, courage and position making up for want of numbers, are still to be seen; they have very much the appearance of hastily made breastworks, but history says they were ditches, and in existence before the battle, and were only taken advantage of for defence. At a point where two of these ditches meet, my guide pointed out a spot where his father found a great many sculls and other human remains with numerous musket balls — the bones were all buried again in the same place. A little time after, his father who

farmed a small portion of the battle ground, also found a well preserved corpse, still covered with fragments of uniform, the color of which was thought to have been originally blue—and with it a gun. The poor body was reburied but the gun, its companion for so many years, being still more or less perfect, was brought home. My imformant could not tell what had become of it, but when a boy he often saw its ramrod, which was used by his mother for winding yarn on.

My guide further stated that the soldier of Colonel O'Connell's regiment, who on the morning of the battle, when taxed with not being shaved, exclaimed, "Och! Colonel, dear, let him who has a head to-morrow shave it!" was his ancestor. He was from Kerry, named Molloney and was severely wounded in the battle. During the night suceeding, some of the neighboring peasantry, when visiting the field, found he still lived and removed him to a cabin, where he was sheltered till his recovery, when he finally settled down in the place. My guide was his great great grandson.

Guns, swords, pikes, or rather it should be said portions, of such, with cannon and musket balls, were found in plenty till a few years ago; but latterly they have become very scarce. I got what I consider to be a fragment of an officer's half pike; it is broken at the point and base, and was found about two years before in one of the ditches alluded to. Four or five musket balls were also offered, but I declined to purchase, having some doubts as to their genuineness.

RATH GORMAN, Sandymount, County Dublin.

Leaves from my Autobiography.

IN the summer of 1860, I undertook to organize a military contingent for the Papal Brigade. I felt no hesitation in offering my life in defence of the Father of Christendom. I was then a schoolboy of sixteen years of age. The late learned Father Patrick Power, brother of the bishop of Waterford, and author of the Catechism, remarked to me, when he found that the committee were unable, from lack of funds I suppose, to send my company to Italy, that it was as well we did not go, since the young men who had actually landed in Italy were obliged to undergo great hardships. To this I replied that, as we engaged to risk our lives, we should not be easily daunted by hardships of any description. The English government, who landed Garibaldi and sent him men, money, and munitions of war, either openly or covertly, posted proclamations through Ireland against "foreign enlistment." Of course, we read the proclamations, but we were not deterred from our purpose by them. I remember the reply made by some low-sized lads, who applied to me for enrollment, when told that they were too low in stature: "Never mind, put our names down; we will make ourselves big enough in the field." Some sharp fellows evaded the provisions of the "Foreign Enlistment Act" by stating that they were going to labor on the continent of Europe; and one strapping fellow

brought a letter from Father P. Meany to the effect that he was considered a fit and proper person to "cut the Italian harvest." Father Andrew Walsh, of Clonmel, mentioned to me his intention to send out the Tipperary militia, which was composed of lads already drilled, and who could be put into active service at once. I must say that enthusiasm is a grand thing. The feeling of the people of Ireland at that time recalled the middle ages when the Crusaders went forth to battle for the Holy Sepulchre. Parents went so far as to declare that they would feel proud to have their sons fall in the cause of the Holy Father. The treachery of Sardinia marred the plans of the brave General Lamoriciere, who, if left to himself, would have defeated the propagandists of Garibaldi. While we awaited impatiently, on the banks of the Suir, the summons to the classic banks of the Tiber, the Piedmontese Generals Cialdini and Fanti marched with an overwhelming force against Lamoriciere. Then the sad news came of the capture of Spoleto, and the reinforcements to which we belonged would not be sent to Italy. The Irish displayed their usual valor at Spoleto, Perugia, and Loreto. Indeed, so highly did Cardinal Antonelli estimate the bravery of the Irish, that he informed a friend of mine, that, if he had ten thousand Irish soldiers he would be able to sweep the Italian peninsula. Among the songs that inspired the sentiment of devotion to our Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., the following deserves to be remembered: —

"The tide of time has left us three nation friends to-day,—
Our Gallic friends, old kindred Spain, and Rome, God spread its sway;
Our brothers rule in court and camp in gay and sunny Spain,
And glorious laurels for thee, France, they late have won again.

The light of many ages is gilding bright the dome,
Where many an exiled Irish lord, long, long since found a home.
The mellowy days of centuries gone are beaming o'er to-day,
The glorious throne, the Papal Chair, that shall exist alway.

Long lives of princely races have smouldered into clay;
Proud empires, gilt with glories, have fallen to decay;
And cities, too, have crumbled, yet rock-built and alone
Stands now, as nigh two thousand years, the glorious Papal throne.

Who welcomed to their open towers the northern chief of yore?
Who never closed their gorgeous homes our exiled sires before?
Who wept our glories fading, our gold harp's torn strings?
Who, but those friends of Ireland, the good old Pontiff kings!

This ballad expressed the feelings of the Irish Nation. It associated Ireland and Rome. England was the enemy, the common enemy of both. She robbed Ireland of her nationality, and, not content with having despoiled the Irish of their inheritance on earth, she sought, through the instrumentality of a false religion, to deprive them of their inheritance in heaven. But they clung to both as a birthright. The cares of Ireland and the Pontifical States were parallel. They were both independent States—independent of England and of Sardinia. England reduced Ireland to the condition of a province; Sardinia did in like manner to the patrimony of St. Peter.

Burlington, N. J. REV. P. A. TRACY.

Musings from Foreign Poets.

COURAGE AND HOPE.

From the Italian of Tommaseo.

THO' the night's ling'ring shadows
Lie darkling upon
The streams, lowlands, and meadows —
Look up! see the dawn
From its orient fountains
Come forth in its might,
Crown the pines of the mountains
With virginal light!

Brothers, rouse ye from slumber,
Lift your brows from the dust,
From the fears that encumber
Wake to courage and trust!

Long the night was, and haunted
By visions of ill —
Front with valor undaunted
The labors that still,
In the splendor new-risen,
Unfinished remain,
And of slavery's prison,
Burst portal and chain;
Worse than death is inaction,
With hand claspt in hand;
Rise, unsundered by faction,
At Freedom's command!

Brothers, rouse ye from slumber,
Lift your brows from the dust,
From the fears that encumber
Wake to courage and trust!

Ceaseless struggle be ever
The law of your life,
Since heroic endeavor
Must win in the strife;
Pressing upward and onward
When duty impels
To the steep ascent sunward
Where liberty dwells:
That your foe is your brother,
Bear ever in mind
And all enmity smother
In love of your kind;

Seeking models all glorious
In heaven above —
By forgiveness victorious —
Triumphant thro' love!

Brothers, rouse ye from slumber,
Lift your brows from the dust,
From the fears that encumber
Wake to courage and trust!

REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

The Warning of a Philosopher.

IT is over one hundred years since the learned Samuel Johnson counselled, at one of his evening parties, his Irish friends to beware of union with England. "If we unite with you," said the great lexicographer, "it will be to rob you." "The Irish" of those days meant the ascendant party, the minority of the people. The majority were disfranchised; schools were closed to them; but the humanities were taught, and the people prayed in caves and at the foot of *cairns* for years. Dr. Johnson was right. The union of the Irish with the English legislature, was the robbing of the former, notwithstanding Pitt's famous apostrophe to the benefit of the union and the future glories of the "Consolidated" empire. He likened the Irish and English ascending to heights untrodden by Roman in his proudest day, and pictured a future of peace and prosperity beyond the most sanguine of mortal vaticination.

The party of the first part has reaped peace and prosperity, and her glory is not to be despised, but the party of the second part have tasted none of the former, and her glory is confined to the model prisons and the crowded workhouses.

Sturdy Doctor Johnson was right: so was Burke, who foresaw in union industrial annihilation to Ireland and dangerous, populous increase to England.

A glance at the statistics of the two countries at the beginning of the century shows England and Wales with a population of 9,156,171, Ireland, 5,319,867. Twenty years after the union the population was, England and Wales, 12,172,664; Ireland, 6,869,544, and in sixty years England and Wales to have increased over 100 per cent, while Ireland was two millions behind what she was in 1841. The figures are: England and Wales 20,228,497; Ireland 5,850,309.

These figures corroborate the admonition of the wise man, whose equal England has never produced, and give the teachings of Burke a dearer claim, if it were possible to do so, to the friends of popular self-government.

Gladstone's speeches show a thorough familiarity with the writings of the great statesman and orator; he certainly is acquainted with the sayings and works of Samuel Johnson. Was it not by perusing the latter

and studying the former that he came to the conclusion, "Scotland and Wales have seen their duty quickly: England will have to learn hers, but slowly and painfully."

Johnson opposed legislative union over one hundred years ago in the interest of equity—honesty. He believed that for all practical purposes the islands were close enough, under an executive with separate legislatures. Burke and others thought the same; but the commercial apostles of English aggrandizement supposed they knew more than the philosopher or statesman. Four-fifths of a century have passed away since the young orator-minister, Wm. Pitt, succeeded in his pet scheme, but from the ashes of Johnson came the prophetic words, "Don't unite with us; if you do, it will be to rob you."

What Plunket, Burke, Saurin, Ponsonby and "ever glorious Grattan" said in the last hours of the Irish parliament, are too well known to be repeated; but the utterances of philosophical, deep-thinking Englishmen on this subject, before the birth of our republic, now that the greatest of British orators and the noblest of statesmen has set out to undo the work of Pitt, should be promulgated in support of the position of him who has said that the union of England and Ireland is "only a paper union."

England learns "slowly and painfully." Her frivolous king, who lost his head on the raw January day in 1649, would never learn. His foolish son learned, when it was too late, and lost his crown. Old George III. was a bad learner, but Thomas Jefferson taught him "slowly but painfully" when too late for his majesty. He continued a dunce for thirty years after he signed the treaty of peace with this country when he swore he would die before granting the Catholics emancipation; but Arthur, Duke of Wellington, told him he would not die, but that he would do a very sensible thing by signing the bill, and he did, "painfully" and "slowly." His sailor son was horrified when the Reform bill was introduced. His "reflectors," the peers, threw it out three times; but the "low voice" of Reform of 1832 became a "loud roar" in the ear of William IV. a few days after he told the Prime Minister he would abdicate before he would sign the bill—the Reform bill. He didn't abdicate; he signed it, "slowly but painfully."

The Tories learn "slowly but painfully," like the kings referred to, but they do learn any way, and so long as they do, there is hope for Irish autonomy, and a prospect of a real union between the democracy of the three kingdoms.

SYLVESTER EBLAND.

KINDNESS.—A poor woman used to give an elephant who often passed her stall in the market, a handful of greens, of which he was very fond. One day he broke away from his keeper and came raging down the market-place. Every one fled, and in her haste the market-woman forgot her little child. But the furious elephant, instead of trampling it to death, picked it up tenderly and laid it aside. We never lose by a kind action no matter to whom it is done.

Novelists and Novels.

"Novels, as they were long manufactured, form a library of illiterate authors for illiterate readers; but as they were created by genius, are precious to the philosopher." — I. D'ISRAELI.

NOVELS form so large a portion of the literature now published, and hold so wide a circulation among all classes of society, that a sweeping condemnation of novelists and their works would be at variance with the pronounced verdict of the literary world. In truth, all writers have considered fiction as one of the most appropriate methods of imparting to mankind great principles and important moral lessons. The reason is obvious. The writer of fiction has at his command many charming illusions in which to drape the most unpalatable truths of religion or morality, and thus present them in a form attractive to the most fastidious. Seeds of goodness are thus easily sown broadcast in the world, and as the novelist can play largely on the softer passions, he may, by a judicious management, so warm the heart as to produce an artificial hot-bed in which the germs of virtue fructify, strike root, and develop into the finest exotics that the garden of our soul is capable of producing.

But fiction has another advantage, which, as it is less generally known, deserves to be more carefully considered. On studying the psychological constitution of man, we find that his education, especially his earlier education, depends very much on the power of the phantasy, or imagination. It is this faculty which receives, aids to reproduce, separate, and combine those sensible pictures (*phantasmata*) on the fecundity, clearness, and brilliancy of which, the success of intellectual operations greatly depends. Without a rich and strong imagination the orator would be feeble and the artist barren; the author would fail to write with graphic lucidity, and the poet would no longer charm us with the beauties of fancy; the philosopher would be unable to ascend to the heights of speculation, and the inventor would never produce his marvels of skill and ingenuity; in a word, all the politer arts would be paralyzed, and the lower branches of industry would suffer in proportion. It is therefore easy to understand how great is the necessity that the imagination should be cultivated and perfected while it still retains the flexibility of youth. To this end fiction is eminently suited. Its characteristics are animation of language, brilliancy of description, richness of coloring, excitement of incident, and play of passion; all of which powerfully excite the imagination and urge it to take that exercise which is necessary to its development and perfection. The novelist causes the young reader to wander through the wildest plains of romance, such as can be crossed only by the springs and flights of fancy, and thereby supplies to the mind what physical exercise gives to the body.

The object, therefore, which the writer of fiction should always hold in view is to exercise the phantasy in pleasant but lawful subjects,

to fill it with novel and happy images, and by this indirect, as well as by a direct, appeal to the heart, so to temper and control the passions as may be most suitable to the formation of virtue and the extirpation of vice. For this reason, his representation should be chaste, his sentiments pure, and his leading characters noble-minded and virtuous.

The great variety of virtue which the human soul can acquire, place at the author's disposal so many springs of action by which the plot may be kept moving, and so many labyrinths of sentiment through which the reader may be conducted, that the novelist never need look beyond the sphere of every-day life for his subjects, nor fear to weary by harping on the often-touched strings that run through every heart.

It will, of course, be understood that the representations of virtue are usually accompanied by the descriptions of vice. The author must follow the same principle as the artist. His high lights must be brought out by shadow, and the brightness of his picture be toned down by judicious shading. But in the introduction of human weakness, crime, and sin, he must be realistic in his moral, and, as he cannot conduct the reader beyond the stage of this world, he must anticipate the final end of sin, and this is misery.

In connection with the depicting of vice there is a point in which vitiated writers constantly offend. As concupiscence is rooted in fallen nature, and as its desires are inflammable and violent, allusions to this passion and descriptions of its play are among the most frequent means by which indifferent authors seek to arouse their reader's interest. Yet no literary process is more opposed to the principles of art and morality. The office of the artist is to raise and elevate, to excite a hatred of the bad and inspire a love for the good, to aid mankind in overcoming sin and in winning virtue. Moralists, however, unanimously agree that the lusts of sensuality are not to be conquered by pondering on their lowness and brutality, but by ignoring their existence, by occupying the mind with other subjects, and turning a deaf ear to their seductions. To introduce the reader, then, to vices that are not named in polite society, and to surround them with all the seductive paraphernalia of love and beauty, is to quit the path of art and to violate a well-founded rule of ascetical life. The virtue of innocence is, in fact, like a highly polished mirror, before which no dark object can pass without casting a stain on its burnished surface, and sullying the lustre of its brightness. Immoral books present the greatest danger to the frailest virtue. This fact, acknowledged by all that have had a painful experience in such matters, is easily explained. Shame hinders such as are not entirely abandoned from indulging freely in licentious talk, but the book is a companion so confidential and private that modesty is soon reconciled to its language. The spoken word, too, is transient, and its meaning often ambiguous; but the printed page is durable, and may be studied until its full sense has thoroughly penetrated the mind. The one, moreover, is mostly the product of the moment, but the other is long premeditated, artfully composed, carefully colored and dressed, so that innocence is lost before the peril is fully remarked. The former, again, has only a narrow circle of auditors; but the latter can speak to thousands in the present and in

the future. The reproduction by the press can give it a multitude of tongues, and the pens of translators can teach it as many languages. Without a conscience, remorse, or fear, the book as readily betrays the innocence of youth as it pampers the sensuality of old age; and, reckless of consequences, it produces in the world confusion of ideas, loss of principle, knowledge of sin, perversion of morals, irreligion, and practical paganism. There is a very charming fable illustrative of the permanent and widespread misery immoral books produce: A robber and an author are in hell; both are enclosed in huge iron cauldrons, beneath which fires burn; yet with this difference — that beneath the robber is continually decreasing, while that beneath the author is ever growing worse. The author deems his sins to have been less than those of his companion; he complains of the gods' injustice, and one of the infernal Sisters is sent to vindicate the sentence of Providence.

"Wretch!" she exclaims, "dost thou compare thyself with the robber? His crime is as nothing compared with thine. Only as long as he lived did his cruelty and lawlessness render him hurtful. But thou! Long ago have thy bones crumbled to dust, yet the sun never rises without bringing to light fresh evils of which thou art the cause. The poison of thy writings not only does not weaken, but, spreading abroad, it becomes more malignant as years roll by. Look there!" — and for a moment she enabled him to look upon the world — "Behold the crimes, the misery, of which thou art the cause. Look at these children who have brought shame upon their families, who have reduced their parents to despair. By whom were their heads and hearts corrupted? By thee. Who strove to rend asunder the bonds of society, ridiculing the right of authority and law, and rendering them responsible for all human misfortunes? Thou art the man! Didst thou not dignify unbelief with the name of enlightenment? Didst thou not place vice and passion in the most charming and alluring lights? And now, look! A whole country, perverted by thy teaching, is full of murder and robbery, of strife and rebellion, and is being led onward by thee to ruin. For every drop of that country's tears and blood, thou art to blame. And now, dost thou dare to hurl thy blasphemies against the gods? How much evil have thy books yet to bring upon the world? Continue then to suffer, for here the measure of thy punishment shall be according to thy deserts." Thus spoke the angry Fury, and slammed down the cover on the cauldron.*

To the uses of fiction as a medium for education might be added its services for the purposes of affording relaxation and amusement, of enabling us to forget for the time the hard realities of life in the ideal pictures of romance. But what has already been said of novelists as teachers equally applies to them as providers of innocent recreation. We may, therefore, now pass on to consider several disadvantages that attend the perusal of novels, and that must accordingly be weighed by such authors as earnestly desire to improve their readers. The charms of fiction, in the first place, are calculated to kindle a love for the unreal and romantic, to make readers discontented with the dull routine and the burdensome duties of their daily life. Thus the wayfarer through the world is removed from the sphere in which Providence has placed him, to a society and a life into which the fancy of the novelist has transplanted him. There he lives, and thinks, and feels. The affections of his heart, the light of his intellect, and the energy of his will — in a word, all that should be devoted to the benefit and the happiness of his fellow-creatures, is transferred to a set of beings that exist only

* "Krilof and his Fables." By W. R. S. Ralston, M. A.

in imagination. Thus are produced that listless, sentimental class of persons who are as much a burden to themselves as to the world in general. Their energy, love, compassion have been squandered on the ideal, and for the reality of life, with all its misery and woe, they have no sympathy left. The heart that has become accustomed to the thrilling sensations of fiction no longer vibrates in contact with their counterparts in real life.

On mental training the continued perusal of fiction has an effect well worth notice. When we read for pleasure, we shall remark that we soon learn to skim the pages, and, like the butterfly in the flower garden, to fly from point to point in quest of honey. This is especially the case in the reading of fiction. The plot interests us; we wish to know its continuation, development, and termination; and in our interest in this point we are apt to skip over the intervening matter, and to consider as dry what is probably the most instructive portion of the book. In this way we readily fall into the habit of desultory and superficial reading; and this accompanies us when we turn to grave subjects, so that all serious study is rendered a work of infinite difficulty.

The novelist, then, who would as far as possible guard his readers against these dangers, must endeavor to give the mind and will a practical turn, to inspire a knowledge of life as it is, and a compassion with actual miseries, and a desire to think and feel and labor for this world around us. Few writers, perhaps, have so fully grasped the true scope of fiction as Charles Dickens. We defy a reader to peruse his works without at least desiring to become a practical philanthropist. What Dickens wrote was in one sense apostolic, and what a former bishop of Manchester judged of his writings was not far wrong. "I believe," he said, "that the literature of which he was the author has been pregnant with consequences of incalculable benefit to our people. It has made us see truly, simple virtues under rugged exteriors. It has taught us the great lessons of Christian sympathy; and though in all things Charles Dickens is not what we might have desired or what he might have been, yet we are not his judges. We do not know the circumstances of trial through which his life was passed. But I feel that England owes a debt of gratitude to her great novelist for what he has done to elevate and purify the human life where it most needs elevation and purification."

But let me now turn to a specific disadvantage of novel-reading — a disadvantage arising from the prevailing character of modern novels. Frederick Schlegel remarked of the press in his day:

> The art of printing, in itself one of the most glorious and useful, has become prostituted to the speedy and universal circulation of poisonous tracts and libels. It has occasioned a dangerous influx of paltry and superficial compositions, alike hostile to soundness of judgment and purity of taste — a sea of frothy conceits and noisy dulness, upon which the spirit of the age is tossed hither and thither, not without great and frequent danger of entirely losing sight of the compass of meditation and the polar star of truth.

These observations are eminently true of the present. We live in a realistic age, and realism in a bad sense has set its mark on the literature of fiction. The press teems with realistic novels. To estab-

lish this fact by an exhaustive analysis of current works, would here be out of place. I shall, therefore, rather seek to establish it by a process of classification. To begin with the incipient novel, the fairy-tale for the young. The libraries for youth are flooded at the present time with a class of juvenile stories fraught with evils. In these fanciful tales there are no fairy-like personifications of virtue, nor beautiful religious truths, nor charming moral fables, such as may serve to awaken and foster noble sentiments and generous love of goodness. The ideal in such books is realism — materialism. There is a plentiful supply of gold and silver, of feasting and love-making. The heroes and heroines are mostly princes and princesses, whose great business in life is to wed one another, after surmounting the difficulties that strew the path of love. The inspirations derived from such books are "the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life"; and the little readers, before they have scarce entered their teens, have learned from their perusal how to dress and flirt with all the art of a vain and amorous coquette. Heaven, it is said, lies about us in our infancy: what heavenly notions do these books inspire?

But it is in the novel, properly so-called, that realism is most apparent. A favorite theme for novel-writers of the present age is the realism of fallen nature. The novelist no longer chooses an idealized phase of life, nor even the better and purer aspects of actual society; but, on the plea that the path of virtue is too sterile for fiction, or that the light side of nature has been sufficiently treated, he selects life as it is lived by the refuse of mankind. The insincerities of friendship, the arts of deceit, the frailties of love, the stratagems of intrigue, and the sensualities of debauch, supply the material for his pen. These subjects readily find access to the soul of the reader. There is so much sympathy between the eye and the heart that what the one consents to read the other agrees to receive. Why should it not? What is printed cannot be so dreadful. It is perused by thousands; why not by us also? It is, after all, knowledge — new and curious too; why should we not know what others know? Thus the reader. And the author? He must, of course, live. Refined descriptions of vice are easily written; they require no originality, very little wit; they stimulate curiosity, they flatter human weakness, and they sell: so they are written. Authors throw the responsibility on the public, and the public casts it back on the authors. Yet both are guilty. For how can man conscientiously give or seek knowledge of a society that he is bound to avoid, or risk attachment to vanities and sins which he has vowed to renounce? If an individual has already reason to deplore his own vicious inclinations, will they become less by familiarity with the vices of others, and by initiation into the mysteries of iniquity?

There is, however, another type of novels still more injurious because more seductive, and this is the realistic art-novel. Here the author — usually a woman — appears as the artist. As a word-painter the writer professes to follow in the footsteps of the sculptor, the modeller, the painter, and delineates in writing the outline, the coloring, and the *plastique* of human, and chiefly feminine beauty. Pages and pages of graphic sensualism are laid before the reader's eye;

the bath, the dressing-room, the sleeping apartments are thrown open, and the technology of the purveyor of the toilet, of the costumer, and even of the anatomist, are exhausted in depicting the charms of a Juliet or Romeo. It is needless to say that realism is here, as elsewhere, a degradation of art and a departure from its right principle. True art everywhere aims at depicting the ideal and spiritual side of nature, and it uses the material only so far as is necessary to render the immaterial, sensible and intelligible to the human mind. To invert this process is to flagrantly violate all that the great masters have laid down on art under whatsoever form. The refined realistic or sensualistic novel is some way more pernicious than the vulgar, obscene compositions in which all regard to decency is abandoned, and the expressions of slang must supply the deficiency of recognized language for the turpitude of the contents. Obscenity may revolt us by its grossness, but covert impurity, decked in sprightly, brilliant language, allures with the voice of a siren. How many a reader, bewitched by its enticements, has said:

"Sing, siren, to thyself, and I will dote."

Besides those classes of novels which have just been mentioned, there are certain religious, or, more properly, impious books which are more distinctively characteristic of French novelists. There are several writers who can make no other use of religion than to clothe vice. They place guilt within the very pale of the church; their sinners rave in the words of Scripture, and invoke the Deity in the act of sin; their unconverted Magdalens dream of the sacred ceremonies of the altar and the sanctuary, and mingle a polluted love with all that is most pure and holy; their stories of dark crime are whitewashed with a mock sanctity, and all that mankind is most bound to revere is suborned to prostitute the creature and to blaspheme the Creator.

There is, in regard to the practical effect, scarcely a distinction between these works and the professedly anti-Christian tendential novels, in which the mysteries of faith are cast down, and in their stead the most fantastic systems that have ever sprung from misguided reason are set up for the worship of mankind.

Few as the above remarks are, and briefly as they have been stated, they may, perhaps, in some way serve both novelists and novel-readers. The author of fiction has a great field and a great work. Both are increasing. There is now an inseparable connection between reading and every sort of education. Not so many years ago, books, except in the highest education, were unusual; but nowadays they are general in all branches of instruction. If not the widest, at least one of the most important spheres of mental and moral training lies within the range of fiction. Men are social beings, destined to live and work in society. A vast portion of their duties are thus social obligations, and as such are best learned from, and in contact with, society. It is this conjunction with society that novels are mostly destined to affect: they should treat of life as it ought to be conducted; they should inculcate social lessons that purify and refine, raise and ennoble mankind. Did novelists understand this task and attempt conscientiously

to fulfil it, there might be fewer works of fiction, for high-class, moral, yet interesting novels require study, knowledge, and talent; but the world would be better for such as were written, and would gratefully endorse of their author, the words of Lockhart on Scott: "We may picture to ourselves in some measure," he says, "the debt we owe to a succession of books, unapproached in charm, and all instilling a high and healthy code; a bracing and invigorating spirit; a contempt of mean passions, whether vindictive or voluptuous; human charity as distinct from moral laxity or from unsympathizing austerity; sagacity too deep for cynicism, and tenderness never degenerating into sentimentality; animated throughout in thought, opinion, feeling, and style, by one and the same pure energetic principle, a path and savor of manhood; appealing to whatever is good and loyal in our natures, and rebuking whatever is low and selfish." To such tributes of grateful esteem authors may in their lifetime be indifferent, but there will surely come a moment when they would desire to say, with the great author of "Waverley": "I am drawing near to the close of my career. I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been, perhaps, the most voluminous author of the day; and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which on my death-bed I should wish blotted out."

But it must not be supposed that the public are altogether innocent of the frequent abuse of literature by novelists. Did readers refuse to open the book that was not fit to pass the censorship of a moralist, writers would have little inducement to abuse their art. Yet how many reasons have not readers to maintain the purity of fiction. It is this class of literature which is widest spread and most perused, and as such is one of the most powerful formatives of society. Both young and old are readers of fiction: no age, no position, is so reduced or so elevated as not to owe its highest pleasures to the sentiments of the heart and the conceptions of the mind, nor is there any character which is impervious to the influence of novels.

Speaking of the moral power of a single book, Benjamin Franklin has said: "When I was a boy, I met with this book.* . . . It gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than any other kind of reputation; and if I have been a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book." Franklin has but expressed what with still greater truth applies to the influence of novels on novel-readers.

C. C. LONGRIDGE, in *Dublin Review* for July.

THE Eternal God deals with us one by one, each in his own way; and bystanders may pity and compassionate the long throes of our travail, but they cannot aid us except by their prayers — *Cardinal Newman.*

* "Essays to do Good."

In a Meadow.

At the mid-heaven the July sun is burning,
Pouring his white heat on the throbbing world,
With all its green-gold wheat to yellow turning,
And all its polished grass-blades crisped and curled.

I know, a stone's throw off, a quaint old garden —
The thrush's home, the black-bird's long desire —
In whose green gloom red lilies stand for warden,
Keeping their Paradise with swords of fire.

But here — Oh, sweet — the lark's above in heaven,
On the sun's heart, whose bird of love he is,
With the warm wind is all the wide mead waven,
Tossed to gray breakers like the hoary seas.

Brave's my dark hedge with rose and pearl festooning,
The hyacinth-colored woodbine's honey-sweet;
Hark, in the neighboring wheat, some wood-sprite crooning,
Talking and walking with unresting feet.

Here's honeysuckle, and the bee her lover,
And great dog daisies softly swayed and moved,
All the field's floor doth scattered gold dust cover,
The yellow cuckoo-buds my Shakspeare loved.

On such a day, on such a day by Avon,
Prone in the meadows, screened from human sight,
Only the lark to watch him from high heaven,
He drank like me the summer's full delight.

In such a mead — Oh, sweet — I see him lying,
With his deep eyes all warm with happy dreams,
Warm with his youth, and swallows o'er him flying,
Lighting his brown hair with their wings' swift gleams.

In Charlecote, it might be, beside the river,
Where trees and ferns make alcoves cool and dim,
And the white stars of lilies lightly quiver,
And water fowl come forth to look at him.

Alas! beyond the woods from his lush meadow,
He sees red roof and chimney stack arise,
And o'er his dreaming flits like sun through shadow
The love-light of Anne Hathaway's blue eyes.

The tall deer know his haunts, and all unheeding,
Eat the long grass, and couch amid the fern ;
While all too swift the happy hours are speeding,
The young gold hours that never shall return.

Yon is Sir Thomas Lucy's orchard shady,
With the small apples brightening on the boughs.
And round the red rose garden of my lady
The hollyhocks stand up in stately rows.

But sweeter far Anne Hathaway's small garden,
With a sun-dial at the heart thereof,
And a fierce lion carved of yew for warden,
And the air rich with musk, and thyme, and clove.

But sweetest flower amid the rare old flowers,
Gold-crested Anne with her sweet eyes of youth ;
And her shy smile comes through the dusky bowers,
Most meet for whispering lover's tales in sooth.

Nay, I but dream — three hundred years are over,
Since the true lovers lived through love's delights ;
They sleep below the dew and the white clover,
And hear the nightingale o'moon-white nights.

See here are Shakspeare's flowers that set me dreaming,
In this gray Irish meadow at my feet ;
The gold-heart lady-smocks, all whitely gleaming,
The cuckoo-buds the brown bee finds so sweet.

KATHARINE TYNAN, in *Merry England.*

ABOUT RATS.—As a rule we prefer the rat's room to his company, for the little experience we have had of his habits does not tempt us to cultivate his further acquaintance. Yet rats have their good qualities as well as their unpleasant ones. Unfilial children, who, when their parents become old and feeble forget the gratitude for the love that supported and cared for their young lives, may learn a lesson from the rats, for these creatures show the greatest affection for their aged and infirm relations. One day a gentleman was taking a walk in the country, when he heard a sound like the pattering of innumerable tiny feet. He stepped aside into a thicket to watch, when lo! there came along the road a host of rats — young and old. It was a rat colony migrating from old quarters to set up a new home elsewhere. Among them the watcher observed one rat, very old and quite blind, which was being led by two younger animals, by the aid of a piece of stick. Each held in its mouth one end of the stick, while the old rat grasped the middle, and thus they guided him along.

The Orange Society.

I.

EARLY one morning in the just ended Spring, I woke up on board the steamship *Earl of Ulster*. Quitting the stuffy cabin in which my fellow-travellers snored in sleep or groaned in hideous wakefulness, I sought the keener air and more extended view obtainable on deck. The ocean, once maligned as "melancholy," sparkled under the rays of the lately risen sun. The waves seemed to rise and race and tumble in very wantonness. The wind whistled merrily through the cordage, dashing the salt sea foam across our bows, or into our eyes, or against the roaring funnel, where it hissed a moment and then died. Two sea-mews followed in our wake above the white and seething track left by the paddles. Now they dipped to its surface, touching it with their snowy breasts, rising again with their quaint, kittenish cry, and continuing their course with even pinion. I was, in a word, traversing that very sea which, according to an eminent statesman, makes all the difference between Englishmen and Irishmen, and which causes Saxon law to come to Celtic subjects bearing a foreign aspect and dressed in a foreign garb. Presently the might of the morning sun made visible the dim outline of land on both sides of us. Inland there was a gray, ghostly mist, through which the coast loomed as sierras in silhouette. Then the mist began to rise slowly, and to draw off further inland still; and the landscape was no longer presented in silhouette, but sloped off in gradual ascent or steep and scarred declivity; in cultivated plain or undulating stretch of farm or pasturage or moor. But the back-ground of it all was not the blue sky but the curtain of receding mist. As the eye grew accustomed to the newly revealed panorama, it lighted on the white front of a farmhouse, the thatch of a cottage, a sparse village straggling round a church spire, or taking its tone from the uncompromising rigidity of a Presbyterian conventicle. While engaged in noting these scenic effects, I was joined by another passenger, who was either driven on deck by the heated atmosphere of the cabin or attracted thither by the bright beauty of the morning. He was a man of about fifty, the hair of his head was iron gray, his shaggy eyebrows were jet black, giving him a somewhat formidable appearance. His face was clean-shaven — indeed, *so* cleanly shaven that I was forced to the conclusion that he had steadied himself to the tonsorial effort on board the heaving and throbbing vessel. He entered at once into conversation speaking with that short, sharp accent and metallic tone characteristic of the Ulster man. He pointed out such objects of interest as were discernible, and indulged now and then in a flash of humor of that "pawky" kind which we are accustomed to associate with Caledonian essays in the same direction. These humors were unaccompanied by any facial indication of their merit. No smile played, even for a moment, about the straight closure of those determined lips. My newly-found friend was, however, capable of other and stronger emotions. For when

I turned the conversation to politics, and mentioned the name of a venerable statesman who had just proposed to put an end, once and forever, to the woes of Ireland by a measure that would for all practical purposes repeal the Union, an expression of such black and undying malice appeared in his face that I positively started. "Mr. Gladstone" (it was, indeed, the name of that respected parliamentary hand I had mentioned), "Mr. Gladstone is a Jesuit; and we've known it all along." He had thrown so much personal feeling into the statement, and he spoke with such evident sincerity that I regarded it as worth while to pursue the topic. He was perfectly frank and unconstrained in his explanations. When he used the word "Jesuit," he was indulging in no *façon de parler*. He wished to convey the intelligence that the right honorable gentleman was a fully admitted member of the Society of Jesus. And the "we" to whom he alluded as having been all along the depositaries of the dark and dreadful secret, were the members of the Orange society. His face darkened, and his eyebrows seemed to join together with the contraction of his forehead, as he proceeded in a strain of sullen eloquence to express his hatred of Rome and his unalterable belief that Mr. Gladstone was simply a Vatican tool. The gentleman was perfectly sane; and as he seriously assured me that there were more than one hundred thousand of the Orange brethren in Ireland and other parts of the world who entirely shared his opinion, it appeared to me that an institution fostering this curious creed invited some more attention than had hitherto been extended to it by the outer world.

While we were engaged in this conversation the coast had closed in upon us. The throbbing engines were at "dead slow." We had left the Belfast Lough, and were creeping through the muddy waters of the Lagan. On one side of us the tall chimneys of flax-mills fill the air with smoke; on the other we heard the music of the hammer and the roar of the forge from the yards of the shipbuilders. Vessels of all kinds crowded the quays. There was the movement incident to enterprise; there was the hard rhythmic clamor that is born of industry. "That," insisted my friend with a motion which included all the busy sights and sounds, "is the result of Protestantism. And if we had a Papist parliament to-morrow, the first thing they'd do — after voting themselves salaries — would be to tax our machinery." It was to be noted that he did not speak of a home rule parliament or a Parnellite parliament. Any parliament, composed of Nationalists must, according to him, be a Popish assembly; its object the crippling of Protestant industry, the degradation of the Protestant faith, and the eventual extirpation of the Protestant minority. As we drew up to the landing-place, my companion disappeared, and I have not seen him since. But I have met many who hold his views and harbor his hatreds. There are in Ireland at the present time eighty thousand men of this faith. Historians would probably call them fanatics. If so, they are armed fanatics, every man of them possessing the courage of his opinions. Clearly, then, they constitute a force of which it may be convenient to take account in these troublous times.

II.

There are no less than ten Orangemen with seats in parliament. And as these ten gentlemen could not have been returned by the unaided action of the society itself, it follows that the institution has the support and sympathy of other loyal and Protestant bodies in Ulster. They boast of a live lord or two in their ranks. Some of the leading ornaments of the borough bench are masters or grand masters of their lodges. Of the Orange brethren who have been sent to St. Stephen's, Major Saunderson is the least bigoted and, therefore, the most formidable. He is a legislator who, to alter and apply a sentence of Sydney Smith's, has abandoned the errors of Liberalism to embrace those of Conservatism. The most typical Orangeman in the House is Mr. William Johnston, of Ballykilbeg. He is an earnest and intelligent man, but a pure fanatic in the matter of religion. His position is the result of an accident. Outside the councils of the brethren he was unknown until he joined in an act of disobedience to the law. He marched to Bangor with banners; and being thereafter tried under the Party Processions Act, was immured in a dungeon for three months. Thereupon he became a martyr, which in Ireland is the grand qualification for public honors. He became a power also, and was elected to parliament on the first available opportunity. It may be mentioned, as illustrating the impartial contempt entertained at that time for Orangemen by Tories as well as Whigs, that Mr. Johnston's prosecution was conducted by Lord Derby's government. Mr. Johnston has written a novel, entitled, "Nightshade," in which I am told a very lurid light is thrown upon conventual establishments. And the window of the chief bookseller's shop in Belfast was at the time of my visit filled with copies of another work from the pen of the honorable member. It is entitled, "Under which King?" and I have no doubt that it would turn out upon perusal to be a polemical exercitation of considerable ferocity. Serious politicians regard Mr. De Cobain, another Orange member, as a species of practical joke on the part of the Irish electors. His portentous solemnity, however, his inflated rhetoric, and his long Latin words, are greatly relished by the impressionable brethren. Although on the first of April he fell an easy prey to the wicked plot of a Papist member, he is a more cautious man than Johnston. If the Orangemen were called upon to fight to-morrow Johnston would arm himself and place himself at their head. Mr. De Cobain is not a fighting man, and would, under the circumstances, scarcely be called upon to imperil his life. It would, perhaps, be doing an injustice to the ten Orange representatives if they were credited with the very strong religious animosities entertained by the bulk of the society. When they are called upon to address their constituents, however, they are permitted to give forth no uncertain sound. On such occasions, Disloyalty and Popery are not two things, but one only. The terms are then synonymous; or, to be more accurate, the latter includes the former. The Scarlet Abomination is held up to public ridicule and contempt. Sodom and Gomorrah are compared favorably with the City of the Seven Hills, and heartrending pictures are presented of the possible effects of Catho-

lic ascendency. Apart from all questions of religion and loyalty the Orangemen of to-day, whether on the platform of the leader, or in the ranks of those led, is solemnly bound to uphold the legislative union existing between Great Britain and Ireland. It is, indeed, this circumstance that renders the Orangeman an important or even noticeable factor in the politics of the hour. Regarded in the calm light which history throws on the transaction there is something almost sublime, and certainly pathetic, in this regard of his for the Act of Union. Pitt was impelled to that Act by what he called "the bigoted fury of the Irish Protestants." This invective was levelled directly against the Orangemen, whose operations, both offensive and defensive, were, no doubt, found somewhat harassing by the government of the day. At this moment Pitt's Act of Union has no more passionate defenders than the descendants of those very Irish Protestants whose bigoted fury awakened the great minister's disgust.

III.

That nation is supposed to be peculiarly happy whose annals are few. One may be justified, therefore, in attributing the greatest possible amount of happiness to the nation or the institution that possesses no annals at all. Judged in this way, the Orange association could lay claim to an immunity from pain or reproach which might not be justified upon minute investigation. The society has no archives. Orangeism is without a history. The Orangeman — a gory spectre with an appropriate flicker of red fire — flits now and then across the stage of English history. He appears in pamphlets. He is the hero of much hopeless doggerel. He blusters in the orations of frothy demagogues. I have discovered him even in the sermons of fiery divines. His modern history is traced in reports of lodges or Grand Lodges appearing in the columns of friendly newspapers. I have traced him even in the humble records of the police courts, where he has pleaded guilty to blaspheming a certain foreign pontiff. It is generally admitted that when he sprang into existence — which he did suddenly and fully equipped — he was a social necessity. I am neither his apologist nor his detractor. He came upon the scene in 1795. As to the Irish history which preceded him historians take sides. My own reading of events is that both Catholics and Protestants were equally bloodthirsty, equally intolerant, equally anxious for ascendency. Disgraceful violences were perpetrated by Protestant associations, under the name of "Peep o' Day Boys." Equally disgraceful violences were perpetrated by Catholics under the name of "Defenders." Associations ostensibly armed for strictly defensive purposes gradually develop an aggressive spirit. It is useless to argue about the comparative ferocity of armed fanatics. Nor to my mind is there much to choose between the "bigoted fury" of a Catholic and the "bigoted fury" of a Protestant when the blood is up and the gun loaded. Motives cannot weigh with the victim of either.

The village of Loughall, in the county of Armagh, claims the distinction of being the birthplace of Orangeism. The first lodge of the

order was founded on the 12th September, 1795. The institution was named after the illustrious William III., Prince of Orange. His "glorious, pious, and immortal memory" is to this day the ruling toast at Orange festivities. And by this christening the association was supposed to be endowed with a certain *cachet* of respectability, distinguishing it from the "Peep o' Day Boys"—a wilder and more savage banditti, without lodge or habitation, and enjoying unchecked "the desolate freedom of the wild ass." But the Orange society was born in the midst of carnage, and had a baptism of blood. It is not, therefore, astonishing that in the year of this formation, the Orangemen went to war, and that they were entirely successful in routing their Romish fellow countrymen in an engagement which is grandiloquently termed the "Battle of the Diamond." For full forty years after the establishment of the mother lodge in the insignificant village of Loughall, the history of the Orange society is one of continuous progress and uninterrupted prosperity. In the Province of Ulster it took deepest root. But it had spread also over England. In 1821 the seat of the Grand Lodge was transferred to London; and in 1827 a Royal Duke—he of Cumberland, to wit—was elected Grand Master for England. Never was a society more vigorously propagated. Its popularity was assured by the influence of great names. Between the year 1824 and the year 1835, the British Army was half full of these loyal zealots, and it has been proved that at least thirty-two regiments were engaged in forming lodges, and in assisting generally the promulgation of the new evangel.

According to the reports presented to parliament in 1835, the Orange society had 1,500 private lodges, and boasted a roll on which were inscribed over 200,000 names. These reports were the result of a long and patient parliamentary inquiry. They contained evidence calculated to disturb the public mind. This disturbance was not allayed by the dissemination of a rumor that there was an Orange plot on foot to alter the succession of the Crown in favor of that Most Worshipful Grand Master, the Duke of Cumberland. An outrage of more than usual enormity was perpetrated about the same time. Public opinion was inflamed, the association was discredited, Orangemen were excluded from the Commission of the Peace, and the once powerful organization dwindled away. For my own part, I regard neither the rumor of the Orange plot, nor the report of the outrage, as having anything to do with this decay. The decadence of the society was the direct result of the parliamentary inquiry, and the action taken by the authorities on the knowledge by that means conveyed to them. The Orange society melted away before revelations of a Blue Book.

But it was not yet the end. The association was afflicted with temporary paralysis, but it had not suffered final extinction. The great ones of this world stood aloof. Royal dukes and other distinguished personages could scarcely associate publicly with a body which had not stood the test of a parliamentary inquisition. But the zealotry of the rank and file was not killed. It was not even scorched. Its fires burned in secret. Persecution fanned the flame. Under the sting of social slight the animosity of a diminished number knew no diminution

itself. Popery was still a very present bugbear. The Orange society would be prepared always to meet the Romish enemy in the gate. The Orangemen have found Time lavish in his revenges. In Ireland to-day they number 100,000 men, and have 2,500 lodges. They are petted by the nobility and gentry. They have sent ten more or less sturdy representatives to the Imperial parliament. They boast of Orange halls of some architectural pretensions. The harsh enactment which excluded them from the Commission of the Peace, has been happily rescinded. And I have seen — thrice happy omen! — an Orange trader sitting on a borough bench and retailing justice as if it were ribbon, or measuring out sentences as if they were pounds of Orange pekoe.

IV.

I have avoided up to the present any allusion to the religious principles which are supposed to be at the foundation of the society. I would willingly, were that possible, omit the topic altogether from consideration. I am aware that an open Bible is part of the furniture of a lodge. I know that the services of a chaplain are deemed essential at lodge meetings. It is within my knowledge that one of the qualifications of an Orangeman is that he should affirm "a sincere love and veneration for his heavenly Father, and an humble and steadfast faith in Jesus Christ the Saviour of mankind." But, somehow, these sacred words, professing a Divine faith, seem to me to accord but ill with either the facts of Orange history or with the political designs of the association. Shall I be accused of squeamishness if I confess that I scent a taint of blasphemy in them? Religion was never intended to pose as the handmaid of political intrigue. Nor, indeed, can I reconcile this apparent respect for the teaching of the open Bible with that public defiance of the law of the land which, as I shall show in my next section, is the undisguised boast of the modern Orangeman. Were the Orangeman less aggressively religious I could respect him more. It is not, then, in his formulated professions of faith that I would seek for any clue to his habits or his aspirations. I would rather observe his demeanor in processions, or catch his sentiments freely uttered in public meetings. Let me listen to his ballads — the only literature which he possesses; or hear his toasts — for he is a convival soul, and greatly given to the drinking of healths. In this latter respect the Orangeman has, according to all accounts, undergone, of late years, a great change for the better. A blue ribbon is now regarded as one of his most cherished decorations. He was, at one time, a bibulous mortal enough — pot-valiant, quarrelsome in his cups, and no more able to keep the Roman Pontiff out of his blasphemies, than was Mr. Dick to exclude the head of King Charles from his memorial. In Carleton's "Valentine McClutchy" there is a certain awful description of the death-bed carousal of an Orangeman. The conscientious novelist is reputed to have founded the chapter on fact, but its Zolaesque details are, one may hope, exaggerated.

Now it must be confessed at once that the intelligence of the Orangeman, if measured by the literary merit of his lyrics, cannot be

regarded as colossal. In a collection before me I have an excellent new ballad, entitled "Daniel O'Connell in Purgatory," to the tune of "Kick the Pope Before Us." This stiring composition commences with the line—

"Have you not heard the Scripture saith"—

and it is characteristic of many of the "poems" in the collection from which I quote, that the Scriptures are dragged in as if to justify the bitterest expressions of "hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness." In a song called, "The Jubilee, Oh!" there is a curious illustration of the jumble of Christian doctrine with most unchristian sentiment of which these Celtic bards are sometimes capable. A Romam Catholic priest informs "Old Orange William" that St. Peter is the Rock, and that the Pope is his successor. This does not by any means agree with William's notions, as may be gathered from the following vigorous example of *repartee:*—

"Says old Orange William that's all in my eye,
For Christ is the Rock, and on Him we rely;
If He bids us repent, sure we can do so.
To h— with you all and your jubilee, oh!
For it's an idolatrous jubilee, etc."

I will now quote, in their entirety, two Orange ballads. The first is an earnest protest against making a matrimonial alliance with a Catholic wife. It will be remembered by readers conversant with Irish affairs that the Catholics are called "Croppies" by militant Protestants. This explains the allusions in the sixth verse of

The Papist Wife.

That he to a Papist wife e'er should get wed;
She's hateful, deceitful, she'll prove false to thee,
LET no loyal Protestant e'er have it said,
She's worse than the devil, if worse there can be.

Let no loyal Protestant e'er have it said,
That he to a Papist wife e'er should get wed;
For she'll work night and day to prove your overthrow,
And for to worship idols your children must go.

When a Protestant's wife to confession doth go,
The priest he will ask her of all she does know;
Saying how can a heretic be a good husband to thee,
I will pardon your sins of every degree.

At last she consented and off they both went,
The priest gave her leave to eat beef throughout Lent;
When homeward she goes with a smile on her face,
With a Judas' kiss she'll a cuckold embrace.

It is for young Edmund, that branch of Kildare,
He had loyal parents, and they rear'd him with care;
He married a Paptist and a bastard profane,
And with her curst idolatry she poisoned his brain.

When Samson was sent unto Israel's relief,
By a croppy woman he was brought to disgrace;
He loved that Delilah, because she was fair,
She made him a croppy, and cut off his hair.

They bound him in fetters, not minding his cries,
They mocked him, they scoffed him, they put out his eyes;
They put him in prison until his dying day,
And may all that joins Popery be served the same way.

But marry a Protestant loyal and true,
She never will give you any cause for to rue;
She will be a good partner and a loving wife,
Be your joy and your comfort all the days of your life.

One other specimen of the loyal poetry of the North of Ireland. I select it because it is one of the most famous ballads in the Orange *repertoire*, and because it seems to me that its forgotten author has displayed a facility for pairing irreconcilable rhymes quite unmatched in the annals of any literature:—

The Battle of the Boyne.

JULY the first, in Oldbridge town,
There was a grievous battle.
Where many a man lay on the ground,
By the cannons that did rattle;
King James he pitch'd his tents between,
The lines for to retire;
But King William threw his bomb-balls in
And set them all on fire.

Thereat enraged, they vowed revenge,
Upon King William's forces,
And oft did cry vehemently,
That they would stop their courses;
A bullet from the Irish came,
Which graz'd King William's arm,
They thought his majesty was slain,
Yet it did him little harm.

Then Duke Schomberg with friendly care,
His king would often caution.
To shun the spot where bullets hot
Retain'd their rapid motion;
But William said — "He don't deserve
The name of Faith's defender,
That would not venture life and limb,
To make a foe surrender."

When we the Boyne began to cross,
The enemy they defended;
But few of our brave men were lost,
So stoutly we defended:
The horse was the first that marched o'er,
The foot soon followed after;
But brave Duke Schomberg was no more,
By venturing over the water.

When valiant Schomberg he was slain,
King William he accosted,
His warlike men for to march on,
And he would be the foremost;
"Brave boys," he said, "be not dismay'd,
For the losing of one commander,
For God will be our king this day
And I'll be general under."

Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross,
To give our enemies battle;
Our cannons to our foe's great cost,
Like thund'ring claps did rattle;
In majestic mien our prince rode o'er,
His men soon followed after,
With blows and shouts put foes to the rout
The day we crossed the water.

The Protestants of Drogheda
Have reason to be thankful
That thay were not to bondage brought,
They being but a handful;
First to the Tholsel they were brought,
And tried at the Millmount after;
But brave King William set them free,
By venturing over the water.

The cunning French near to Duleek,
Had taken up their quarters,
And fenced themselves on every side,
Awaiting for new orders;
But in the dead time of the night,
They set the fields on fire;
And long before the morning light,
To Dublin they did retire.

Then said King William to his men,
After the French departed —
"I'm glad," said he, "that none of ye
Seem to be faint-hearted;
So sheath your swords and rest awhile,
In time we'll follow after;"
Those words he utter'd with a smile,
The day he cross'd the water.

Come let us all with heart and voice
Applaud our lives' defender
Who at the Boyne his valor shew'd,
And made his foes surrender.
To God above the praise we'll give,
Both now and forever after;
And bless the glorious memory,
Of King William that cross'd Boyne Water.

V.

It appeared to those gentlemen, who fifty years ago were appointed to investigate the matter, that the worst of the Orange society was the constant incentive which it offered to party animosities. Every procession was a challenge to the Papists. Every blue banner that fluttered in the breeze was a flaunting insult. Every beat of drum and shriek of fife startled deadly echoes. Yet without its processions, its banners, its bands, and its insignia, the Orange society would cease to possess a significance. The Salvation Army itself is not more dependent on its hideous uniforms, its sounding brass, or its war cry of "Fire and Blood." Both organizations are recruited from the lower strata of society. And, in the very ignorant, faith inevitably breeds fanaticism. Live lords, majors, captains, pulpiteers, and justices of the peace are connected with the Orange association. But these distinguished persons occupy a place in the public mind quite out of proportion to their real weight. They give tone to the organization, and serve to remind society of its existence and its power. Its rank and file however have no aristocratic connections. They are men of the people — poor men who labor in the field or at the forge — mechanics, agriculturists, and shop assistants. To each of these men, Popery appears as a real and present danger. He has the same rabid aversion to all that is Romish as the devil is supposed to have for holy water. To him the Pope is no mere spiritual potentate. He is a temporal power, a watchful, and designing enemy, continually intriguing for the subjugation of England through Ireland, and the subsequent introduction of brass money and wooden shoes. Public parades, processions in the streets, the stirring strains of party tunes, and the defiant waving of flags bearing the mottoes "No Popery" and "No Surrender," these are the open declarations of an undying hostility. It is not to be wondered at that such *al fresco* displays were not greatly relished by Romanists. Collisions between the opposing factions were frequent and sauguinary. In quite recent times the good old days of the "Peep o' Day Boys" and the "Defenders" experienced a revival. The rival religionists were once more —

> "Fighting like diviles for conciliation,
> And hating each other for the love of God."

Seeing this the legislature passed acts conceived with a view to the impartial suppression of the public pomps of both parties. There was an "Emblems Act" which was in the fulness of time supplemented by a "Party Processions Act." And these excellent measures were further reinforced by a by-law of the Belfast town council, whereby a liege making use of "party expressions" within the borough made himself liable to a fine of forty shillings and costs.

Now it is a singular circumstance in the history of these loyal and religious men, that having once announced their antipathy to these enactments, they have refused to be bound by them, and have openly defied them. To an outsider their position would seem anomalous. They are loyal, but not law-abiding citizens. They profess a passionate affection for English rule. But they decline to be subject to English

law. Orangemen themselves have candidly told me as much. As to the edict of the town council — that local law became a dead letter, because the citizens grew absolutely tired of disobeying and defying it. There were found men who considered that a fine of forty shillings for the satisfaction of shouting out "To h — l with the Pope!" was a cheap pennyworth. The recurring infliction of the fine became a standing joke in the police court, until having been the means of replenishing the coffers of the town, it last of all died, absolutely worn out. There is no joke whatever in the resistance to Imperial restriction.

While I was in Ireland Mr. Morley brought in his measure to revive the Arms Clauses of the Coercion Act. It was felt in Ulster that the Chief Secretary's motive was the disarming of the Orangemen. The Orangemen themselves fully appreciated the Secretary's intention, and on speaking to members of the organization on the matter I was usually met with the reply, "*We* won't disarm," or "They daren't try it on." These comfortable assurances were accompanied by sage winks, or a shrugging of the shoulders, or with that sinister and contemptuous curl of the lip at which the inhabitant of the Black North is an expert. In all matters touching his processions, his insignia, and his shibboleths, the Orangeman is a law unto himself. It is to him that Imperial legislation of such an intimate kind comes "with a foreign aspect and wearing a foreign garb." This anomalous attitude suggests one pregnant reflection. It is this. If he refuses in certain matters to respect the law of the British government, to which he is devoted, what would be the action of the Orangeman with regard to the law of a home rule parliament, composed of his natural enemies, envious of the results of his industry, jealous of his sentiments towards England, and more or less disposed to avenge the cumulative insults of the past?

VI.

Certain of the facts stated in the foregoing pages and some of my comments on those facts will inevitably suggest the question — Is the Orange association an anachronism? Had the question been put to me a year ago, I should probably have replied "Yes." Put to me now, I confidently answer "No." A year ago, however, it has not entered into the mind of man to conceive that a responsible Minister of the Crown would be found willing to repeal the legislative union existing between Great Britain and Ireland. As an effort in that direction has been made, and as it has been incidentally ascertained that Ulster would offer an armed resistance to the establishment of a parliament composed of Mr. Parnell and his marionettes, the Orangeman occupies for the moment a prominent position in the calculations of the loyal. His bands may be noisy, his banners tawdry, his lyrics contemptible, and his war-cries unmeaning in the Saxon ear. But the man himself has grit. He comes of a sturdy and uncompromising stock. He is quite determined and perfectly sincere. He is neither blatant nor bellicose. But he is armed. To-morrow he would turn out at the call

of a leader, and march forth with dogged resolution to do battle. Nor would he evince any unworthy emotion or be at all afflicted with

"The blind hysterics of the Celt."

He would proceed to action with the same sullen calm which characterizes him when he goes out to his daily toil at the loom or the plough. His operations in the field would probably be found confusing to an enemy habituated to different tactics. His manœuvres would be discovered to possess little in common with the strategic principles of those who serve under Captain Moonlight: the gallants of the other side of the hedge, the dastardly disciples of St. Dynamite. Permitted to fight "in the open," however, he would, I am convinced, give a good account of himself.

Orangemen in Ireland are in sympathy and in correspondence with their brethren in England and in the Colonies. Recent political events have deepened that sympathy and increased that correspondence. It is no part of my present purpose to discuss certain astounding proposals recently made to parliament. I am, however, informed by men intimately acquainted with the political conscience in Ulster, that the results of the establishment of a home rule parliament in Dublin would be civil war. That may be or may not be. I am not competent to offer an opinion. I know this, however, that the nucleus of the loyal irreconcilables would be eighty thousand armed Orangemen, determined to resist to the death any attempt to place them under the government of Catholics. Should there be another civil war in the Isle of Saints — and we ought surely to pray heaven to avert that direst of all calamities — it will be a bitter reckoning for the dupes of Irish Nationalists, a rough awakening for those given to the dreaming of dreams about Irish independence. The struggle may be protracted, but it can have but one issue. And its result will be a final and decisive settlement of the Irish difficulty.

WILLIAM MACKAY in *Time*, an English Magazine.

FOR the future, in the archdiocese of New York, on the occasion of mixed marriages, the following agreement will be used: —

I, the undersigned, being desirous of contracting marriage with —— before a Catholic priest, duly authorized by a special dispensation from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, do promise in the presence of the Rev. —— and of —— witness attending for this purpose, that all the children born of my marriage with —— shall be baptized and educated in the Catholic religion, and moreover, that I will by no means whatsoever hinder or obstruct the said —— in the exercise of the said religion. I also promise that in the solemnization of my marriage there shall be only the Catholic ceremony.

In testimony whereof, I have signed this document in the presence of the Rev. —— and the said witness, ——, on this —— day of the month —, in the year ——.

After the Battle.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY contributes an article to the *Contemporary Review* (an English magazine), of which the following are extracts: —

"Let us admit that we have had an unequivocal answer from the polling booths in both islands. The constituencies of England declare with a plainness not to be misunderstood that, for their part, they will not concede home rule to Ireland neither by the bill of last session nor presumably by any bill whatever. They were summoned by a voice which, to wondering nations, sounded like the exhortations of a prophet; and to remote posterity, when time has crowned and glorified the statesman's work, will sound like the trump of an archangel, to break with the cruel past and do an injured people that justice which heals and rejuvenates, which blesses the giver and the receiver; and they have answered, 'No; we will not do justice.' They were invited to choose between stripes and manumission for the captive, and a decisive majority have chosen as the Jews of old who clamored for Barabbas. This is the verdict of England; and we are quite at one with our triumphant adversaries in recognizing it.

"On these premises we are exhorted to prepare for immediate surrender. Home rule is dead. The final court of appeal has spoken, and what remains is to submit to its judgment decorously. Only fools refuse to accept the inevitable, or strive for what manifestly cannot be attained. Party prophets begin to calculate in how many months or years the turbulent stream of Irish nationality, which was a trouble to discreet statesmen for a time, will run itself out and be forgotten. The stream of Irish nationality will run itself out when Niagara runs dry, and not a day earlier. The judgment of the final court of appeal will be received with humble submission by Irishmen (as it needs must, indeed), when it has spoken, but it has not yet spoken, for the final court of appeal is God's justice and the Divine government of the universe. We have suffered a reverse — or, rather, we have lost a skirmish — in the great battle of centuries, for the right to possess our own country, and the duty which that accident imposes is to be better prepared for the next encounter. Had submission to injustice, because it was strong and resolute, been the rule of struggling nations, what gaps there would be in the roll of free states. Italy, Greece, Hungary, Belgium, Bulgaria, and all the Turkish provinces which broke their chains, would still be whipped slaves. How many noble enterprises since the dawn of history would have to be blotted out. England would not have escaped from the scourge of Pagan Rome, or Rome herself have risen against the ravisher. Even the apostles must have hidden their heads in the hills of Galilee to escape the wrath of the master of the world. We are reminded with cynical frankness, as a motive for submission, that our population has diminished far below its natural standard. It is quite true, but it is still large enough for prosperity and liberty. It is larger than it was when Grattan won parliamentary independence; larger than Portugal's was when she ruled the seas, or Venice's when she held the 'gorgeous East in fee,' or Prussia's when Frederick faced half Europe in arms, or than that of Switzerland or Belgium to-day. And, large or small, we have as clear a right as Englishmen, Frenchmen, or any other branch of the human family, to possess or enjoy our native country, and we mean to do so.

"For my part I do not see any serious ground for dismay in the result of the elections.

"Mr. Gladstone has suffered a repulse, but he has advanced the Irish cause so decisively that if he had foreseen everything which has happened down to this hour, he would probably have proceeded as he has done. He has struck a stroke which will echo through the ages. He has uttered words which once heard are never forgotten — words which will as surely ripen into the result he desires, as healthy seed flung into prepared soil expands into a harvest or a forest.

"If we are to take stock of the Irish cause like men of sense and experience, we will find, not that it is about to be 'stamped out,' as the leader of the oppo-

sition in the house of commons predicts, but that it has made a prodigious advance. It has commonly needed half a century to right a serious wrong under the above processes of parliamentary action in England, and as the end of our half century approaches, the goal becomes visible. Nearly half of the voters who polled in the three kingdoms — more than a million and a quarter in all — have declared for effectual home rule, and there is an undoubted majority in the new house for some form of local self-government in Ireland. If England has spoken, Ireland also has spoken. The sweeping majority of 1885 is maintained without the diminution of a man. A seat lost in Tyrone is more than compensated by a seat won in the capital of Ulster, and in the second capital, the Maiden City, a majority for the Unionists of only three votes out of 3,559 polled, is an omen not to be misinterpreted. I have said that I do not wonder at the majority against us in English constituencies. I will say, moreover, that I scarcely blame the English people for the result. They have been drugged with falsehoods. They are as ignorant of the condition of Ireland at this moment as of the condition of Burmah or Abyssinia. But there are two or three plausible fallacies which were heard from every opposition platform on which I would like to say a few words in passing.

"1. 'The violence and crime of the Irish mark them as an exceptional people not fit to be entrusted with liberty.'

"Distress and criminal violence are common just now, unfortunately, among the industrial classes throughout the world — in France, Germany, Spain, Belgium, and the United States equally as in Ireland. But in our case the crimes are treated as if they stood alone in the universe. Wherever they exhibit themselves it may be safely assumed that there has been misgovernment, or gross social oppression and the assumption is nowhere safer than in Ireland. There are savage crimes there because the people have been savagely illused, and let it never be forgotten that in this social war the landlords began. Within my own memory two millions of the people — one man in four of the entire nation has been killed or banished to keep up high rents for the benefit of a few hundred proprietors. Who sins most deeply against society — those who perpetrate, or those who provoke these outrages? The wonder of human and considerate men is that Ireland has borne so much and so long. If the Duke of Bedford or the Duke of Westminster presumed to do in London what Lord Clanricarde, Lord Lucan, and their class have habitually done in Ireland, he would not long wear a coronet or a head to put it upon.

"2. 'The first duty which lies upon England is to protect the minority whom she has planted in Ireland.'

"Not so. In the name of justice and humanity this is not the first duty, but only the second. The first and most imperative duty is to redress the wrongs which that plantation has afflicted. You sent a garrison of landlords and their dependents amongst us, who have lived at free quarters. You pampered them with exclusive advantages, and protected them in murderous tyranny. Your first duty is to relieve the majority from an iniquitous system under which they have suffered so long as the memory of man or the tradition of history runs. Justice to the minority by all means; no reasonable gaurantees can be proposed for their protection which Ireland will not welcome, but justice to the majority also. Redress acknowledged wrongs. Minority grand juries tax our property at discretion; minority benches of magistrates administer what is cynically called justice at their pleasure. Rich Ulster, which was made rich by exceptional laws and exceptional favors, claims to exclude the other provinces from light and liberty, and you propose to 'stand by your friends.' To stand by one's friends right or wrong is as base and vulgar a sentiment as ever degraded men into brutes. Consider rather how grievous an injustice you have inflicted, how long it has endured, and what urgent need there is of remedy. Protect the minority from injuries which they fear they may suffer hereafter; but first release the majority from wrongs which they endure at present and under which they perish.

"3. 'The home-rule party are properly separatists, for their policy leads inevitably to separation.'

"How like an echo from the Catholic struggle this bêtise sounds: 'Don't admit Catholics into the army,' shrieked the Goschens of the last century. 'They are sure to betray the flag.' But they have never betrayed it. 'Don't make it possible for Catholics to sit in the cabinet, they will get a majority, and bring back Pope and Popery.' Sydney Smith found it necessary to answer this folly elaborately. But after half a century of emancipation they are so far from having got

a majority, that one Catholic of either nation never had a seat in the cabinet before the year 1886. The mass of intelligent people of Ireland who will elect its parliament and furnish its executive, have no desire for separation. They want to manage their own affairs, because they can manage them better than strangers would do. They want autonomy for Ireland, because a people robbed of national pride and self-respect lose half their strength. But they are prepared and content, and in time will be rejoiced and proud, to be members of a federated empire which has accomplished such notable work. If they have not loved the connection hitherto, what wonder? How can any people love what brings them misery and ruin? Let it bring them prosperity and happiness, and they will do what all nations do — pursue their manifest interest by maintaining it.

"I daresay there will still be irreconcilables in Ireland. But are there no irreconcilables to the monarchy and the peerage in the Imperial parliament? Has Bismarck no Socialists in the Reichstag? Does the dynasty in Belgium or the Republic in France represent an unbroken consensus of national opinion? Why do they demand from Ireland what is to be found nowhere else?

"John Bull, Mr. Froude suggests, will soon put on his boots. He would do better, I think, to put on his spectacles, for he has been befooled with shameless fabrications.

"When we turn to the future there is little ground, I think, for serious disappointment or regret. There will be time to reconsider the measure, and the means by which it may be rendered more acceptable, as well as more intelligible, to the English people. One thing is as sure as day or night. Mr. Gladstone will never consent to any system for Ireland which, in his own language, would be dishonoring if tendered to the colonial subjects of the Queen. An adequate scheme means permanent peace and the mind of Ireland devoted to industrial pursuits and social reform; an inadequate scheme will mean a renewed struggle to obtain our full rights.

"We are reminded with scornful emphasis that we have genius against us in this contest as well as rank and official experience. Unhappily, the gift of poetry or philosophy is no security against hallucinations in the practical business of life. It is half a century since Byron lamented, as Browning might do to-day, that 'the castle still stands though the senate's no more'; and even Southey grew nobly wrathful over the martyrs for Irish liberty. If Mr. Swinbourne denounces our cause in sonorous rhyme as arch-chorist of the noble army of Satyrs and Bacchantes whom he has introduced into English literature, and Mr. Huxley, on the part of modern philosophy, delivers a new commandment to Englishmen, 'Do as you would *not* be done by,' we console ourselves, as our forefathers did, that God is with us. And against the Englishmen of to-day we can set the illustrious Englishmen who, a century and two centuries ago, delivered judgment in this case.

"So far was he from thinking (this was the language of Charles James Fox in 1782) that Great Britain had a right to govern Ireland if she did not choose to be governed by us, that he maintained that no country that ever existed or did exist, had a right to hold the sovereignty of another against the will and consent of that other.

"And a still greater Englishman, a century earlier, laid down an identical principle applicable to all times and all nations. 'They who seek nothing but their own just liberty,' says John Milton, 'have always a right to win it and to keep it whenever they have the power, be the voices never so numerous that oppose them.'"

AFTER the fever of life, after weariness and sickness, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding, after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state, at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision. — *Cardinal Newman.*

FROM 1838 to 1842 four million people took the pledge from Father Mathew in Ireland. There are thousands still living who have not faltered since that day.

The Most Unfortunate of the Human Race.

THE Rev. Theodore Lauter has been a missionary priest in the Sandwich Islands for a number of years. Father Lauter is a German who was educated at Louvain, Belgium, and afterward joined the society of priests of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary—a society of volunteers for missionary labor in heathen lands. He has been with the natives in the Sandwich Islands for sixteen years. On his way to Rome, to a New York reporter he said:

"The sight of this big city seems a dream to me of years gone by. How do I like my island home? Well, the voice of duty called me there, and by the vows of my Order I bound myself to make the place my home. My parish covers about one hundred miles and I have eleven churches, wooden structures, which I built myself. In all the Sandwich Islands there are one Bishop and twenty-three priests, the Bishop residing at Honolulu. The Catholic missions are as prosperous as can be expected under the circumstances, for the people do not support their own pastors."

"How is that?"

"Originally missionaries were sent to the islands and supported by the Propaganda at Rome, and the sum of $12,000 appropriated for their support. The people became accustomed to have their spiritual wants attended to without any pay, direct or indirect, and they even now never think of offering a priest a dollar for anything, and the priests on their part never ask them for anything, the Bishop and priests being bound by a vow of poverty. In the sixteen years that I have been in the island I have not received a dollar from a parishioner except for building churches, when I made a collection for the purpose. The collections would average about $1 from a family of say six or eight."

"How do you make your living, then?"

"We try to confine ourselves to apostolic simplicity. Our wants in this world we make but few. I have the prettiest little house a man could wish to live in, surrounded by fourteen acres of land. I built the house myself, painted it, plowed the land, and took care of my own horse. All of the priests out there are carpenters and blacksmiths. The people are hospitable, and when we make our circuit among them they offer us the best their houses afford. I have in my parish Portuguese, Kanakas, Chinese and Japanese Catholics. The curse of the islands is the dreadful disease leprosy, coupled with the deadly vices introduced among the natives by the more civilized, but yet more debased, white men from Europe and America. Leprosy was introduced in the islands by the Chinese in 1853, and its spread has been simply appalling. Why, the government has set apart one island, Molokia, for the use of lepers, and there are now dragging out miserable lives upon it two thousand unfortunate human beings. One of these is a saint and a hero—a brother priest, Father Damien Deven-

ster. His apostolic zeal led him to minister to the spiritual wants of the inhabitants of the cursed island for years, until, finally, within the last year, he himself has fallen a victim to the plague. He is perfectly resigned to his fate and is more than ever devoted to his charges. He was a fellow-student with me at Louvain, and is about forty-five years of age. But all the leprosy in the Sandwich group is not confined to one island by any means, for, startling as it may sound, very nearly one-half the population of the kingdom is afflicted with the plague. It shows itself in the young children and the older men and women. Frequently men and women and whole families escape from the plague island and go wandering among the other islands, spreading their terrible curse wherever they go. The government is doing the best it can to prevent the spread of the disease, but its revenues are too limited, the government is hopelessly insolvent, and the poor unfortunate natives are taxed to death. When taxes amount to more than $12, say, for one person, the government refuses to take its own money in payment, but must have United States or some other foreign money, as the standard value of the government dollar is but eighty cents. I see some newspapers talk about the king being willing to sell out the islands to a syndicate for a consideration. That's talk and only talk, for every one of the islands is already sold to the planters — in fact one or two planters own all the land, the king, government, and everything else. The king makes appointments to judicial and ministerial positions at the dictation of the planters, and you can imagine the state of affairs in consequence. Justice is perverted and twisted to suit the desires of the bosses — the planters. The present generation of natives, owing to the diseases and immoralities introduced thirty or more years ago by the depraved whites, is puny, sickly, and wanting in intellect, and, from all appearances, in forty years there will not be one native left in the islands, although religion is doing all that it can to elevate the poor unfortunate people."

The Diagnosis of the Leprosy.

Listen to the diagnosis of the leprosy as it is found in every land under the sun: When leprosy is fully developed it is characterized by the presence of dusky red or livid tubercles, of different sizes, upon the face, lips, nose, eyebrows, ears, and extremities of the body. The skin of the tuberculated face is at the same time thickened, wrinkled, and shining, and the features are very greatly distorted. The hair of the eyebrows, eyelashes, and beard falls off; the eyes are often injected, and the conjunctiva swelled; the pupil of the eye contracts, giving the organ a weird, cat-like expression; the voice becomes hoarse and nasal; the sense of smell is impaired or lost, and that of touch, or common sensation, is strangely altered. The tuberculated parts, which are, in the first instance, sometimes supersensitive, latterly, in the course of the disease become paralyzed, or anæsthetic. As the malady progresses, the tubercles soften and open; ulcerations of similar mucous tubercles appear in the nose and throat, rendering the breath extremely offensive; tubercular masses, or leprous tubercles, as shown by dissection, begin to form internally upon various mucous membranes, and on the

surface of the kidneys, lungs, etc.; cracks, fissures, and circular ulcers appear on the fingers, toes, and extremities, and joint after joint drops off by a kind of spontaneous gangrene. Sometimes the upper and sometimes the lower extremities are specially afflicted by this mortification and mutilation of parts.

Dr. Halbeck, an Eastern traveller, tells us that in looking down from a neighboring height into the great leper hospital of Hamel-en-Arade, he saw two lepers sowing peas in the field. "The one had no hands, the other had no feet,—these members being wasted away by disease. The one who wanted hands was carrying the other, who wanted feet, on his back; and he again carried in his hands a bag of seed, and dropped a pea every now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his foot."

Cases as deplorable may be found at Kalawao; but there the maimed are not expected to do any manual labor, and for the most part they are surrounded by friends who are able and ready—yea, eager to serve them.

As we were passing through one of the wards, we found a little heap of humanity drawn up in bed, and covered all over with a red woollen blanket. Some one raised this covering, and exposed a withered face; the eyes did not open; the eyelids, which were like thick films, quivered feebly; the flesh of an arm that lay across the breast was eaten away,—it looked as if it had been eaten by rats, but it was only the fang of the destroyer that had struck there.

This miserable creature was being fanned by a friend, who smiled complacently as he told us that the old man was dying. Again and again we visited him, and three days later found him apparently unchanged; without eating or drinking, and almost without breathing, he lay curled in an ignominious heap of corruption, awaiting tardy death.

His companions were in nowise disconcerted, but dozed on the neighboring cots, played cards in the corner, or sat moodily apart, as if watching for some one—and so they were! They were watching with dogged indifference the approach of the destroyer; they could mark his progress inch by inch in the mortifying bodies of their fellows; and hour after hour this was the sole diversion of the more moody victims.

The Priest Has Got the Disease.

A report is circulated in the daily press to the effect that Father Damien, the great Jesuit preacher who has conducted so many missions in all parts of this country, and led so many wandering souls into the church, is dying of leprosy, contracted while holding a mission among the lepers of Molokai, in the Sandwich Islands. Evidently those who spread the report have confused the famous follower of St. Ignatius with the noble young martyr-priest, Father Damien, who, thirteen years ago, consigned himself to the most horrible of fates by secluding himself at Kalawao, on the island to which the lepers are exiled. There he ministered to them day and night, visiting the sick, burying the dead, and administering the sacraments—the one clean man in the community. Amid the most horrible surroundings he pursued his

saintly way until the inevitable hour arrived and he fell a victim to the awful disease of which he is now dying. He writes: "It is impossible for me to go any more to Honolulu on account of the leprosy breaking out on me. The microbes have settled themselves on my left leg and my ear, and one eyebrow begins to fall. I expect to have my face soon disfigured. Having no doubt myself of the true character of my disease, I feel calm, resigned, and happier among my people."

Church Scandals.

No Catholic will deny that the Church has scandals. She has ever had the reproach and shame of being the mother of children unworthy of her. She has good children — she has many more bad. Such is the will of God as declared from the beginning. He might have formed a pure Church; but He has expressly predicted that the cockle, sown by the enemy, shall remain with the wheat, even to the harvest at the end of the world. He pronounced that His Church should be like a fisher's net, gathering of every kind, and not examined till the evening. Nay, more than this, He declared that the bad and imperfect should far surpass the good. "Many are called," He said, "but few are chosen;" and His apostles speak of "a remnant saved according to the election of grace." There is ever, then, an abundance of materials in the lives and the histories of Catholics, ready to the use of those opponents who, starting with the notion that the Holy Church is the work of the devil, wish to have some corroboration of their leading ideas. Her very prerogative gives special opportunity for it; I mean, that she is the Church of all lands and of all times. If there was a Judas among the apostles, and a Nicholas among the deacons, why should we be surprised that in the course of eighteen hundred years there should be flagrant instances of cruelty, of unfaithfulness, of hypocrisy, or of profligacy, and that not only in the Catholic people, but in high places, in royal palaces, in bishops' households, nay, in the seat of St. Peter itself? Why need it surprise, if in barbarous ages, or in ages of luxury, there have been bishops, or abbots, or priests, who have forgotten themselves and their God, and served the world or the flesh, and have perished in that evil service? What triumph is it, though in a long line of between two and three hundred popes, amid martyrs, confessors, doctors, sage rulers, and loving fathers of their people, one, or two, or three are found who fulfil the Lord's description of the wicked servant, who began "to strike the man-servants and the maid-servants, and to eat and drink and be drunk?" What will come of it, though we grant that at this time or that, here or there, mistakes in policy or ill-advised measures, or timidity, or vacillation in action, or secular maxims, or inhumanity, or narrowness of mind, have seemed to influence the Church's action or her bearing towards her children? I can only say that, taking man as he is, it would be a miracle were such

offences altogether absent from her history. Consider what it is to be left to one's self and one's conscience, without other's judgment on what we do, which is at times the case with all men; consider what it is to have easy opportunities of sinning, and then cast the first stone at churchmen who have abused their freedom from control or independence of criticism.

With such considerations before me, I do not wonder that these scandals take place; which, of course, are the greater in proportion as the field on which they are found is larger and wider, and the more shocking in proportion as the profession of sanctity under which they exhibit themselves is more prominent. What religious body can compare with us in duration or in extent? There are crimes enough to be found in the members of all denominations. If there are passages in our history the like of which do not occur in Wesleyanism, or of Independency, or the other religions of the day, recollect there have been no Anabaptist Pontiffs, no Methodist kings, no Congregational monasteries, no Quaker populations. Let the tenets of Irving or Swedenborg spread, as they never can, through the world, and we should see if, amid the wealth and power and station which would accrue to their holders, they would bear their faculties more meekly than Catholics have done.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Asiatic Cholera:

WHO ARE MOST LIABLE TO ATTACK.

UNITED States Consul, Frank H. Mason, has sent to the Department of State the following concerning Asiatic cholera, derived from studies of the epidemic of 1884, and preceding years, in Marseilles, France. Consul Mason says: "Leaving aside all merely abstract theories concerning the origin of the disease or its precise point of attack upon the system, it is important to observe that its symptoms, its methods of attack, differ greatly in neighboring cases during the same epidemic. Sometimes preceded by diarrhœa, the cholera developes only after several days of such premonitory illness. Again it strikes its victim while asleep after a day of apparently perfect health. In one case it produces profuse vomitings and dejections; in another, neither of these symptoms. One victim is stricken with intense chills, suppression of urine, loss of voice, and violent cramps, while another feels only a painful compression of the chest. Here a case begins with violent symptoms, which soon yields to treatment; there another which, from the mild and nearly painless beginning, proceeds irresistibly to complications which result in death. In no previous epidemics at Marseilles were these manifestations of the disease so various, so complicated and perplexing to physicians as during that of 1884.

"In its choice of victims, cholera is most precise and definite.

With rare exceptions they belong to one of the four following classes of persons: Those who live under bad hygienic conditions in respect to food and lodgings; those who are imprudent in respect to eating, drinking, and exposure; those who are weakened and debilitated by alcoholic excesses; and those who suffer from chronic digestive weakness or derangement. Among the imprudences which become dangerous in presence of cholera, are over-eating to the extent of producing lethargy or indigestion; drinking any liquid so cold as to check the process of digestion; the eating of raw vegetables in the form of salads; and in general, the use of raw fruits, unless they are perfectly fresh and ripe. Drinking cold water or beer after having eaten raw fruit is a direct challenge to cholera which no person, however strong and healthy, can afford to risk. The susceptibility of drunkards to cholerate influences is proved by abundant evidence, among which may be cited the sweeping fatality of the disease wherever it has attacked the inmates of an inebriate asylum. Anything, in fact, whether of a temporary or chronic nature, which impairs the vigor of the digestive organs, exposes the person thus weakened to choleraic attacks."

In relation to the transmission of cholera, Mr. Mason says that the contagion is transmitted both by the inhalation of air infected by clothing, rags, wool, etc., which have been tainted by contact with the disease, and by water. A man, in July last, left one of the most affected quarters of Marseilles, for his native village of Vogue. He remained there, in perfect health, until he opened his trunk, which had been packed at Marseilles, and wore a suit of clothing that it contained. Immediately thereupon he, and several persons, with whom he was living, were fatally attacked, and, within twenty days, fifty-four of the six hundred and thirty inhabitants of the village had perished. To this may be added the conclusive fact, that the epidemic of 1884 was kindled in Marseilles by the clothing brought to that city in the trunk of a young student, coming from the Lycée at Toulon.

Equally striking as an example of the power of water to diffuse the contagion, was the case of the village of Omergues, in the Department of Basses-Alpes. On July 10, there arrived at Omergues, a young servant girl, who had been in service at Marseilles. Soon after her arrival she washed some linen, which had been in contact with a cholera patient at Marseilles, in the Jabron — a creek which supplies the village with water. From that imprudence sprang the contagion which decimated that unfortunate community, and spread death throughout the entire valley of the Jabron, below Omergues, while the inhabitants of the same valley, above the village, escaped.

Concerning the general question of transmission of cholera, the Consul says that the medical authorities of Marseilles are united in the following conclusion: "The disease does not transmit itself directly from a cholera patient to a person in good health; neither by contact nor by inhalation. The dejections and vomit of a cholera patient usually contain the germ of contagion, which, although not immediately transmissible itself, yet, when placed under favorable conditions, quickly breeds and develops the contagious principle by means of which cholera always operates, whether through the medium of air or water. Clothing

and textile merchandise are far more dangerous as vehicles of this contagious principle than individuals. This choleraic poison attacks only persons who are in a greater or less degree prepared for its inception, and in proportion to the degree of this receptive condition it produces cholera or cholerine. In other words, cholera is not directly contagious like scarletina, small-pox or diphtheria, but is a disease producing a germ which, in order to become contagious, requires to pass through a certain process of development. As the germ is contained in the dejections and vomited matter of cholera patients, it is of the first importance to immediately neutralize such matter by contact with powerful antiseptics. For this purpose, the five antiseptics which have been found most effective are: Solution of sulphate of copper, in the proportion of not less than two ounces to a quart of water. Liquid chloride of zinc, one and one-half ounces to a quart of water. Bi-chloride of mercury, one-sixth ounce to a quart of water. Bi-chloride of copper, two ounces to a quart of water. Sulphuric acid, four ounces to a quart of water. The same chemicals are used for the disinfection of water-closets, sinks, and all other seats of decay or infection. For washing streets and drains, sulphate of iron, ten pounds in two hundred and twenty gallons of water, or the liquid chloride of zinc, twenty pounds in two hundred and twenty gallons, have been found most effective and practical."

In presence of epidemic cholera the question of subsistence becomes one of vital importance. No amount of cleansing and dosing with medicine can eradicate the cholera from the community which is badly fed. Mr. Mason says: "It was found necessary at Marseilles to prohibit the entry and sale of melons, cucumbers, and of summer fruits, and to open at various places in the city soup kitchens where the poor could be supplied with properly cooked food. The code of instructions issued by the health authorities for the guidance of all classes embodies the following: Avoid all excess, whether of eating or drinking; drink as little as possible of anything between meals; avoid the use of raw fruits and vegetables; drink mineral or boiled water, mixed with a small proportion of wine; avoid exposure to the chill air of morning or evening; wear a wide belt or girdle of flannel; beaf and mutton are the best meats in time of cholera, and fresh fish should be used with extreme caution; all stale fruit and vegetables should be rigidly prohibited. Any sudden change of temperature, particularly the cooling of the body after violent exposure to heat, should be carefully avoided; accordingly, woollen clothing for every part of the body is preferable to cotton or linen. While the strictest personal cleanliness is essential, it is not considered advisable for any except persons in full physical vigor and accustomed to regular cold baths to continue them in presence of cholera. Daily tepid baths, taken with careful reference to hours of meals, are advised. Such baths should always be followed by vigorous rubbing of the skin and the usual measures to restore vigorous and healthy circulation."

Mr. Mason says that the actual dangers of a cholera epidemic are enormously increased and complicated by the terror and demoralization which the presence of the dreaded malady invariably inspires. "Simple fear, of course, does not produce cholera," he adds, "but it often checks

and deranges the vital functions to a degree which may weaken the patient and greatly increase his susceptibility to choleraic influences. Beyond question, it is best for those who feel this terror, and for all others who can conveniently do so, to leave a city infected with cholera as quickly as possible after the epidemic is declared, and no one should return to an infected city unless in a condition of good health, particularly in respect to all the functions of nutrition."

Mr. Mason adds: "As a popular remedy for immediate use nothing has been found superior to chlorodyne, which is sold by most druggists."

One Happy Irish-American.

HE LOSES HIS NATUARLIZATION PAPERS, BUT FINDS A FARM IN THE GREAT WEST.

The allusion of its special correspondent "Templeton," in a letter printed in the *Herald* of July 13th to the comparatively few Irish and German emigrants in Washington Territory, one of the great sections of the northwest, which is destined soon to become one of the sovereign States of the Union, induces a friend to send to that paper extracts from the letter of an Irish-American settler in Washington Territory, which he has recently received. There are many able-bodied men here in Boston, in New England, who have a few hundred dollars at their back, he thinks, that could vastly improve their condition, as Patrick Nixon (his correspondent) has done, were they to brace up and follow his example. Mr. Nixon says in writing:—

ROCKFORD, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, June 8th.

DEAR SIR: I received your postal card, and still later your letter, with the copy of my Naturalization papers in it. I am very thankful to you. . . . The mayor of your city is a gentleman. He sent me the forms one week ahead of yours, by means of the clerk of the U. S. Circuit Court. Having my lost Naturalization papers restored to me I am now very happy indeed. My land is all safe. I am now the owner of one hundred and sixty acres of good land, besides eighty acres of a timber culture. I am to-day happier in this far northwestern country with my home and family than the Vanderbilts with all their millions.

You want me to write you a long letter describing this country. I should do so with the greatest of pleasure, but not now, as I have not the time. We have a splendid country, the best I ever saw for a poor man, and indeed I might say for a rich one. We are favored here with good land, a splendid climate, plenty of timber and plenty of good water. This makes the fourth place that I have lived in. This beats them all for producing and certainty of crops. All that we need now is a market; if we could get a good price for our produce we would all be rich in a few years. We never had a finer prospect for crops than we have this year. . . . Thanking you again for your kindness, I am, yours respectfully,

PATRICK NIXON.

Mr. Nixon's expressions of thanks to the mayor and the gentleman to whom he sent the letter are for the interest taken in securing for him, from the United States Court in this city, a certified copy of his Naturalization papers, without which it seems his tittle to the land

which he had pre-empted would not have been good. He was naturalized in this city some ten years ago, after which he went west, and in his migrations to secure a home, it appears he lost his papers. Having written to the mayor, and not hearing from him concerning his papers, he wrote to the gentleman who sends the extracts of the letter, with the results named therein. Instead of being dependent for a day's labor along shore, in brick yards, depots or elsewhere, at the capricious mercy of the times, of agents or employers, Patrick Nixon is now, as he shows himself, a quite independent man, a sovereign citizen of the fine territory upon which he had made a settlement and he will in all likelihood rear his family in happiness and prosperity as a well-to-do farmer.

Are there not many of the hard-working toilers here in the East; many of them in the Knights of Labor and kindred organizations, who, if they took counsel with one another, and joined hands to help to make settlements on the rich lands of the west, could be soon as independent as the thousands who have gone thither? In a short time would they not be freed from the oppressions of greedy employers, and cease troubling themselves about strikes and low wages. Every particle of work performed would be for the improvement of their own property, for their own living, and the support of their families growing up around them, lending now and again to the head of the family those helps, which put in practice the saying that "Many hands make light work." Think of it you hard-worked, but stalwart able-bodied Irish-Americans of New England!

STUDENT.

The Real and the Unreal.

FROM many sides personality, which is the fountain-head of worth, genius and power, is menaced. The spirit of the time would deny that God is a person, and holds man's personality in slight esteem, as not rooted in the soul, but in aggregated atoms. And the whole social net-work, in whose meshes we are all caught, cripples and paralyzes individuality. We must belong to a party, to a society, to a ring, to a clique, and deliver up our living thought to these soulless entities. Or, if we remain aloof from such affiliation, we must have no honest convictions, no fixed principles, but fit our words to business and professional interests, and conform to the exigencies of the prevailing whim. The minister is hired to preach not what he believes, but what the people wish to hear; the congressman is elected to vote not in light of his own mind, but in obedience to the dictates of those who send him; the newspaper circulates not because it is filled with words of truth and wisdom, but because it panders to the pruriency and prejudice of its patrons; and a book is popular in inverse ratio to its individuality and worth. Our National Library is filled with books which have copyright, but no other right, human or divine, to exist at all. And when one of us does succeed in asserting his personality, he usually only makes

himself odd and ridiculous. He rushes into polygamous Mormonism, or buffoon revivalism, or shallow-minded atheism; nay, he will even become an anarchist, because a few men have too much money and too little soul. What we need is neither the absence of individuality nor a morbid individuality, but high and strong personalities.

If our country is to be great, and forever memorable, something quite other than wealth and numbers will make it so. Were there but question of countless millions of dollars and people, then indeed the victory would already have been gained. If we are to serve the highest interests of mankind, and to mark an advance in human history, we must do more than establish universal suffrage, and teach every child to read and write. As true criticism deals only with men of genius or of the best talent, and takes no serious notice of mechanical writers and book-makers, so true history loses sight of nations whose only distinction lies in their riches and populousness. The noblest and most gifted men and women are alone supremely interesting and abidingly memorable. We have already reached a point where we perceive the unreality of the importance which the chronicles have sought to give to mere kings and captains. If the king was a hero we love him; but if he was a sot or a coward, his jewelled crown and purple robes leave him as unconsidered by us as the beggar in his rags. Whatever influence, favorable or unfavorable, democracy may exert to make easy or difficult the advent of the noblest kind of man, an age, in which the people think and rule, will strip from all sham greatness its trappings and tinsel. The parade hero and windy orator will be gazed at and applauded, but they are all the while transparent and contemptible. The scientific spirit, too, which now prevails, is the foe of all pretence; it looks at things in their naked reality, is concerned to get a view of the fact as it is in itself, without a care whether it be a beautiful or an ugly, a sweet or a bitter truth. The fact is what it is, and nothing can be gained by believing it to be what it is not.

This is a most wise and human way of looking at things, if men will only not forget that the mind feels farther than the eye, that the heart feels deeper than the hand; and that where knowledge fails, faith is left; where possession is denied, hope remains. The young must enter upon their life-work with the conviction that only what is real is true, good, and beautiful, and that the unreal is altogether futile and vain.

Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.

Order of St. Benedict. — It is now the turn of the great Benedictine Order to share the Pope's solicitude for its welfare and progress. It is stated that the Holy Father has long contemplated the establishment of a Common House of Study for the whole order in Rome. He will shortly address an encyclical to all tne Benedictine Monastries in the world, containing full details of this scheme, and requesting their co-operation in this most important project, at the same time urging them to send their subjects to the new institution.

Convention of the C. T. A. U. of America.

THE Sixteenth Annual Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America was held at the University of Notre Dame, Ind., Wednesday and Thursday, August 4th and 5th. Delegates, clerical and lay, assembled in large numbers from various parts of the country, making the Convention one of the most successful thus far held by the Union. A notable feature was the presence of very many clerical delegates, who gathered to the number of about seventy-two, which far exceeded that of any previous Convention, and was a token of the greatly-increased interest taken in the movement for which these societies are banded together. Of the higher of the clergy, the Most Rev. Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, attended the sessions of the Convention, and spoke words of encouragement and counsel to the delegates. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, had also come to Notre Dame to encourage the movement, but illness prevented his attendance at the meetings. Encouraging letters were received from his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, the Most Rev. Archbishops Ryan, of Philadelphia, Lynch, of Toronto, O'Brien, of Halifax; from the Rt. Rev. Bishops Keane, of Richmond, McIntyre, of Charlottetown, Jannsens, of Natchez, Ryan, of Buffalo, Chatard, of Vincennes, O'Sullivan, of Mobile, McCloskey, of Louisville; also the Rt. Rev. Monsignor McColgan, of Baltimore, and the Very Rev. J. Adam, Vicar-General of Monterey and Los Angeles. A telegram was received from St. Mary's Society, of Norwich, Conn., and a greeting from St. Patrick's Society, of Washington, D.C.

The president of the Union, the Rev. J. M. Cleary, of Wisconsin, in his annual report, made an eloquent address, setting forth the noble ends of the Union, and giving valuable counsels as the best means to attain these ends. He dwelt especially on the importance of establishing cadet and ladies' societies, and on the emphatic endorsement of the late Plenary Council of Baltimore. The report of the general Secretary, Mr. Philip A. Nolan, showed that there were in the Union 651 societies, with a membership of 43,995, a gain for the year of 12 societies and 1,955 members. The resolutions passed by the Convention condemned the liquor traffic, in accordance with the counsel of the Fathers of the Plenary Council; recommended the formation of temperance associations among the young; repeated the advice given by our Holy Father in his encyclical on the Constitution of States — that Catholics everywhere should take a manly and intelligent part in the workings of government; and finally expressed sympathy with the struggle for right in which the Irish people are now engaged.

The deliberations of the Convention were characterized by an intelligent and Christian spirit, and we feel assured that the outcome will be most happy for the Union, and most beneficial to the social sphere wherein the influence of the gentlemanly delegates is felt. Most fittingly the blessing of Heaven was first invoked by a Solemn

Pontifical Mass, celebrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop Elder, in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame. During the Holy Sacrifice an eloquent sermon was preached by the vice-president of the Union, the Rev. T. J. Conaty, of Worcester, Mass. We take pleasure in presenting to our readers a synopsis of his forcible plea for the cause of temperance. Father Conaty spoke in substance as follows, taking for his text the words: "Have courage, and show thyself a man." (III. Kings, ii., 2.)

Father Conaty's Address.

May it please your Grace, Brother Delegates, dearly beloved brethren: — I congratulate you upon this auspicious opening of your Sixteenth Annual Convention in this university city of the West. I congratulate you upon the splendid organization which you represent, which sends you here to look into one another's faces, to meet the friendly smiles and kind words of brethren, to consult as to the means and methods best adapted to promote the ends of your Union. You come to raise again your voice in no uncertain tones against a giant evil, warning men of its closeness to their doors, and showing them the means by which to protect themselves from its ravages.

Brother Delegates, all men agree that intemperance is a great evil. All men agree that this evil is in every community, but not all seem to realize that no one can claim that for him it has no dangers, or for them there is no need of interest. Intemperance erects in our midst a monument, in the presence of which all the monuments of men pale into insignificance. It is not granite, nor marble, nor bronze; but it is crime committed by it; poverty and destitution wrought by it; jails, lunatic asylums, orphan homes filled by it; faith ruined, rebellion robbed, homes shattered, communities paralized, men degraded, souls lost. Look at it, this monument of intemperance, as, Babel-like, it fills the earth, and raises itself against heaven, threatening the destruction of God Himself.

Yes, Brother Delegates, intemperance is a scourge, a plague, a foulness in society, destroying more men than Asiatic pestilence or the horrors of war. It wages an unceasing, an unrelentless war upon man, and a ceaseless, unrelenting force must meet it and attempt its destruction. Intemperance is a monster-fiend, threatening man, the home, society, and the Church. The home and society must unite for protection, while the Church blesses and aids the union, which is but a co-operator in her work. What greater enemy has man — a being created by God for God, endowed by God with all the faculties necessary to know the good and the true, to love the beautiful, to enjoy life in its best gifts, and, by fidelity to truth, to purchase the inheritance of God? Intemperance clutches the mind, and renders it unfit to know the truth. It weakens the will, and renders it unable to follow the good. It makes the man ordinarily intelligent, a babbling fool; it makes the man ordinarily pure of speech and reverent of manner, obscene and blasphemous; it makes the man ordinarily obedient to law and reason, a violator of all law and the most unreasonable of men. It wastes man's energy, by which his daily bread is earned; it paralyzes industry, and makes improvidence and beggary. In a word, it takes man, whom God made little less than the angels, and degrades him beneath the brute.

Intemperance is truly the enemy of man. But man lives not for himself alone — he is a social being. At his advent into the world, he finds himself in the home. He is child and parent. Home! home! — how sweet the memories evoked, how tender the affections there formed! How, like the ivy, the traditions that are lasting cling around it! Home, which is but heaven in miniature, a little kingdom wherein are learned the first lessons of manhood, where is found man's first happiness! As the home, so the State. Home is the nursery of true citizens and brave soldiers. To enjoy and possess home, good laws are demanded; to protect and defend home, true courage and bravery are needed. Yes, indeed, the strength of nationality, the vigor of citizenship, the bulwark of country, are all in the homes of the land, whence go forth men with intelligence and morality to shape the laws that govern them, to observe the laws made for them,

and to avert the dangers that threaten them.

Intemperance is the great enemy, the great curse of the home. The traveller who has visited scenes of devastation wrought by tempest and torrent has seen the wrecks of homes laid waste even in the midst of bounteous, beauteous nature, and busy, prosperous industry. He has seen the roof torn from many a cottage by cruel war, villages depopulated by giant famines, peasantry scattered by the iron rule of despotic land laws. But torrent and tempest, war and famine — aye, even the iniquities of tyrants, all combined, have not strewn along the highways of life such wrecks of homes as those caused by intemperance. War and famine and tyrant were agents outside the home for its destruction; intemperance uses the family itself as the instrument by which to destroy the home. How many parents sworn to defend the home have been led by intemperance to destroy it! How many children sent by God as angels of the hearth have been changed to demons! Never until the great reckoning day will man know, what a curse intemperance is to the home.

If this nursery of the State, this source of true manhood, this mould of character, produce bad men or weak men, the State is endangered thereby. For man finds himself in society face to face with duties as well as rights. On him devolves the duty of giving to the State his best intelligence to shape its laws, his greatest activity to develop the resources of nature, his entire being to contribute to his own happiness and the welfare of his fellowmen. How can the intemperate man fulfil these duties, with an intellect dulled, an activity wasted on evil, an unhappy life? Is he not rather a danger where he should be a protection, a burden where he should be an assistance, a destroyer where he should be a preserver? Intemperance forces the State to increased expenditures for poor-houses, asylums, and jails, where the wretches ruined by drink, and the childhood uncared for, as a result of drink, may be housed and nourished. Society, then, has an interest in any organization against the demon of Intemperance, and no man can say it does not affect him; for what injures the body politic injures every member. What shall we say of the Church? Placed on earth to save men, planted near the home to assist it in the formation of the good man and the true citizen, where does it meet with difficulties, where does it find the greatest — yes, the most insurmountable obstacle? In Intemperance, which neutralizes its efforts, paralyzes its energy, disgraces its garments. It alone defies God, renders the Blood of Jesus valueless, places a barrier between sin and grace, which not even the almighty power of God can remove; for it destroys the will; and God, who made us without our will, does not save us unless in our co-operation. The strong words of the Plenary Council of Baltimore tell us the cry of agony from the heart of the Church against this plague. This is an age of organization. On every side men band together for mutual relief, for political ambition, and for good or evil designs. Did ever men have greater reason for organization than that given by the dangers of Intemperance? Shall we not band together to battle the giant, to defend our homes and our manhood against their arch-ememy? Our Union, based upon the great cardinal principle of Temperance, urges men to the Gospel counsel of Total Abstinence, and bids them enter the ranks of the Temperance Crusaders, and save the Holy Land from a tyranny worse than that of the Moslem. This Union is Catholic, and in the warfare against evil, it teaches not to rely upon man, but upon God. It gathers you to the altar; it encircles you with the network of the divine economy; it opens to you the treasures of Heaven; it strengthens you with the Blood of the Saviour; it warns you against the heretical teachings of sectaries, who make a religion of Temperance. It tells you that Temperance is not the moral code, but only one of the many virtues you should practise; that the pledge is not a charm, but an aid; that it is not cowardice, but true courage. Men may sneer at you, call you hypocrites and fanatics. These names are not new; this scorn is as old as virtue. All men who labor against an evil, all men who denounce a great wrong, all men who struggle for the renovation of society, must expect the hatred of men whose lives are not in sympathy with them.

Brother Delegates, we are on hallowed ground, beneath these shades of learning, within the walls of the great University, whence go forth men armed for the battle of life — educators, teachers, reformers. May we not catch inspiration from these surroundings? Are you not educators, teachers, apostles, commissioned to educate and evangelize, spreading the gospel of total abstinence everywhere? Reform is the want of the hour — reform in politics, reform in State,

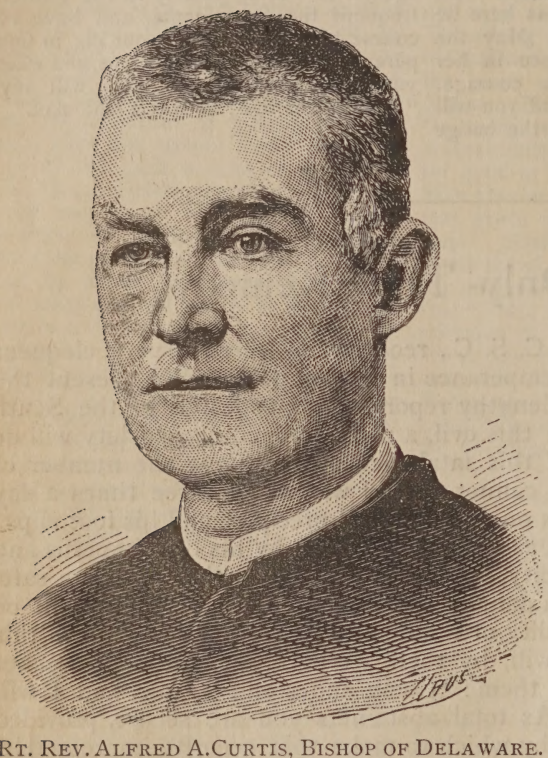
reform in public life. You are reformers, not self-constituted, but under the guidance of the only true reformers, to whom alone the Saviour said: "Go, teach all nations." To you society may look for relief in her contest against political dishonesty and impurity. To you labor in its great battle should extend a friendly hand, for Temperance is labor's best friend. May your deliberations here be blessed by God and men! May the Church find in them assistance in her great work! Be men; have courage. Be true to your principles, and you will be men. Character, which is the badge of manhood, will be built upon solid foundations. Be unflinching in your fight against the saloon which threatens your home. Have no compact with Belial, have no alliance with evil. Intemperance is a curse: woo it not. Intemperance is a plague: shun it. The saloon that breeds it is the nursery of evil: raise your hand against it. Cling closely to the Church, frequent the Sacraments, and have recourse to prayer. And your life in temperance will pass in God's love, and when you pass away to God, men will say: "He had courage: he was a true man."

The Only True Remedy.

Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., recently delivered a very eloquent and effective lecture on temperance in South Bend. We present the following extract from a lengthy report which appeared in the South Bend *Tribune:* "To stem this evil, a mere temperance society will do no good; for a victim of this fatal vice cannot limit the number of times he will drink. He cannot say, 'I will drink three times a day and no more.' He stands on an ice-bound precipice and his foot slips; farther he falls and faster, as he is borne down by his own impetus and with ever-increasing velocity. Total abstinence is the only sure safeguard. Those who are in danger of falling into intemperance will be placed beyond the possibility of a fall; and those who do not need this bulwark for themselves will, by their strength, sustain their weaker brethren, and will say to them: 'Come and stand by me, and I will help you to be strong.' As total abstainers you are secure, provided you seek the only means by which to make that security impregnable. The true remedy lies in the Church of God and the sacraments it administers to the souls of men. In man himself, there is no power to overcome this vice. Laws are useless; they cannot reach the heart of man. A law was passed forbidding the sale of liquor to all but travellers. The next morning every man was a traveller, with his carpet bag in his hand, buying liquor over the counter. Public meetings, fine halls, and eloquent oratory cannot conquer the evil. As soon as the sound of the speaker's voice dies on the ear of the drunkard, he goes back to his drinking. Only the grace of God, through the sacraments of the Church, can reach man's heart. It is only by the aid of God's ministry that man can pluck up and root out of his heart that which whiskey has planted there. Be fervent, then, in the practice of your holy faith, and by the sacraments of confession and Holy Communion strengthen yourselves in the good work you have undertaken. No other can be more pleasing to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; for it alone can measure the evil that comes from liquor."

Rt. Rev. Alfred A. Curtis,

BISHOP OF DELAWARE.



RT. REV. ALFRED A. CURTIS, BISHOP OF DELAWARE.

Some fifteen years ago, quite a stir was created in Episcopalian and Roman Catholic circles, particularly in Baltimore, by a rumor that a young Protestant clergyman of that city "had gone over to Rome." This young clergyman, Rev. Alfred A. Curtis, then in charge of Mount Calvary Church, a ritualistic congregation of Baltimore, and who shortly after the announcement in question publicly abjured the faith of his fathers, and connected himself with the Roman Catholic Church, has just been created Bishop of Wilmington, Delaware, as successor to Bishop Becker, transferred to Savannah, Ga. The diocese of Wilmington was established in 1868, and comprises the State of Delaware, and the eastern shores of Maryland and Virginia.

Alfred A. Curtis was born in Somerset County, Md., and is about fifty-three years of age. He began his studies for the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1854, supporting himself during his course by teaching. In September, 1856, he was presented for deacon's orders, and ordained as such in Cambridge, Md., and then sent to St. John's parish, Worcester County. In March 1859, he was presented for priest's orders, and was ordained on both occasions (deacon and priest), by the venerable Bishop Whittingham, of Maryland, now deceased. At the close of that year (1859) he left the Eastern Shore section of the State, and for a few months had charge of Catoctin Furnace Parish, Frederick County. While there he received a call as Assistant Rector of St. Luke's (High Church), Baltimore, where he ministered till 1864, when Bishop Whittingham sent him to officiate at Chestertown, Md. He was recalled at the end of the year, and placed in charge of Mount Calvary Church (Ritualistic), Baltimore. He remained rector of this church until the end of 1870, when he resigned his charge, as before mentioned.

Bishop Curtis went to England in February, 1871, and in April of that year he was received into the Catholic Church, at Birmingham, by Cardinal Newman. He returned to Baltimore and entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice in September 1871, and there he remained till ordained to the priesthood by Archbishop James R. Bayley, of Baltimore, in December, 1874, and by him taken to the Cathedral as his secretary and assistant in the parish, where he has labored ever since. Bishop Curtis has been a very popular priest, and Baltimore parts with him with much regret.

Why am I a Catholic?

It is clear that my answer to the question "Why am I a Catholic?" must shape itself according to what I conceive to be the religious position of my interrogator. I cannot well state a case until I know what I may take for granted, nor can I begin a line of proof until I know how far back my demonstration is expected to go. This is, indeed, the chief difficulty which presents itself to one who undertakes to formulate, in a few pages of a review article, his reasons for the faith that is in him. Fortunately, however, in the present instance, I am freed from this embarrassment by the limits assigned by the editor. I am not supposed here to address myself to infidels but to Christians, and "while assuming what is common to all — faith in the Christian revelation — briefly to explain the reasons why I chose to enter, or preferred to remain in, the Church to which I belong."

Supposing, therefore, the fact of revelation, I assume that whoever admits the existence of the Christian religion, and its importance, will, of course, admit that the profession of it, as taught and defined by Christ, is not a mere matter of choice. It stands to reason that religion, if once defined by the Supreme Legislator, is, as so defined by Him, of strict obligation. Hence it is not optional with believers in the Christian revelation to adopt any form of religion they please, or, to use the words of a well-known Unitarian writer, "to make their own formula of belief or conviction, or to make none."

Christian revelation assures us that Jesus Christ taught but *one* religion, and that He made the belief and practice of it a divine law. In virtue of that supreme power which He had in heaven and upon earth, He gave to His apostles, whom He specially called and chose from among the many disciples that surrounded Him, the divine mission He had received from His Heavenly Father, "As the Father hath sent me, so also I send you." He commanded them to go and preach *His gospel* to all nations, to teach them "to observe *all* things whatsoever He had commanded them" (Matt. xxviii. 20). Nay, He made the belief in His gospel, as *preached* by His apostles, an essential condition for salvation, emphatically declaring that "he that believeth not shall be condemned" (Mark xvi. 16). The doctrines, therefore, of this one religion, taught us by Christ through His apostles, are the objects of our belief; its precepts alone have the power to bind our will.

Moreover, as Christ taught but *one* religion, so He established but *one* Church: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build *my Church* (Matt. xvi. 18). He always speaks of "His Church," never of "His Churches;" and the different types employed by Him and His Apostles to denote the Church, necessarily imply the same *oneness*. It is a "fold," a "kingdom," a "body," etc., not invisible, but visible, founded for the purpose of carrying out his own visible mission among all men to the end of time. To this Church He committed the sacred trust of His religion (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20), and promised that in teaching His

gospel it should be directed by the Holy Ghost (John xiv. 16); that "the gates of hell should not prevail against it" (Matt. xvi. 18), because it should have His own divine assistance "all days, even to the consummation of the world" (Matt. xxviii. 21). These words are addressed to the apostles not merely as individuals; for, as such, they were not to live "all days even to the consummation of the world;" but inasmuch as they, with their lawfully appointed successors, form one moral body instituted by Christ to perpetuate on earth His own divine mission. And because of this His own unfailing assistance, He could say to His *Church:* "He who heareth *you* heareth *me*, and he who despiseth *you* despiseth *me*" (Luke x. 16). "He who doth not hear the Church, let him be to thee as a heathen and a publican" (Matt. xviii. 17). The Church, therefore, is His organ, His voice, His representative. Hence, as we are not free to embrace any religion we please, but must embrace His religion, so to this one Church, which He established, and to no other, we must belong in order to be saved. The Church is "the body of Christ" (1 Cor. xii. 27). Whoever, then, is not a member of this Church, is not in union with Christ, the head.

Hence, to the question proposed as the heading of this paper, "Why am I a Catholic?" my answer is plain: I am a Catholic, because a careful examination of the nature and notes or characteristic marks of the religious society founded by Christ convinces me, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the Catholic Church is the one true Church established on earth by Jesus Christ.

There can be no doubt that if Jesus Christ obliges all men to "hear the Church" which He established, and, consequently, to obey her, and to be subject to her, He must have given all men the means to know her with certainty. He must have impressed upon her certain prominent characteristics, by which she could be clearly recognized as the divinely authorized teacher of men, to lead them in the way of truth and salvation. His perfect justice required it; otherwise He would have given a command, without making its fulfilment possible. As we admit, therefore, that He obliged us to hear His Church, we are bound to admit also that He gave His Church these distinctive notes or marks by which she can be recognized.

But what are these important marks by which all ages have infallibly recognized the true Church of Christ? They are well known. Thus the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed, which are so peculiarly sacred to all Christians, and which "may be proved by the most certain warrants of Holy Scripture" (8th of 39 Art. of the Church of England), expressly affirm the existence of these marks. They are four — Unity, Holiness, Catholicity, and Apostolicity. "*I believe in the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church.*" These four marks, therefore, when found together, manifest the Church which all ages have recognized, as the true Church of Christ — the Church in which our forefathers believed.

Now all these marks I find nowhere except in the Catholic Church. Therefore, I must conclude that the Catholic Church is the only true Church of Christ.

A mere glance at the profession of faith of the Catholic Church,

at her catechisms, or theological treatises, at her books of instruction as they are published in various countries, will suffice to show that her members "keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." And as they have but one Lord and one baptism, so also they have but one faith (Eph. iv. 3, 5). "They are," as Tertullian well said of the primitive Christians, "each what all are, and all what each is." Catholics, however far apart in time and place, however separated by conflicting interests, inclinations, or national prejudices, are all intimately united in religion, and constitute one great people, one fold, one kingdom, professing the same doctrines, and acknowledging one supreme authority, viz.: the authority of the Roman Pontiff, the Vicar of Christ, and the Successor of St. Peter.

This twofold unity of faith and government is an essential property of the true Church of Christ. And, indeed, if the members of Christ's mystical body were not animated by the same faith, how could they be said to be "members of member," or, as we may read in the revised version, "severally members thereof"? (1 Cor. xii. 27). How could their unity be compared to that which exists between the Eternal Father and His Divine Son, and be a proof to the world of the divinity of Jesus Christ? (John xvii. 20, 21). And if the Church were not one in government, how could it be said to be a kingdom? A kingdom necessarily conveys the idea of a society strictly one, and this implies one supreme authority. It is a fact, moreover, that our Lord ordained that His Church should have one universal pastor. It was to Peter alone that He addressed these words: "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona, . . . and I say *to thee*, that thou art Peter (Cephas), and upon this rock (Cephas) I will build my Church, . . . and I will give *to thee* the keys of the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xvi. 18, 19). That Peter is "the rock" is not only evident from the context and the common interpretation of the Fathers, but is also admitted by the most learned Protestant commentators. Thus Bloomfield (Comm. in loc.) testifies that this is the interpretation of "almost every modern (Protestant) expositor of any note." I cannot better explain the relation of Christ and Peter, as foundations of the Church, than in the words of St. Leo (A.D. 440): "As my Father has manifested my divinity to thee," he says, paraphrasing Christ's address to Peter, "I make known to thee thy excellences; for thou art Peter, that is, as I am the inviolable Rock, who maketh both one, I, the foundation, other than which no one can lay; nevertheless, thou also art a rock, because thou art strengthened by my power, so that those things which belong to me by nature are common to thee with me by participation" (Serm. 4 de Assumpt.) And Christ fulfilled His promise, for, as St. John relates in the twenty-first chapter of his gospel, our Saviour, after His resurrection, addressing the same apostle, committed to him the care of his Church. "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep." St. Ambrose (A.D. 370) declares that Christ appointed Peter to feed the lambs and the sheep, "in order that He, who was the more perfect, might hold the government" (in Lucam. l. 10, n. 176). St. Jerome (A.D. 385) assigns the reason why our Lord constituted a head for His Church. "One is chosen amongst the twelve, that a head being established, the occasion of schism may be removed" (Ad Jovin

l. 1, n. 26); and St. Optatus (A.D. 368), addressing the Donatists, says that the Episcopal chair in the City of Rome was bestowed first upon Peter, "head of the apostles, whence he was called Cephas," and that "in communion with that chair, unity was to be preserved by all." The Catholic Church preserves this communion with the chair of Peter, the See of Rome, and this is the reason why it is commonly called "The Roman Catholic Church."

In the Catholic Church, again, I find that holiness which must characterize the true Church of Christ. By her doctrine and the administration of the sacraments the true Church of Christ is to carry on the work of Christ, and so attain the end for which she was instituted — the sanctification of her members. And this is precisely what the Catholic Church does.

Let me take, for instance, her doctrine concerning the sacraments, and it will clearly appear how, by her ministry, she sanctifies every stage and condition of life. She teaches that we are born in a state of sin (Rom. v. 12), and, therefore, that before we can live the life of grace, we must be purified from our guilt — we must receive a spiritual birth (John iii. 5). And this she gives us by means of the Sacrament of Baptism (Matt. xxviii. 19). After being spiritually born our life of grace is but weak. We are, indeed, Christians, but we have to become strong and perfect Christians; and we are made such, she teaches us, by receiving from her the Sacrament of Confirmation (Acts viii. 15, 17). Furthermore, as in temporal life, so also in the spiritual, we stand in need of nourishment — our souls must be frequently fed with "the bread of life" (John vi. 48); and this she gives us in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, which, as we know again from her divine teaching, is the true body and blood of Christ, under the appearance of bread and wine (John vi. 51, 52; Matt. xxvi. 26–28). But to be perfect is not human. We are liable to fall into sin and lose thereby the state of grace. We stand in need, therefore, of some healing remedy for sin. This necessary remedy she provides for us in the Sacrament of Penance, in which, by the priest's absolution, given to us by the authority of Christ, delegated to him (John xx. 22, 23), joined with contrition, confession, and satisfaction, the sins which were committed after baptism are forgiven. Again: the Church knows that it is at the time of our death that we are in the greatest spiritual need. Weakened by disease, we are less able to withstand the attacks of the enemy of our salvation. This special assistance which we need then, she communicates to us in the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, the anointing of the sick mentioned by St. James (v. 14, 15). In religion, to sanctify ourselves we stand in need of spiritual teachers and guides — of men who are "ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God" (1 Cor. iv. 1); and these are supplied, together with the powers and graces necessary for them, by the Sacrament of Holy Orders (2 Tim. i. 6). And, finally, she sanctifies the married state by the Sacrament of Matrimony, which she considers as the emblem of that sacred union which exists between Christ and his Church (Eph. v. 25, 32). This, she teaches us, has been instituted to give to married persons, the graces required for the fulfilment of their duties and for the religious training of their children.

Assisted by the Holy Ghost, who gives efficacy to her ministry, the Catholic Church is ever gathering new members into her fold, and implanting in them the principle of supernatural life, and by the practices of devotion she inculcates, she fosters that life in all. And if some of her children are not actually saints, it is only because they do not live in accordance with their faith. In fact, in every age and in every land, she has been, and is, the fruitful mother of saints, and thousands of her sons and daughters renounce all worldly honors and enjoyments, in order to consecrate all that they have, and all that they are, to the service of God and of their fellow-men, always ready to lay down their lives for them. Witness those heroic men who vowed to attend the lepers, and bear the awful consequences of their self-devotion; witness those who solemnly vowed to remain in slavery themselves, if they could not otherwise redeem the captives; witness those many priests and sisters of charity who lay down their lives in every epidemic. In a word, with an activity and zeal for souls, which even her enemies are forced to admit, the Catholic Church leaves nothing undone for the conversion of sinners, for the instruction of the ignorant, for the relief of the poor of Christ. Her many missions in every land, her schools of every degree for the rich and poor, her books of devotion in every tongue, her hospitals, asylums, and charitable institutions of every kind, are so many proofs of her untiring zeal in fulfilling her divine mission to bring all to Christ.

The true Church of Christ has always been and must always be "Catholic" according to those words of the Apostles' Creed: "I believe in the holy Catholic Church." Hence we find the term Catholic used by the Fathers as a distinctive mark of the true Church. St. Ignatius (A.D. 107), writing to the Church of Smyrna, says: "Where the bishop is, there let the multitude of believers be; even as where Jesus Christ is, there is the *Catholic* Church." This catholicity of the true Church, instituted by Christ, is threefold — catholicity of extension, "going teach *all nations;*" catholicity of doctrine, "teaching them to observe *all things;*" catholicity of duration, "I am with you *all days* even to the consummation of the world." Catholicity, then, implies a multitude of members spread throughout the whole world, in all ages, and professing the same doctrines. Now this is exactly what I find in the Church to which I belong. Her members far outnumber all the other Christian denominations taken together. According to the London "Scientific Miscellany," there are over 254,000,000 Catholics. These are spread all over the world, so that there is no civilized or savage country known where the Catholic Church is not actually established, and carrying out the work of Christ. "The Catholic Church is so called," says St. Augustine, "because it is diffused throughout the world" (Ep. 52, ad Sever. n. 1). Catholics can repeat to-day what Tertullian (A. D. 199) said of the Catholics of his time: "We have filled every place, cities, islands, castles, towns, assemblies, your very camps, your tribes, companies, palaces, senate, forum! We leave you but your temples" (Apol. 22). And what is more important, the Church so diffused, holds everywhere the same faith, has the same constitution, the same sacraments, the same form of government. She is Catholic as she is one.

To the question, then, "Why am I a Catholic?" I might well answer in the words of St. Augustine: "Many things detain me in the bosom of the Catholic Church. . . . The name itself of the Catholic Church keeps me — a name which, in the midst of so many heresies, this Church alone has, not without cause, so held possession of, that while all heretics would fain have themselves called Catholics, yet, to the query of any stranger, 'Where is the meeting of the Catholic Church held?' they would not dare to point out their own basilica or house" (C. Ep. Fund., c. 4).

By "Apostolic Church" is meant the Church which Christ established by means of His apostles, whom, as the gospels tell us, He selected, instructed, ordained, and commissioned to perpetuate among men, to the end of time, His divine mission. The Church, then, to be Apostolic, must be the *Church* established by the apostles; that is, it must have an *Apostolic* origin, it must teach the *same doctrine* which the apostles taught, and her ministers must derive their authority from those same apostles.

That the Catholic Church has an Apostolic origin, is a fact which cannot be questioned. Dr. Lardner, a Protestant writer, speaking of the foundation of the Church of Rome by St. Peter, assures us that "this is the general, uncontradicted, disinterested testimony of ancient writers in the several parts of the world;" and he adds: "it is not for our honor, nor for our interests, either as Christians or Protestants, to deny the truth of events ascertained by early and well-attested tradition" (Works, vol. 6, p. 253, London, 1838). "It is the universal testimony of tradition," says Dr. T. Schaff, "that Peter labored last in Rome" (Hist. of the Ap. Church," p. 362, N. Y., 1853). And Dr. Whiston, another Protestant, speaking of the same subject, expresses himself in a still stronger way. "This is so clear," he says, "in Christian antiquity, that it is a shame for a Protestant to confess that it has ever been denied by Protestants" ("Memoirs," London, 1750). It will suffice, then, to cite a few testimonies from the early doctors of the Church. Thus St. Cyprian calls the Roman See the "See of Peter" (Ep. 55, n. 14). St. Jerome calls Pope Damasus "the Successor of the Fisherman," and his chair "the chair of Peter" (Ep. 15, n. 2). And St. Augustine calls Linus, the Roman Bishop, "the Successor of St. Peter" (Ep. 53, n. 2).

A careful examination, moreover, of the doctrines of the Catholic Church will prove clearly to any unprejudiced mind, that she teaches *whole* and *entire* the very same doctrines that were taught by the apostles. This I find to be admitted by Protestants themselves, at least as far as it concerns those points, which they call "fundamental" or "the original elements of the gospel." See ex. gr. Hodge "Systematic Theology" (p. 3, c. 17, § 3), and Hopkins, "End of Controversy Controverted" (Lett. 19). What they try in vain to prove is, that the Catholic Church, together with those doctrines, has taught many errors, that she has added many new points of doctrine to the original deposit of faith. I have diligently examined each and every one of these points, and the result of this study has been to convince me the more, that the so-called additions are not new articles of faith, but only

authoritative declarations of the teaching Church that the doctrines in question had been revealed to the apostles, and had come down to us either by Scripture or Tradition.*

The last condition required for the Apostolic Church is an Apostolic ministry; that is, ministers who derive their powers from the apostles, and are in communion with the centre of unity which Christ established, and from which they derive their mission. The necessity of this communion with the centre of unity is evident from the few remarks already made on the unity of the Church. In confirmation of this, it will be enough to quote here, two of the many authorities I have examined on this subject. St. Optatus, speaking of "the chair of Rome, in which Peter sat," tells us that, "in communion with this chair, unity is to be preserved by all." And that great saint and doctor of the Church, St. Jerome, thus addresses the Bishop of Rome, Pope Damasus: "I speak with the Successor of the Fisherman, and the Disciple of the Cross. Following no chief but Christ, I am joined in communion with your beatitude; that is, with the chair of Peter. On that rock I know that the Church was built. Whosoever shall eat the Lamb outside that house is profane. Whosoever does not gather with *you*, scattereth" (Ep. 15, n. 2).

It is an historical fact, which no scholar has ever denied, that the priests and bishops of the Catholic Church can trace their lineage back to an Apostolic origin. This is clearly demonstrated by following the succession of pontiffs from St. Peter to Leo XIII., in the Apostolic See of Rome, with which centre of unity no other priesthood but that of the Catholic Church is in communion. I may add, also, that those denominations which lay any claim to apostolicity of orders, as, for instance, the Church in England, and its daughter, the Episcopal Church in the United States, found this their claim on the fact of having received these orders from bishops that had been in communion with the Roman Catholic Church. Again, therefore, with St. Augustine, I answer that I am a Catholic because "in the Catholic Church . . . the succession of priests from the See itself of the apostle Peter [Rome], even to the present Episcopate, holds me" (Contr. Ep. Man. n. 2).

But, once more, if I consider the express will and purpose of Christ in establishing His Church on earth, I find that she shall continue to the end of time, unchanged in her internal and external constitution, and possessing all the very same gifts, marks, etc., with which she was endowed by her Divine Founder. For the mission of the Church is the mission of Christ, "to save souls." She must last, therefore, as long as there are souls to save. She is built on a rock, and "the gates of hell shall never prevail against her." Hence it is impossible for her ever to become corrupt in her faith, in her sacraments, or in her government. For the moment she should fail in any of these, that moment the gates of hell would have prevailed against her. To assert that at any time the Church of Christ failed, is to deny the truth of Christ's

*I may be permitted to refer the reader to "The True Faith of our Forefathers" (American News Co., N. Y., 1882), where he will find the result of this investigation.

promise to His Church: "I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." "There are some," St. Augustine tells us, "who say: she that was the Church of all nations, is already no more; she has perished. This say they who are not in her. The impudent assertion!" (Ps. 101, serm. 2, n. 8.) If, therefore, the Church cannot fail or become corrupt, there can be no reason for any reformation in her faith, her sacraments, or government. Every attempt at such reformation is an explicit denial of her indefectibility.

But if the true Church of Christ was to last the same "all days," even to the end of the world, then it has always been in existence, from the days of the apostles to our own. It existed, therefore, when Luther and Calvin and Henry VIII. raised the standard of revolt against the Catholic Church, in which they were baptized and educated; it existed when each established a separate and independent church of his own. And if it existed, it could be no other than the Roman Catholic Church. For it is a fact that, at the time, there existed no other Church distinct from her, and recognized by the reformers as the true Church of Christ.

It is evident, therefore, that the "Reformers," and consequently those who have followed in their footsteps, have no divine authority to preach, to administer the sacraments, and to govern Christ's mystical body. They certainly did not receive it from the Catholic Church, from which they were separated, and by which they were condemned. Luther was a priest, but never a bishop. Calvin was a simple cleric, and never received the order of priesthood. Henry VIII., "the spiritual head" of the Church of England, was a layman. By whom, then, were they sent? And "how can they preach unless they be sent?" (Rom. x. 15). Did they receive an extraordinary mission from God himself? But where are their credentials, where their proofs? No account of these has ever come to light. And it seems plain enough to me, at least, that they all could not have been sent by the same God to preach contradictory doctrines and vilify each other. Henry VIII. wrote against Luther, Luther against Calvin, and Calvin against both.

As this subject is of vital importance, I will consider my position as stated above from another point of view, briefly touching on a point of doctrine characteristic of the Catholic Church.

My reason for being a Catholic is drawn from the fact that the Catholic Church, *i. e.*, the Church in communion with the Successor of St. Peter, the Bishop of Rome, is the true Church of Christ. This I briefly proved, by showing that she possesses all the notes, which must, according to the intention of Christ, characterize His Church, and distinguish it from every other society. I now add, that since I am obliged to be a Christian in order to be saved, and since the choice is only between Catholicity and Protestantism, if I were not a Christian Catholic, I ought to be a Christian Protestant. Now is it proved that Christian Protestants constitute the Church of Christ? This should be *one* in faith and government; its members should be so united as to be "members of member" and constitute one body, one kingdom, one fold. In vain do I look for this unity among Protestants. They do not constitute one church, but many independent churches. They have not

"one faith" or creed, but many creeds. And no wonder, for there no unity of faith can be found where the only principle of this unity is denied, and a principle is set up in its place, which necessarily causes dissension. This false principle is their rule of faith. As long as they are told that every man has the right and duty to interpret the Scriptures for himself, as long as the private interpretation of the Bible is to settle all religious controversies, so long will religious division be perpetuated, not only among different denominations, but even among the members of the same denomination. If Washington and his colleagues in promulgating the Constitution of this Republic had said: "Let each one read this Constitution for himself, explain it for himself, and follow out in practice his own interpretation of it," we certainly should not be "known and read of all men" as one united nation. In its stead, we should have had a thousand different political sections and petty governments. How did these great statesmen guard against this danger? They framed the Constitution, and at the same time established a supreme tribunal, and an authoritative power, which should interpret its meaning ultimately and definitively, by whose decision all, without exception, from the president to the beggar, are bound to abide.

The true rule of faith is the living and infallible authority of the Church of Christ. This and no other, is the supreme tribunal, and the supreme judge in matters of faith. This is the source and safeguard of unity. I have already shown that Christ, our Lord, established in His Church an authority to whose teaching the faithful must submit. While it is nowhere said in the scriptures that Christ gave to His apostles, who then constituted the Church, a mission to *write*, we find it expressly stated in the last verses of St. Matthew's gospel that He committed to His Church the mission of *teaching* all nations. We know also that He made submission to this teaching, a condition of salvation (Mark xvi. 16), assuring us that he who hears the Church, hears Him. Because He is always with His teaching Church, and the Spirit of truth, the Paraclete, abides with her forever (John xiv. 16). How could Christ make obedience to this teaching authority, a condition for salvation, and declare that in hearing the Church, I should hear Him; that the gates of hell should never prevail against it; that the Spirit of truth is the Spirit of His Church, if that Church had no divine authority to teach, or were fallible in teaching?

Those who deny this authoritative and infallible teaching of the Church, if consistent, must give up all divine faith. "I should not believe the gospel," says St. Augustine, "unless the authority of the Church moved me thereto" (C. Ep. Fund., c. 5). The Bible, without this living and infallible authority, leaves men necessarily in a state of doubt. For before they can believe any article of faith, on the sole authority of the Bible as the word of God, they must first be infallibly sure that the book, in which they find that article, *is* the word of God, and not the word of man; just as before we accept any statement as an article of the Constitution of the United States, we must first be certain that the Constitution spoken of, is really the Constitution of the United States. How can Protestants settle that question? *i.e.*, how can they, without the authority of the Catholic Church, be infallibly certain that

the Bible is the word of God? That the Bible, as they have it, containing so many books, and chapters, and verses, is a work of inspiration? This evidence is not found in the Bible itself, and even if it were there, the question would still remain, how do you know that this assertion is itself authentic? How do you know that this assertion is of God? They may believe that book to be the word of God, because they think so, or because they fancy that the Spirit bears witness within them, or because this is the opinion of learned men, or even because their own denomination tells them so. But are they infallibly sure that they are correct? All those learned men are fallible; they acknowledge it themselves; their own denomination or Church professes to be not infallible, and consequently to be liable to err.

Moreover, this fallible authority is *human* authority. Will they believe on *human fallible authority* that the Bible is the word of God? They may, if they choose, but then let them be logical, and believe *whatever* is in the Bible on the *same* authority — in other words, let them give up *divine* faith. "Prove to me," says Rousseau, "the necessity of authority in religion, and to-morrow I will be a Catholic." That this authority is absolutely necessary is evident from the fact that without it the unity of the Church of Christ cannot subsist; without it the Church of Christ is a purely human institution; without it in religion we are lost in doubt. This divine and infallible authority I find in the Catholic Church, and nowhere outside of it; for the different denominations that have sprung up since the time of the "Reformation" positively reject it.

These, then, are some of the reasons "why I am Catholic." I remain in the Church to which I belong, because, to use St. Augustine's words, "This is the Holy Church, the One Church, the True Church, the Catholic Church, which fights against all errors. She may be attacked, but cannot be overcome. All errors have gone far from her . . . but she remains unsevered from her own root, in her own vine, in her own charity. The gates of hell shall not prevail against her" ("De Symbolo," n. 14).

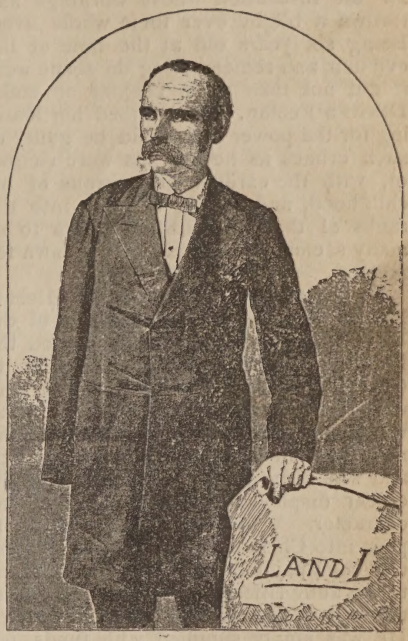
S. M. Brandi, S. J., in *North American Review*.

Love of Birds.—Archbishop Guibert, lately deceased in Paris, had a great love for small birds. He had tamed by his sympathetic kindness, myriads of these feathered creatures, when he was at Tours. They used, when he appeared on the balcony overlooking his garden, to answer in flocks to his call, and fly around him and alight on his shoulders and arms, and try, in a bird's way, to caress him. When he gave up his living rooms to Cremieux, it was agreed that he was to have the use of the saloon for an hour every morning, to feed his birds and hold converse with them. He would not for the world have imprisoned one of them in a cage. St. Francis of Assisi, he said, preached to birds, and was understood by them. Mgr. Guibert would have been glad to have the peculiar eloquence of the saint, to use in converting the sparrow from his greedy, impudent, and bullying ways.

The Grand Middle-Aged Man.

In a recent issue we gave portraits of "The Grand Old Man" and "The Grand Young Man," now we give no less "The Grand Middle-aged Man."

Michael Davitt, arrived in New York on the 8th of August, to attend the Chicago Convention. A writer in the *Irish World* gives some account of his eventful life:—



Michael Davitt

Michael Davitt, the founder of the Land League, the man who crystalized into an active, living, organized force, the idea of "The Land of the People," that has wrought the greatest revolution in modern times, was born in Straide, County Mayo, Ireland, 39 years ago, of Irish peasant parentage. While yet a child, the roof that sheltered him and his was torn from over his head by the ruthless hand of landlordism, and the Davitt family, six in number, were thrown out upon the roadside of Mayo, to live or die, like so many hundreds of thousands of their people had been before them. They lived, thank God, and it seems providential that the only boy, Michael, should be reared up as the agent to destroy the system whose record in Ireland is written in the blood of countless victims. Shortly after their eviction, Martin and Catherine Davitt managed to cross to England with their four little ones, and settled in the town of Haslingden. Their condition at this time can well be imagined, when it is stated that for months they had found shelter in a stable, and that it was actually in that place that one of their children was born. Martin Davitt, the father, was a man of fair education, and found employment as agent for an insurance company, the St. Patrick's Sick and Burial. It was a continuous struggle, however, and one day, it is related, Michael, who had been going to school in his new English home, rushed into the house, saying: "Mother, I have got something to do down at the cotton factory, and you or father will never have to do any more hard work." He was then but eleven years of age, and the pluck and independence afterward shown in the man, was thus early evinced in the boy. But alas for his ambition so far as helping his family by his employment in the cotton mill was concerned. It was less than three months before he was brought over that same threshhold, the victim of criminal negligence on the part of the factory-lord. In arranging a skein that had got entangled, his arm was caught in the machinery and so badly mangled that it became necessary to amputate it at the shoulder.

Learning the Printing Trade.

He was then sent to the Wesleyan school for awhile, but at thirteen secured the position of errand-boy in the printing-office of Mr. Cockcroft, who was also postmaster of Haslingden, and who is described by those who knew him as being "as good an Englishman and as true-hearted a man as ever lived." Here Davitt learned the trade of printer.

In the Fenian Movement.

Davitt became connected with the Fenian movement while quite young. His

father and mother were both of staunch National sentiments, and their experience of the blessings of English rule in Ireland had not imbued them, it may be taken for granted, with any great love for the institution whose workings had thrown a blight over their whole lives. Being six years old at the time of the eviction, and remembering the scene well, it did not take much coaxing to make Davitt a Fenian. He imbibed his loathing for the power that could be guilty of such crimes as he and his were victims of, with the earliest perceptions of his childhood, and sprung at once into the ranks of that organization which to so many seemed the herald of the dawn for Ireland.

On the 11th of February, 1867, Michael Davitt, who was the only member of the I. R. B. in Haslingden, accompanied the Fenian contingent from Rochdale to Chester. These Rochdale Irishmen were under the charge of a centre who afterwards was destined to become a prominent figure in Irish parliamentary politics, and who even at that early period of his career displayed the selfishness of his character. When the redcoats began to pour into Chester, and it became evident that the Fenian design had been betrayed to the authorities, this centre was one of the first to fly from the scene of danger. He was amply supplied with funds, but he left his men in the lurch, forty miles away from home, and with not enough money among them to provide one meal for the company. It was then that Davitt displayed that spirit of self-sacrifice that has characterized him through life. He pawned his revolver, his watch, his overcoat, and even all his spare underclothing, and not merely shared the proceeds among the Rochdale volunteers, but took charge of them on the return journey, and saw every man of them safe home before he went back to Haslingden. A few nights after the cowardly centre, afterwards M. P. for a West of Ireland constituency, and still later the lackey of the coercion government of Buckshot Forster, would have been torn to pieces by the enraged Irishmen of Rochdale but for the strenuous exertions of Davitt, who risked his own personal safety to save the runaway's life.

At the first convention of the I. R. B. centres of the North of England after the executions in Manchester, Davitt's evident earnestness and practical speeches made such an impression upon the delegates, that he was unanimously chosen as corresponding secretary and organizer for that division of the revolutionary organization. It was proposed that a levy should be laid upon the various circles to furnish him with a salary. Davitt point-blank refused to accept the office if any emoluments were to be attached to it. Persuasions and entreaties were vain. He was willing to accept any position his comrades called him to, however dangerous, but he would take no pay for his services. For two years, up to the very day of his arrest, he fulfilled his duties with energy and honesty without even receiving one penny compensation for loss of time or personal expenditure.

In the summer of 1868 an Orange firebrand named Murphy was travelling through Lancashire, and by his inflammatory harangues worked up the bigoted English mobs to every kind of outrage on the Irish people and the Catholic edifices of the localities he appeared in. Catholic chapels and Irish homes had been wrecked in Rochdale, Oldham, Ashton, and a dozen adjacent towns, and the police seemed rather to encourage than to repress the fiendish work. Davitt was at dinner in his own house at Haslingden one evening, with a young friend from Manchester, when word was brought that a huge mob of English fanatics were marching on to the church and residence of Father Martin, the beloved parish priest, with the avowed object of leveling them to the ground. Even as the messenger spoke the fiendish yells of the English ruffians could be plainly heard. They had attacked and brutally maltreated a few poor Irish harvestmen, and, flushed with this temporary success, were prepared for any deed of villainy. Without a moment's hesitation Davitt and the young Irishman from Manchester hastened to the threatened point and arrived just in time to meet the mob rushing with iron bars and stones on the church. The two boys, for they were no more, boldly faced the infuriated crowd. "Stand back!" cried Davitt in ringing tones, "I will shoot the first man that advances another step!" and two revolvers were flashed in front of the advancing ruffians. For a second the mob paused, and then swept forward, while a volley of broken stones and half-bricks rattled round the ears of the intrepid pair who guarded the church. Davitt at once fired one shot in the air. The effect was magical. With a wild shriek of fear the chapel-wreckers scattered in every direction, nor did they re-assemble again. The victory was complete. The church was

saved by one determined man. The wildest rumors prevailed in Haslingden during the night. Two Englishmen had been killed; Davitt was to be arrested; the English had sworn to lynch him; his house was to be burned down, and so on. Davitt's family, alarmed at these threats, urged him to leave the town, but he stood his ground, and was neither arrested nor molested in any other way.

In the meanwhile Davitt had been actively at work endeavoring to recover the ground lost, and, as arms' agent and organizer for the I. R. B. soon, with the help of the good men with whom it abounded, made the North of England the very bulwark of Irish patriotic effort. While working with all the energy of his character he was arrested in London on the 14th of May, 1870, with a gunsmith named John Wilson, of Birmingham, an Englishman, whose only connection with the Irish movement was the fact that in a business way he had sold the arms that Davitt was disposing of. The principal event in the trial was the purjury of the infamous informer Corydon, who swore that the object of the Fenian organization was the overthrow of Her Majesty's government and the establishment of a republican form of government in Ireland, and that he had met Davitt at Mullan's house with other leaders after the attack on Chester castle. Davitt solemnly declared that he had never seen the man before. But all was no avail. On this wretch's testimony he was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. Wilson was sentenced to seven years. Davitt solemnly averred the perfect innocence of Wilson and begged the Court to add the Englishman's sentence to his own, thus exhibiting the nobleness of his character by willingness to suffer.

His prison life in the bastiles of England, and the terrible nature of his trials during the seven years and seven months he spent in them, up to his release on ticket-of-leave, Dec. 13, 1877, were told in a pamphlet issued about that time, which was made the subject of a Prison Commission. He was working hard at a wringing-machine when his ticket-of-leave arrived, and on his going to Dublin with Sergeant McCarthy, O'Brien, and Chambers, his fellow-prisoners, a public reception was given him, and a few weeks later, when he went down to visit the home of his childhood, bonfires were lit on every hill in Mayo. After delivering a course of lectures through Ireland, England, and Scotland in behalf of Edward O'Meagher, Condon, and the other prisoners yet in confinement, with Corporal Chambers, Davitt resolved to pay a visit to America to confer with the advanced men of the Irish movement here, the ostensible object being a tour in behalf of Wilson, the Englishman, who had been ruined through connection with himself. It is another thing to Mr. Davitt's credit that almost every dollar realized as the result of this trip was handed over to Wilson's family.

Mr. Davitt's efforts in the founding of the Land League are familiar to all our readers. An alliance with Mr. Parnell, who had assumed the place of Mr. Butt, only upon the more aggressive obstructionist policy, was formed, and the Home Rule League merged into the Land League.

Again Arrested.

The tremendous strides of this "war upon property," as it was described by the landlord party, astonished and paralyzed the English government, which soon found itself face to face with another rival for jurisdiction in Ireland, whose every law was obeyed, while that of its own, met with opposition everywhere. Then commenced the arrest business, the first, as a matter of course, being the man who was responsible for all the trouble — Michael Davitt. This was on the 19th of November, 1879, and Mr. James Bryce Killen and Mr. James Daly, of the *Connaught Telegraph*, were included. The prosecution fell through, and only added to the popularity of the movement. Davitt kept the flag flying and organized the relief measures necessitated by the famine which was then raging — Parnell and Dillon coming to America on their well-remembered mission. The attention which the Land League

called to the state of the people, and the prompt relief from America, it is acknowledged by even its enemies, saved Ireland from a visitation similar to that of '47–8.

We need not go into the details of the movement in America. Mr. Davitt has been three times in jail, the last time being confined in Richmond prison for five months. He is a self-educated man, speaking nearly all the living languages, and as a literary man, wielding one of the most fluent pens of the day. The immensity of his labors has astounded even those who are aware of his wonderful resources. His combination of character is of the rarest type, combining in one the ready speaker, the versatile writer, and indomitable organizer. The present is his fourth visit to America. He has clear ideas on the land, labor, and social questions generally, is a student and observer in the science of political government, has written on these and other subjects for all the leading reviews of the world, and his name is a household word wherever the home of an Irishman is to be found. There are many estimates of the man that we could draw from — the finest being those of Englishmen who know him and have watched his course.

An Historic Scene.

We have left one of the most interesting incidents of the Land League till the last, because, in a measure, it depicts the son of that evicted Mayo family, pronouncing upon the spot where that sacrilege was committed a generation ago, the sentence of death upon the system supported by a foreign government that stands responsible for the miseries of the Irish people. We refer to a scene that is destined yet to be the theme of the poet and painter — the Land League meeting of February 1, 1880, at Straide, where, on the ruins of his former home, he spoke to fifteen thousand people in the following manner: —

"Does not the scene of domestic devastation, now spread before this vast meeting, bear testimony to the crimes with which landlordism stands charged before God and man to-day? Can a more eloquent denunciation of an accursed land-code be found than what is witnessed here, in this depopulated district? In the memory of many now listening to my words, that peaceful little stream which meanders by the outskirts of this multitude, sang back the merry voices of happy children, and wended its way through a once populous and prosperous village. Now, however, the merry sounds are gone, the busy hum of hamlet life is hushed in sad desolation; for the hands of the house-destroyers have been here and performed their hellish work, leaving Straide but a name, to mark the place where happy homesteads once stood, and whence an inoffensive people were driven to the four corners of the earth, by the ruthless decree of Irish landlordism. How often in a strange land has my boyhood's ear drunk in the tale of outrage and wrong and infamy perpetrated here in the name of law and in the interest of territorial greed! in listening to the accounts of famine and sorrow, of deaths by landlords, of coffinless graves, of scenes —

> "'On highway side, where oft was seen
> The wild dog and the vulture keen
> Tug for the limbs and gnaw the face
> Of some starved child of our Irish race.'

"What wonder that such laws should become hateful, and, when felt by personal experience of the tyranny and injustice, that a life of irreconcilable enmity to them should follow, and that, *standing here on the spot where I first drew breath*, in sight of a leveled home, with memories of privation and tortures crowding upon my mind, I should swear to devote the remainder of that life to the destruction of what has blasted my early years, pursued me with its vengeance through manhood, and leaves my family in exile to-day, far from that Ireland which is itself wronged, robbed, and humiliated through the

agency of the same accursed system! It is no little consolation to know, however, that we are here to-day doing battle against a doomed monopoly; and that the power which has so long domineered over Ireland and its people is brought to its knees at last, and on the point of being crushed forever; and, if I am standing to-day upon a platform erected over the ruins of my leveled home, I may yet have the satisfaction of trampling on the ruins of Irish landlordism."

The Great Convention.

THE largest representative convention of Irishmen ever held in America met in Chicago on the 18th of August. At least one thousand delegates were present from all parts of the United States and Canada.

A glance at the crowded hall at this point of the proceedings gave the spectators a thrill, as at the sight of something awful or sublime. The earnestness and profound purpose of a proud old race were visible in every strong and striking face. It was a parliament of which any nation might be proud, and to which any enemy must be respectful. There were scores of men who had sealed their patriotism by years of imprisonment. There were white-haired patriots who had passed their lives in exile; there were noted lawyers, doctors, priests, ministers, merchants, editors, etc. The hall was tastefully decorated with various mottoes. A magnificent floral harp, several feet high, was placed in front of the platform. The balconies were filled with fashionably-dressed women, who took as great an interest in what was going on as the men, and cheered, too, just as well as the men when any cheering was to be done. There was a large sprinkling of native Americans, and people of other nationalities, who occupied the highest gallery and listened with interest to what was said. There was a large representation of Catholic priests occupying the platform and scattered throughout the body of the hall.

Mr. Egan, in calling the convention together, directed attention to the presence of Messrs. Davitt, O'Brien, Redmond, and Deasy, the delegates from Ireland, and bade them a hearty welcome. He then referred to the progress of the cause since the league's last meeting in Boston, saying: "Out of one hundred and three members of parliament returned from Ireland, less than thirty could be relied upon at that time to follow Mr. Parnell, while both English parties were solidly combined against home rule for Ireland. To even the most sanguine among us the realization of our hopes for the restoration of our national parliament seemed indeed a long way off. Such, however, are the strides our cause has made since then, that but a couple of months ago victory seemed within our very grasp. I think our friends from the old land will tell you that in the achievement of this great progress the aid, material and moral, rendered to the cause by you of the Irish National league of America has been an important factor. Differences there may exist among us, as they exist among all other organi-

zations, but these differences, if they do crop out, must and shall be settled by the vote of this convention. Ireland is passing through a terrible crisis. Victory seems close at hand, and I feel that there is enough common sense, enough manhood, enough dignity in this convention to see to it that it be not dashed away, that Ireland's hopes be not shattered. Unity, caution, perseverance, and determination are the necessity of the hour. I see emblazoned on these walls the motto, 'We are for Irish Liberty. Peacefully if we can, otherwise if we must.' This is the true national position. This is the position which every true-born American can appreciate, the only position which England can respect, and I maintain it is the position and the spirit which has placed the cause of Irish nationality where it stands to-day." Three cheers for Washington, Gladstone, and Parnell were given at the close of Mr. Egan's address.

At the second day's proceedings, the committee on resolutions reported through the Rev. Mr. Betts, as follows: —

We, the delegates of the Irish National League of America, in convention assembled, firmly believing in the principles of human freedom and in the right of a people to frame their own laws, a right which lies at the foundation of the prosperity and greatness of this republic, and which has been advantageously extended to the colonial possessions of Great Britain, do hereby resolve:

1. That we express our heartiest and most unqualified approval of national self-government for Ireland.

2. That we heartily approve of the course pursued by Charles Stewart Parnell and his parliamentary associates in the English House of Commons. And we renew the expression of our entire confidence in their wisdom and in their ability to achieve home rule in Ireland.

3. That we extend our heartfelt thanks to Mr. Gladstone for his great efforts in behalf of Irish self-government, and we express our gratitude to the English, Scotch, and Welsh democracy for the support given to the great Liberal leader and his Irish policy during the recent general elections.

4. That this convention hereby returns its thanks to the American people and press for the generous support which they have given to the cause of self-government in Ireland.

5. That we record our sense of the remarkable forbearance and self-restraint exercised by our people in Ireland in the face of the cruel and dishonest system of extortion to which they are being subjected by rack-renting landlords, and in view of the license scandalously extended to organized lawlessness in the north of Ireland by partisan officials; and we commend the laudable desire of the people of Ireland to manage their own affairs in their own way.

6. That we hereby thank the president, treasurer and secretary of the Irish National League for the faithful and efficient manner in which they have discharged the arduous duties of their respective stations.

7. That the following cablegram be forwarded in the name of the chairman of the convention to the Hon. Charles Stewart Parnell: — "Delegates to the Irish National League Convention of America send greeting from our body, which embraces representative citizens from every State and Territory in the Union, and also from Canada, and assure you of a cordial endorsement of your policy by a united and harmonious convention."

The reading of the resolutions was followed by hearty cheering.

Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, of Detroit, treasurer of the league, made his report which showed that $320,000 had been received by him and sent to Ireland since the Boston convention. The secretary of the league, Mr. John P. Sutton, read his report, which showed that there were in existence 770 branches of that organization. The new officers of the

National league are: President, John Fitzgerald, 5-millionaire cattle king, of Lincoln, Nebraska; Vice-Presidents, H. C. McCaffery, Philadelphia; Rev. P. A. McKenna, Mass.; Patrick Martin, Md.; Secretary, Jos. P. Sutton, Quebec; Treasurer, Rev. Dr. Chas. O'Reilly, Detroit, Mich.

The Committee adjourned late on the night of the ninteenth, amid cheers for Parnell and his lieutenants and the cause of Ireland.

Opinions of the Leading Papers.

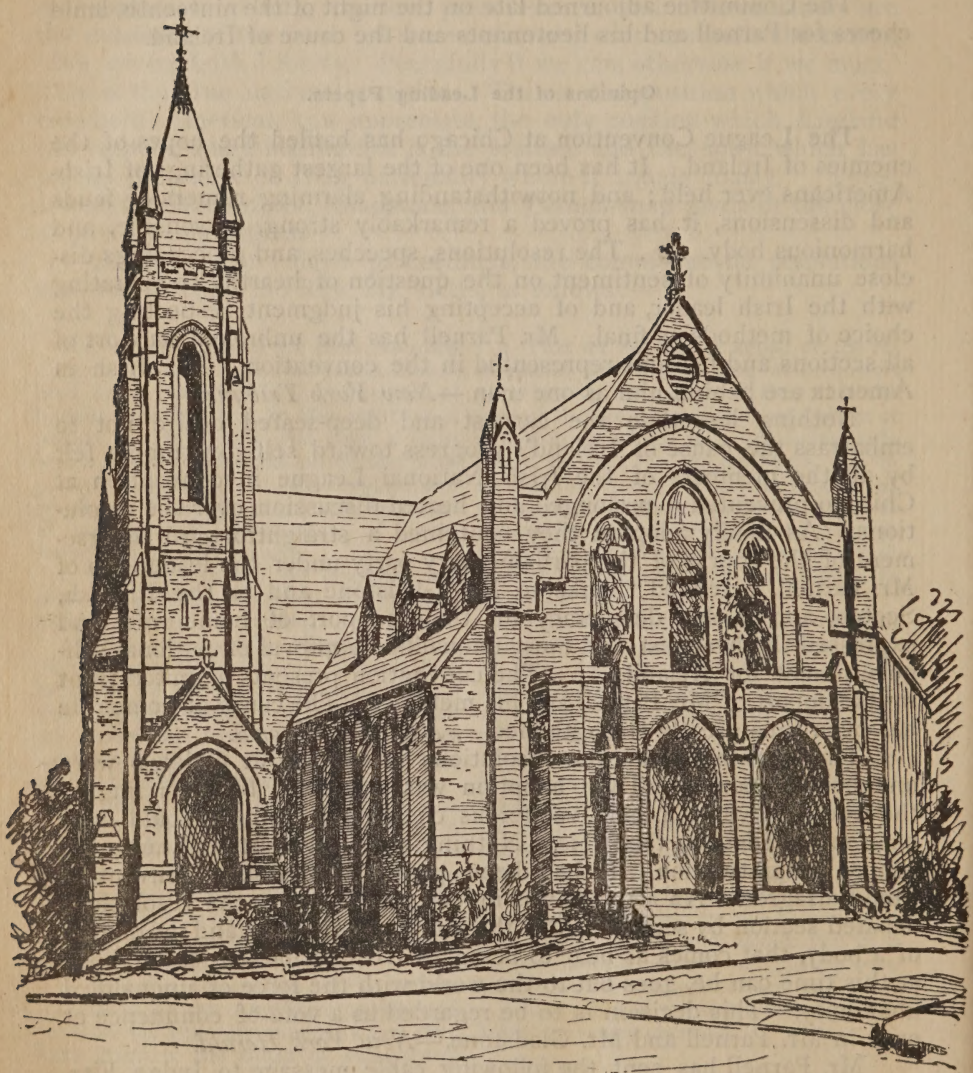
The League Convention at Chicago has baffled the hopes of the enemies of Ireland. It has been one of the largest gatherings of Irish-Americans ever held; and notwithstanding alarming rumors of feuds and dissensions, it has proved a remarkably strong, reasonable, and harmonious body. . . . The resolutions, speeches, and proceedings disclose unanimity of sentiment on the question of heartily co-operating with the Irish leader, and of accepting his judgment respecting the choice of methods as final. Mr. Parnell has the unbroken support of all sections and factions represented in the convention. The Irish in America are behind him as one man.—*New York Tribune.*

Nothing less than the earnest and deep-seated desire not to embarrass the cause of Ireland's progress toward self-government felt by all the members of the Irish National League in convention at Chicago prevented a prolonged and heated discussion over the resolutions. As finally adopted they contained a straightforward indorsement of the course of the parliamentary party under the leadership of Mr. Parnell, extended thanks to Mr. Gladstone and to the English, Scotch, and Welsh democracy for their support of home rule, and expressed the heartiest and most unqualified approval of national self-government for Ireland. . . . The convention presents a united front in its support of Mr. Parnell and his methods. The cause of home rule has been thus greatly strengthened. —*New York World.*

The preamble and seven resolutions introduced at Chicago were unanimously passed. Their adoption was signalized by the rising of the whole convention amid vociferous cheering. Nothing could have been more felicitous than this. Nothing could have better warranted hearty congratulation. It had been predicted that the convention would disagree. An attempt was indeed made to have the resolutions debated section by section. But the attempt was futile, and the dictum of a body, that comes as near to being an Irish parliament as anybody at this time can be, goes out to the world with the force of unqualified unanimity. This decision is to be regarded as a vote of confidence at once in Mr. Parnell and Mr. Gladstone.—*New York Herald.*

Mr. Parnell has sent the following cable message to Judge Fitzgerald, the newly-elected president of the Irish National League of America: "I thank the Chicago Convention for its encouraging message. The ratification by the convention of our policy and action, and the order, union, and moderation of the proceedings, have created a profound sensation here, and will add great strength to our position."

Another Beautiful Church.



CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION, BROOKLINE, MASS.

IN our last issue we gave an account of the consecration of the splendid church in the city of Gloucester. This month we are again agreeably called upon to give an account of a no less beautiful church in the adjoining town of Brookline. The ceremonies took place on Sunday, August 22.

The Dedication.

The Church of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, which has been in process of construction for the past five years, was dedicated Sunday, August 22, by the Most Rev. John J. Williams, D.D. In the celebration of the Pontifical High Mass, his Grace was assisted by the following clergymen: Assistant priest, Very Rev. William Byrne, V.G., of St. Joseph's Church, Boston, Rev. John J. Gray, of Salem, and Rev. Matthew Harkins, of St. James, Boston, deacons of honor; Rev. Matthew T. Boylan, deacon of the Mass; Rev. Michael T. McManus, subdeacon; Rev. Louis S. Walsh, S. T. L., first master of ceremonies; Rev. John W. Sullivan, second master of ceremonies. Seminarians from St. John's, Brighton, acted as cross, crozier, and mitre-bearers. Among other clergymen present were Right Rev. Dennis M. Bradley, D.D., bishop of Manchester, N. H.; Rev. Richard Neagle, chancellor of the archdiocese; Rev. Joshua P. Bodfish, rector of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross; Very Rev. John P. Hogan, SS, D.D., president of St. John's Seminary, Brighton; Rev. M. L. Rothureau, SS.; Rev. F. S. Ryan, Troy, N. Y.; Rev. A. Magnien, Baltimore, Md.; Rev. P. J. Garrigan, Fitchburg; Rev. Michael E. Begley, Seminary, Brighton; Rev. William H. Duncan, S. J., St. Mary's, Boston; Rev. Hugh P. Smyth, St. Joseph's, Roxbury; Rev. Thomas Magennis, Jamaica Plain; Rev. John Delahunty, Roxbury; Rev. C. T. McGrath, Somerville; Rev. Joseph H. Gallagher, St. Patrick's, Highlands; Rev. J. J. McNulty, South Boston; Rev. M. F. Flatley, Malden; Rev. William J. Corcoran, South Boston; Rev. P. J. Daly, Winchester; Rev. A. J. Teeling, Newburyport; Rev. H. J. Mulligan, Chelsea; Rev. M. Clarke, East Boston; Rev. John O'Brien, East Cambridge; Rev. Laurence J. O'Toole, West Newton; Rev. P. Strain, Lynn; Rev. M. Ronan, Lowell; Rev. James O'Doherty, Haverhill; Rev. P. Ronan, Dorchester; Rev. A. J. Rossi, Brighton; Rev. J. D. Tierney, Rockland; Rev. M. Dolan, Newton; Rev. H. Rouxel, Montreal; Rev. John J. Lally, Waltham; Rev. John Flatley, Canton; Rev. J. F. Tuehig, St. Louis, Mo., and many others.

The sermon was delivered by Rt. Rev. P. T. O'Reilly, D. D., bishop of Springfield, Mass., who took for his text St. John xx., 19–23: "Jesus said unto them, peace be unto you. As the Father hath sent Me, so send I you. And when He had said this He breathed on them and said, receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins ye shall forgive they are forgiven them; and whose sins ye shall retain they are retained." Before beginning the sermon proper, the bishop took occasion to congratulate the pastor and people on the completion of such a handsome edifice. It was indeed a noble work. They had raised to the glory of the living God and dedicated to Him a magnificent temple. He hoped that the people would respond generously in their offerings, as after the liquidation of the church debt other parochial accessories would have to be attended to. Rev. Lawrence J. Morris, the pastor, through whose efforts this beautiful temple has been erected, was appointed in charge of the Catholics of Brookline in July, 1873, coming from St. Mary's Church, Waltham, where he was assigned after his ordination at St.

Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y., in 1869. He has labored earnestly and faithfully for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his people, who have to-day the proud satisfaction of possessing one of the most substantial and elegant church edifices in New England. The Catholic population of Brookline is about 3,300 souls, just double the number found by Father Morris when he assumed pastoral charge. Connected with the church are various religious societies and confraternities, and the finances are reported to be in a flourishing condition.

The regular choir, under the masterly direction of Mr. J. Frank Donahoe, of the Cathedral, sang St. Cecilia's Mass.

The Rev. Lawrence J. Morris, the rector, was the recipient of many and heartfelt congratulations from his friends both of the clergy and the laity. He has been in pastoral charge of the Catholics of Brookline since 1873. He has a zealous ally in all his work for the people in his able assistant, the Rev. Wm. A. Ryan.

The Messrs. Peabody and Stearns, of Boston, were the architects of the Church of the Assumption; the Messrs. Hall and Moran designed and built the altars; and the stained-glass windows are from the works of Mr. W. J. McPherson.

A Contrast: Sligo and Belfast.

Dublin Freeman's Journal: It would be well if all outbreaks of disorder had the same termination as the recent riots in Sligo. Less than two months ago, it will be remembered, serious disturbances arose in consequence of some injuries having been done to the Catholic cathedral. The damage was said to be the work of Protestants, and the population — already excited by the riots in Belfast a few days before — injured the property of the respectable Protestants of the town. Shortly afterwards it was ascertained that the scoundrels whose wicked act had originated the disorder were themselves Catholics. The Protestants of the town, with creditable promptitude, had offered a reward of one hundred pounds for information which would lead to the detection of the perpetrators, and this sum has been paid over to the person whose testimony led to the conviction of the criminals. On Thursday the compliment of an address and presentation of ten pounds was conferred upon Head-Constable O'Donnell, to whose exertions the detection of the culprits was largely due. He had also labored hard to quell the riots. The Catholics of Sligo have not allowed their Protestant fellow-townsmen to outdo them in a creditable display of public spirit. It was felt that if the damages done to the property of Protestants were to be recouped out of the local taxes, the injured parties would have to bear a considerable portion of the cost of compensating themselves. The Catholics, therefore, raised the entire sum required, by public subscription, confined to their co-religionists, and thus the regrettable proceedings of last month have resulted in an amicable settlement that

does credit to Catholics and Protestants alike. Out of evil, good often comes, and so it has been in this case. What does Belfast Protestantism say to taking a leaf out of the book of Sligo?

The same paper has this in relation to the Belfast riots: A party of Catholic girls, numbering some hundreds, the members of a religious sodality, were returning from a seaside excursion when they were assailed by an enormous crowd of Orange savages and brutally maltreated. The cowardly ruffians who are thus capable of attacking poor children, compose the "chivalry of Ulster." Despite the efforts of the police force, which, as usual, was inadequate, the Orange Yahoos dragged the helpless girls off cars, trampled them under foot, pursued fugitives through side streets, and treated them with murderous violence; and all this was done in one of the principal thoroughfares of Belfast and in its vicinity.

Cremation Condemned.

SEVERAL bishops and prudent members of Christ's flock, knowing that certain men, possessed of doubtful faith, or belonging to the Masonic sect, strongly contend at the present day for the establishment of the pagan practice of cremation, founding special societies to spread this custom, fear lest the minds of the faithful may be worked upon by their wiles and sophistries so as to lose by degrees esteem and reverence towards the constant Christian usage of burying the bodies of the faithful — a usage hallowed by the solemn rites of the Church. In order, therefore, that some fixed rule may be laid down for the faithful to preserve them from the insidious doctrines above mentioned, the Supreme Congregation of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition is asked:

1. Is it lawful to become a member of those societies whose object it is to spread the practice of cremation?

2. Is it lawful to leave orders for the burning of one's own body or that of another?

Their Eminences the Cardinals General Inquisitors, after grave and mature consideration, answered to the first question, No; and if it is a question of societies in any way connected with Freemasonry, the penalties pronounced against this society are incurred. To the second, No.

When these decisions were referred to our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., his Holiness approved and confirmed them, and directed them to be communicated to the bishops, in order that they might instruct the faithful upon the detestable abuse of cremation, and might do all in their power to keep the flock entrusted to their charge from such a practice.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

A MOTHER'S RIGHT.

THE mother sat still, with snow-white hair,
So feeble, so thin and pale;
The son at her side, in manhood's pride,
Was ruddy and tall and hale.
So ready of hand, so fleet of foot,
So haughty in his own might,
That he often forgot the tender care
That was still his mother's right.

That the careless wrong and cruel word
Were easy to do and say;
Till sorely wounded, with blushing cheek,
She answered him thus one day:
"If only the past could speak, my son,
If thou wouldst remember right,
How I carried thee in these trembling arms,
And toiled for thee day and night.

"Loving and guiding and watching thee,
Till years have made thee strong;
If only thou wouldst remember this,
Thou never wouldst do me wrong.
For now I am cast upon thy love,
I am frail and old and gray;
O my son, that I nursed long years ago,
Remember my love to-day."

He dropped by her knee, as in olden times,
Her pardon and love to seek;
Her gray head bowed to his young brown head,
And her tears were on his cheek:
And ever since in his heart she trusts,
In his strong arms has she rest,
For he never forgets that once he lay
An infant upon her breast.

O men in your strength and hope and joy!
O maids in your youthful charms!
Remember that weakly infants once
You lay in your mother's arms!
Remember she then was young and strong;
That you will grow old and gray;
That the wrong or the right you do to her
Will come back to your hearts some day!

CASILDA.

In the sunny land of Spain there lived, several centuries ago, a Moorish Sultan, named Almenon, who resided in the city of Toledo. Sultan Almenon had a daughter, named Casilda, a lovely, tender-hearted girl, who was to him as the apple of his eye.

Near the garden which surrounded the Sultan's palace was a dark, subterranean prison, where numbers of captive Christians, loaded with chains and tormented with hunger, dragged out a wretched existence.

One day Casilda walked about in the garden, and, passing by the prison, heard the wailing of the poor captives. Her tender heart was touched with compassion, and bursting into tears, hastened back to her father's palace.

"Father," she said, falling down at his feet, "in the dark prison beyond the garden I heard a great number of captives sighing. Oh, free them from their chains! open the doors of their prison! let them return to their fatherland, where their parents are weeping for them!"

The royal Moor blessed his child in his innermost soul, for he loved her dearly. But he was not only *her* father, he was besides a Mussulman and father of the faithful, and as such he believed it his duty to chastise her; for to sympathize with Christians, nay, to beg for their liberty, was a crime, which Allah's great prophet made punishable with death. For this reason he was deaf to the language of his soul, and in a terrible voice said:

"Begone, apostate! thy tongue shall be torn out, and thy body given to the fire; for such is the just reward of whosoever shields a Nazarene dog!"

And straight he called his executioners, in order to deliver to them his child.

But Casilda, sinking again on her knees, besought her father by the love which he bore her dead mother, the queen, to spare her.

The Moor's heart was softened. The tears trickled down his cheek, and pressing his daughter to his heart, he forgave her, saying:

"Beware, my child, lest thou again entertain compassion for a Christian. There were no mercy for you; for thus hath written the holy prophet: 'Destroyed be the believer who destroys not the unbeliever.'"

Several days later Casilda stood at the open window of her room and looked out into the garden. The merry birds sang sweetly in the sunshine, the sky was azure, and the fresh morning breeze wafted the sweet fragrance of the flowers into her room. Thinking to take a little walk, the girl descended. When she reached the door below, a beautiful butterfly flew across her way. Casilda's eyes glistened with delight, and she followed the insect as it fluttered from flower to flower; yet she could not catch it. By and by the butterfly flew out of sight, and the girl, looking about her, found herself close to the walls of the prison. Once more she heard the pitiful wailing of the captives, and holding her hands before her ears, stood still for a moment, and then returned in haste to the palace. Taking a quantity of provisions, which she hid in the folds of her dress, she wended her steps back to the prison.

Again the butterfly flew across her way, and she followed it.

When she arrived at the end of a path, the sides of which were planted with roses, she met her father.

"What are you doing here, light of my eyes?" he asked.

The virgin blushed and hesitatingly replied:

"I have come to hear the birds sing, to see the sun mirrored in the rippling brook, and to breathe the delicious fragrance of the flowers."

"And what have you concealed in the folds of your dress?"

From the depth of her soul Casilda prayed to the Mother of the Christian God; then she replied:

"My father, I am carrying roses which I have plucked by the wayside."

But Almenon doubted the truth of his child's words; he pulled the folds of her dress, and, lo! a stream of fragrant roses fell to the ground.

Shortly after Casilda was taken dangerously ill. The most celebrated physicians of Toledo were called in, but all their skill could avail nothing.

"My kingdom and my treasures to him who saves my daughter!" cried the poor Sultan in despair, when he saw that his child was about to breathe her last.

Yet no help came.

"My daughter is dying!" then wrote Almenon to Ferdinand, king of Castile. "If there be in your kingdom a man that can help her, let him come! my kingdom, my treasures, nay, my daughter shall be his!"

And on a certain day a physician, who had come from Judea, presented himself to Ferdinand and offered to heal the Moorish princess. The king at once furnished him with letters of introduction and sent him to the palace of Almenon.

The physician but touched the brow of Casilda, when, behold! the blood began to mount to her pallid cheek — she was healed.

"Take my kingdom!" cried the enraptured father amid tears of gratitude.

"My kingdom is not of this world," replied the physician from Judea.

"Take my greatest treasure!" continued the Sultan of Toledo, pointing to his daughter.

The physician nodded assent, and pointing towards the land of Castile, said:

"Thither lies the fountain of purification, which shall complete the cure of your daughter."

The next morning the princess, accompanied by the physician, set out on the journey. After a few days they reached the shores of a large sea.

The physician took a few drops of water in the hollow of his hand, and pouring them on the head of the princess, said:

"I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

This done, Casilda felt that she was perfectly well. Looking for her benefactor in order to thank him, she saw that he was no longer at her side. Surrounded with a halo of light, he was rising slowly towards heaven.

"Who art thou, Master? who art thou?" cried the virgin in amazement.

"I am thy spouse, the physician, who called back to life the daughter of Jairus when she suffered from the same sickness as you. I am He who has said: 'Whosoever renounces his parents and relations for my sake, shall be rewarded a hundredfold, and shall have life everlasting.'"

On the shores of the sea, which to-day bears the name of San Vicente, still stands a poor hut. Here lived to the day of her death the Moorish princess — St. Casilda.

CALAMUS.

PAGANINI'S FIRST LOVE.

A MAY day under Italy's brilliant, cloudless sky has a magic the natives of northern climes can but faintly picture to themselves even in their dreams. The earth laughs, radiantly decked as she is with her brightest gems, while, like an ardent bridegroom, the sun enfolds her in his warm embrace, and the air is full of a nameless enchantment. Under such conditions, the human heart expands early, and human eyes wear a look as joyous and impassioned as the gaze of the sun. Seldom does one see a melancholy expression in the faces of the children of this land; but on this bright May day of 1793 there was sadness in the eyes of a boy sitting on the shore where beautiful Genoa rests on the Mediterranean Sea. He was not more than twelve, with a slender figure, clear cut, pale features, dark hair, and thick eye-lashes shading the most expressive dark eyes, which were one moment full of a proud light and the next were sad as death.

As he was musing, looking weary and unhappy, a clear, childish voice called his name, and a pretty girl about his own age threw her arms round his neck with the words: "Oh, you bad Nicolo! where have you been hiding all the afternoon? Everywhere have I been seeking you!" and she kissed him again and again before emptying into his lap her white apron full of roses, myrtle, and orange-blossom.

Nicolo put his arm round the young prattler, and stroking her thick, black locks, answered: "I have slipped away from father, Gianetta, to dream a little in peace and quiet by the beautiful water; but you know well I love to be here."

"Your father is cruel!" she answered, vehemently; "he will work you into the grave. My mother says Nicolo is not strong and hearty like other boys; his weary fiddle-playing and his hard-hearted father will kill him outright, and I know she is right."

"Do not believe it!" cried Nicolo; "I shall not die. I cannot die: I must first become a great man; and see! I am not weak;" and he sprang to his feet, and seizing the girl suddenly in his arms, he held her suspended for some moments over the water. Gianetta did not wince, only sighing softly as he put her on her feet again. She looked at him shyly, and sat silently leaning against him.

But, child-like, she soon recovered her spirits, and laughed and chatted about her flowers and her doves; and if she saw the shades of sadness gathering over Nicolo's face, her innocent kisses and the soft little hand stroking his hair soon chased away all clouds. So they sat happily together on the shores of the beautiful blue sea; and, with the sunlight falling on the two dark heads, they looked the perfect embodiment of the poet's ideal of Love and Spring.

When darkness fell, they wandered home, with arms entwined round each other, through the stately streets of Genoa, till they reached two little neighbor-houses overgrown with vines. Gianetta's mother was anxiously looking out for her child, who rushed into the loving arms, and Nicolo, sighing, entered his father's door, and climbed up to his lonely attic under the roof. Then he opened the little casement set in the vines, and taking up an old violin, he kissed it passionately before beginning to play. Wonderful was the voice and strange the song that little hand drew from the strings. It was an improvisation tender, triumphant, a musician's inspiration. As he played, the boy looked out of the open window, and smiled when a large spider (known as the Cross spider, being marked with a white cross on the back) appeared upon the sill. "Welcome, Silver Cross," whispered Nicolo, as he took up the creature and placed it on the bridge of his violin, where it remained motionless, as if overpowered by the rush of sound around it. The boy played till his arm sank exhausted, and his eyelids were heavy with sleep, and the dewy day broke upon him. Then he laid down his beloved fiddle and took the spider to the window, where it disappeared amongst the vines. It was a whimsical companionship, that of the spider and the lonely boy. Night after night, at the first stroke of his bow it appeared, drawn by the music, and only those who have experienced the same heart-loneliness can imagine the attraction this had for Nicolo, deprived as an infant of his gentle mother's love, and entirely dependent upon his strict and morose father. Boys of his own age either teased or avoided him; only Gianetta kissed and consoled him during the day, and the spider was the sole companion of his vigils, and no one knew the depths of love the boy felt for these two, so different beings, who alone seemed to care for him. It was a drawback that Gianetta neither liked nor could understand — his feeling for Silver Cross. "It is a witch," she would say, shuddering, and Nicolo never placed the spider on his violin when Gianetta was there; but if, on these occasions, he looked out of the window, he would see it sitting motionless on one of the leaves. When he was tired of playing, Gianetta would coax him to tell her wonderful stories, and all the plans of what he would do when he had achieved greatness, were confided to the faithful little maiden, who would clasp his feverish hand in her own, and gaze at him with clear, wondering eyes, which lighted up under his enthusiasm.

He would tell her of the great German tone-master, Mozart, who had composed a Concerto in his sixth year, and had been as a planet in the heaven of Music, and tears would burst from his eyes as he cried: "Ah! I am but a miserable bungler compared to such as he," and all Gianetta's endearments would fail to console him.

One hot day Nicolo had been playing dreary exercises for hours under his father's supervision, till his arms ached, his head burned, and all strength and life seemed exhausted, when Gianetta's mother entered in haste with the news that the child was attacked by fever, and kept crying out for her play-fellow and his music.

Nicolo seized his violin and hastened to the girl's bedside; she looked at him long and earnestly, and then signed to him to play. "Yes," he cried," I will play you a slumber song, then you will sleep and get well." She smiled faintly as the boy drew forth from the strings the most marvellous lullaby that had ever rocked mortal to sleep, and when he had ended Gianetta raised herself up and held out her arms to him. With a cry he hid his face on her breast and began to sob convulsively. "Thank you, my dearest," she whispered, "now I shall sleep sweetly, Nicolo; but you must not rest yet, you must shine upon earth. Go away from here to distant lands, but do not forget me," and laying her cheek upon his bowed head, she breathed out her soul with a soft sigh.

All night long Nicolo watched by the side of his little sweetheart, and the next day he wandered about aimlessly, as if seeking her in their old meeting places. Late in the evening he returned to his dark, silent attic, from the open window of which he could plainly see into Gianetta's death chamber.

Tapers were burning there, and the child lay on her bier, clothed in white, and almost buried in flowers, only her calm, pale face was visible; beside her knelt a monk praying for the little soul which had so early left its beautiful earthly dwelling.

"Farewell, farewell, sweetheart," whispered the heart-broken boy, as the tears stream from his eyes; "yes, I will go away — as far away as I can; no one cares for me here, lonely and unloved as I am," and he fell sobbing upon his knees. At that moment something touched his hand; he started and lifted his head, it was Silver Cross. "Ah! is it you, my old companion?" he cried, as he gazed for a moment at the little animal; then he seized his violin. "One farewell to Gianetta." The strings began to sing in notes of pain and longing, which were borne across on the soft night air to the girl in her last, long sleep; the dead lips seemed to smile, the odorous flowers trembled, and the praying monk unclasped his hands, while he dreamed wonderful dreams. When the morning arose in all its splendor it saw a fainting boy lying on the narrow attic floor, his violin upon his breast, and to its strings clung a dead spider.

Was Gianetta's prophecy fulfilled?

The boy was Nicolo Paganini.

ELISE POLKO, in *Merry England.*

"PAPA, I'm getting up a subscription of a dollar, to buy a lovely doll I saw in a window down town."

"Well, my child, is your subscription nearly made up?"

"I hope so, papa. All I need from you is ninety-eight cents."

THE PAINTER OF LILLE.

HAVE you ever, little reader, heard of a blind person who became celebrated as a painter? I venture to say, no. You may have heard of blind persons who excelled in music, or who could carve all kinds of statues out of wood, for instances of this are not unfrequent. But for a painter, you will admit, a pair of eyes is a thing of prime importance. And almost, if not equally as important is a pair of hands, so you may think. Yet, God is wonderful in his works. There is on record an instance of a man, who, though born without hands, ay, without arms, became a great painter. It is of him that I am going to tell you.

About the beginning of the present century there stood, in a narrow lane of the busy little Flemish town of Lille, a small, old house. Here lived a cobbler, named Ducornet, and his wife. Poor Master Ducornet! what a hard time he had of it as he toiled in his low, dingy cell from early morn till late at night. And yet he could barely manage to get along. But he was a good and virtuous man, and that is better than riches.

Picture to yourself, if you can, the anxiety of the cobbler thus situated, when, about this time, his wife gave birth to a child which had no arms, and which, instead of five toes to each foot, had but four! Yet the good couple did not complain; on the contrary, they thanked God, and prayed that He might let the child live, if such was His divine will. And it did live, and grew up to be a strong, healthy boy.

But now a great difficulty arose. "What is to be done with the boy?" the parents asked of each other. For Cæsar — that's the name of our hero — had reached that age when children are usually sent to school. This question was speedily and satisfactorily answered, as we shall see presently.

It happened that one morning the cobbler and his wife had gone out on some errand, leaving Cæsar alone. After awhile there was a rap at the door, and a minute later entered Master Dumoncell, a writing-master, and an old acquaintance of the family.

"Hello, my little friend, what are you doing here all alone?" he asked laughingly, as he walked over to a corner of the room where Cæsar was busily intent on some mysterious occupation.

"I am writing," was the other's simple reply, as he turned his great, black eyes to the questioner.

And truly, he *was* writing, — writing with his feet! There on the floor sat the little fellow, holding a pencil between two of his plump toes and copying letters from a book which lay open before him. And such perfect letters, too.

The writing-master could hardly trust his eyes. "This is simply wonderful," was all that he could stammer forth, and picking up his hat, he abruptly left the house. "Tell your father that I'll be here to-morrow to see him, Cæsar," he said, turning round once more, then closed the door behind him.

Next evening, as all the family sat around the table, the father belaboring an old shoe, the mother knitting, and little Cæsar copying

letters, Master Dumoncell once more put in his appearance. Bowing politely to Mistress Ducornet, he took the father aside, and engaged in an earnest conversation with him. When they were finished, the old cobbler warmly shook the hand of his friend, and tears stood in his eyes as he said:

"We shall thankfully accept your kind offer, my dear Dumoncell; may God reward you for it the longest day of your life."

"Never mind that," said the other; "but don't forget to bring me your boy to-morrow; I shall try and be a father to him while he stays with me."

Early the next morning, Master Ducornet, with his child on his back, wended his way to the house of his friend Dumoncell, which was to be Cæsar's future home. That same afternoon the little cripple was enrolled as a pupil in the writing-master's school. Here he made rapid progress, and though many of the boys were much older than he, it was not long before he had outstripped them all. He thus, at the same time, put to shame those of his fellow-pupils, who were ever ready to pass cutting remarks at the expense of his deformity.

But now an event occurred, which was the turning-point of our hero's life. It happened that one day the master found in the school-room a piece of paper, on which were drawn all kinds of figures. Holding it up to the class, he demanded sternly who had been guilty of doing such work during class-time.

No one answered. A hushed stillness hung over the room, as each scholar threw a questioning glance at the other.

Again the master demanded, this time in an almost terrible voice, who had dropped the paper.

Trembling, as though he expected punishment, our Cæsar arose and acknowledged himself the culprit.

The master's look of severity relaxed, and gradually yielded to a good-natured smile. "Ah, it was you, Cæsar," he cried kindly; "well, be patient awhile, my little friend, you shall learn more than writing, for you have shown a talent for painting!"

Shortly after this, we find Cæsar entered as a student at the Academy of Fine Arts, which was at that time presided over by the celebrated Professor Watteau. Under the direction of this skilful teacher, his talent developed rapidly. The writing-master had judged rightly, when he said that his pupil would become a painter. At every examination he carried off one or more prizes; and when, at length, the day for the final test of skill, which was held in public, had arrived, the audience, with wonder and admiration, heard the name of Cæsar Ducornet announced as the winner of the first prize.

We next meet with our painter at the Paris Academy, which he had been enabled to enter through the generosity of the Duke of Angoulème. Here he devoted himself so zealously to his studies, that he carried off a prize after a stay of less than six months. Thus encouraged, he signified his intention to compete for the so-called "great prize of Rome." But the professors excluded him from the competition, on the ground that his bodily deformity rendered him incapable of painting so large a picture as the rules required. But to show them that he

was able, he executed another picture of equal size, and forced the professors to revoke their decision. Shortly after he left the Academy, in order to work on his own account.

As he was now obliged to depend upon himself for support, he retired into seclusion, and painted a great many pictures. At the great Parisian exhibitions he carried off numerous prizes, among others, the great medal.

But such continued mental and bodily exertion told severely on the weakened constitution of our poor painter. It was in the spring of 1856 that one day his brush fell from his grasp; his strength failed him, and he was unable to leave his easel. He lingered for awhile, and then, on the 27th of April, passed away.

At the death-bed of the painter without hands stood a solitary mourner. It was a venerable old man with a flowing beard of silver whiteness. Tears bedimmed his eye, as with a broken voice he murmured a prayer for the dying man; and then father and son regarded each other with a last — a parting look.

CALAMUS.

AUNT MEHITABLE'S TALK WITH THE GIRLS.

THE old saying, and it's a true one, that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," teaches me the great importance of the subject before me, and I shall try tew act accordin'. Girls yew air the buds that air goin' tew blossom intew "the mothers of our land" in a few years, consequently I want tew tell yew somethin', and I want yew tew remember every word I say, if not mor'n that. Yew are little rosy-cheeked torments, full of pie and mischief now; but you've got a mishun tew perform besides makin' mud pies and faces at the teacher. Them little dirty hands has got to mix biskit and rock the cradle, and play the peanner, and break the hearts of them little freckle-faced congressmen settin' on the other side of the school-room, with a stone-bruise on each heel, and a geography lesson in the book. In a few years yew'll think the world is made out of love, tolu gum, tight shoes, bangle bracelits, bows, and moonshine, but it ain't. It's made up of reality and solid facts, and the sooner yew find it out, the more good sound sense you'll have tew fall back on. Yew all want tew live tew be ninety-nine, but yew won't never own yourself tew be mor'n twenty-seven, 'cause wimmin never dew, and how air yew goin' tew accomplish it? Don't plant the seeds of early death among yewr dijestive organs 'cause yew think yew'll look better with a slim waste. God made yew just as he wanted yew tew look. If He'd wantid yew made in two secksions and hung together with a almost invisible thread of the same material, He'd done it on the start. He kalkerlatit on yewr lungs expandin' instid of bein' jammed away intew one corner of yewr sistem, like a last year's bunnit in a clothes-closit. He give yew a pair of feet tew match your body and tew carry it comfortably threw life, and if He'd thought corns and bunions was an improvement, He'd put 'em on himself and saved yew the trouble of wearin' shoes two sizes and a half tew small, in order two manufacture 'em.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1886.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

Orangeism from an Orange Standpoint.

THE article on Orangeism in this issue of our MAGAZINE is evidently from the pen of a sympathizer with the Orange Society. He is an Englishman, and presents his subject in its most attractive form, his object evidently being to create a bugbear in the minds of Englishmen against the granting of home rule to Ireland. He says all that can decently be said in favor of the brotherhood. In our next issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE we will present to our readers an article on Orangeism from one who is an authority on the subject. He will truly depict this terrible society in its true colors, and show the malign influence it has exercised in Irish affairs since its beginning in 1795. Our readers will then have both sides and may easily judge for themselves of the terrible character of this pernicious organization.

THE Countess of Aberdeen has formulated a scheme for developing Irish cottage industries, suggesting that an association should be formed with inspectors in each province.

THE Most Rev. Dr. Carr, bishop of Galway, has written to the editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, bearing witness to the "large and valuable employment" given by the Roads and Piers Commission to the people in the most distressed districts of his diocese, and stating that the "two efficient and courteous Commissioners" are giving their valuable services quite gratuitously.

MR. GLADSTONE has left for Munich, on a three weeks' vacation. He has arranged to return, if necessary, at a moment's notice. The Irish people throughout the world should pray that he may return with renewed vigor and health to battle for Ireland. He may be wanted sooner than some people would like.

MESSRS. O'BRIEN, DEASY, and REDMOND, comprising the delegation from Ireland, who came on recently to the Chicago Convention of the Irish National League, left for Europe on the Guion line steamer *Wisconsin*, on the 24th of August, and arrived home safe and sound. Speaking of America, O'Brien declared it was like being in a vast Cork or Tipperary, with the national sentiment and feeling materially augmented. It can no longer be said the Irish cause has only right on its side. With the whole continent of America with us, we have now added might to right, and can afford to laugh at ridiculous threats by the manikin Cromwells who have taken charge of Ireland.—T. P. GILL, M. P.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION. — *Boston Daily Globe:* Those who look with fear and trembling upon the differences in opinion exhibited at the great Irish convention at Chicago, should bear in mind that, in 1775, and later on in that dark period, the American fathers disagreed in their ideas exceedingly, and sometimes bitterly, yet everything came out well at the end. All had a common object — the good of their country. They differed as to methods, that was all. So it is with the Irish patriots. And the clouds hovering about them, too, will pass away.

BRIGADIER GEN. JOHN NEWTON, chief of engineers, having served more than forty years as an officer of the army of

the United States has been, by his own request, by direction of the President, retired from active service. Mayor Grace, of New York, appointed General Newton to fill the place occupied by Squires, commissioner of public works. The appointment has not only satisfied the people of the first city in the Union, but has been hailed with pleasure throughout the country. In the May issue of our MAGAZINE we gave a brief history of the life and labors of the distinguished soldier and citizen.

THE ANARCHISTS had a protracted trial in Chicago. There were seven convicted for murder in the first degree. The amount paid to the jury was $12,000 — the largest amount ever paid before in this country. The *New York Sun* remarks on the verdict: "The best intelligence that has been printed in many a day, wholesome and cheering to all who respect law and order and love their country, is that which comes from Chicago. Seven murderous and frantic scoundrels, men envenomed against all law, all reason, all decency, and the peace and welfare of a civilized people, are to be extirpated on the gallows for the murders of which they are guilty. The law they defied will be justified in their execution, and a prompt, stern, and necessary warning will be afforded to a class of exotic criminals, for whom there is no room in this land. All honor to Chicago for her example; she deserves the thanks and the gratitude of every community in the country, and she has them in the fullest measure."

CRIME IN EUROPE.—*Pall Mall Gazette:* The Italian Statistical Society has recently published the following interesting figures concerning the number of criminals in every 100,000 inhabitants of the different European countries. Of criminals condemned for all kinds of homicide the proportions are: In Italy, 8.12; Spain, 7.83; Hungary, 6.09; Austria, 2.24; Belgium, 1.78; France, 1.56; Germany, 1.11; British Isles, 0.60. Under the heading of "Blows and Wounds" we find the following number of persons condemned out of 100,000 inhabitants; Austria, 248; Belgium, 177; Italy, 162; Germany, 129; France, 65; Hungary, 46; British Isles, 7.19. The statistics with regard to "crimes against morals" run thus: Belgium, 15.11; Germany, 14.03; France, 9.77; Austria, 9.18; Hungary, 6.25; Italy, 3.77; British Isles, 1.70. Thieving of all kinds is carried on most frequently in Germany, which heads the list with 222 arrests. Italy follows immediately after with 154, then follow the British Isles, with the remark that to the average of 147, Scotland contributes 222 thieves in every 100,000 inhabitants. Next come Belgium with 128, France with 112, Hungary, with 77, Austria with 60, and Spain with 56.

TROOPS FOR IRELAND.—The Curragh of Kildare, the great plain owned by the British crown in the heart of Kildare County, and used for military purposes, is the scene of unusual activity. It is being prepared to receive five additional regiments of infantry and four of cavalry. These fresh troops are to assist in the work of eviction during the coming winter. The authorities expect that the default in rents among the Irish peasantry this winter will be unusually great, and that the present force in Ireland will, unless much strengthened, prove totally unable to the work of protecting the interests of the landlords. The military commander of Curragh is General Sir Redvers Buller in Tralee. In an interview in relation to his duties in County Kerry, he said: "I wish to distinctly state that I have not accepted a dragooning mission, nor shall I assist in evictions. My task will be simply to repress moonlighters and insure the safety of life and property. I propose to effect this by means of flying patrols, who shall be able to communicate speedily with a regularly organized system of supports. I do not know whether my plan will prove a success, but mean to do my duty." The people threatened to boycott the hotel where the General puts up. The Lord-Mayor of Dublin, in a recent speech, said: "The presence of Sir Redvers Buller might produce an apparent peace, but such a peace would be unreal and unlasting."

THE SISTERS OF HOLY CROSS, whose Mother House is at St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Ind., have just opened an academy for young ladies at Woodland, California. It is called the "Academy of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary," and, with its large, commodious building, and all the comforts and conveniences necessary to the well-being — mental, moral, and physical — of

its inmates, it begins its career under the brightest and happiest auspices. The high reputation, which the Sisters of Holy Cross have earned for themselves as educators in their numerous academies and schools throughout the country, is a sufficient guarantee for the successful issue of this new undertaking, in which they have the best wishes of all true friends of education.

PATRICK EGAN was presented with a magnificent service of silver plate on the evening of the 20th of August, in the presence of thousands of our people in Chicago. The gift is from Mr. Parnell and other leaders of the national movement in Ireland, and was handed to Mr. Egan in their name by Michael Davitt. No man of the Irish race, now living, better deserved such a tribute than Mr. Egan.

MOST of the $1,000,000 necessary for the endowment of the new Catholic university at Washington has already been subscribed, and ground will be broken for the erection of buildings next spring.

NOT CONDEMNED. — The *Brooklyn Examiner* says that the condemnation of the Knights of Labor by Cardinal Taschereau seems after all to have been a mistake. It was the Pope's general condemnation of secret societies that the Cardinal wished to apply to the Knights of Labor. But the societies that are condemned are under the ban on account of the secrecy of their objects and their opposition to the Church. The Knights on the contrary make no secret of their objects, and many of them are among the most devoted sons of the Church. Their only secrets consist in grips and passwords designed to exclude outsiders from their meetings.

THE Presentation nuns have five houses in this country: two in San Francisco, one in New York, one in Staten Island, and one just founded in Fitchburg, Mass. This order was founded in Cork, in 1777, by Miss Nano Nagle.

IN obedience to an order issued from Europe by the father-general of the Jesuits, all the brothers belonging to the Society of Jesus have been invested with a belted cassock, similar to that worn by the fathers of the community.

THE late Dr. French, Protestant archbishop of Dublin, left property in England and Ireland amounting to $400,000. The archbishop of Paris died the other day and did not leave enough to bury him.

BISHOP IRELAND is authority for the statement that of the six hundred liquor saloons in Minneapolis, only thirteen are kept by Irishmen.

"MY sister, who is a good Christian woman," says the late Cardinal Guibert, in his last will, "expects no inheritance from me. A bishop who loves the poor cannot save money."

North American Review for August: — The series of religious articles by representative divines is continued by an article entitled "Why am I a Catholic?" by Father Brandi, of the Society of Jesus, president of the leading Jesuit college in America. We give it in full in this number. It is characterized by all the trained acumen of that celebrated order. Father Brandi was selected by Father Fulton, the head of the Order in America, as the ablest theologian to answer this question for a non-Catholic constituency.

MR. PARNELL is determined that the consequences of the inability of Irish tenants to pay exorbitant rent shall not be shouldered upon English taxpayers who are practically the working people of England, but upon the landlords, who are justly responsible. In announcing this he is using a powerful lever on the sympathies of the discontented English workingmen.

THE NUNS OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD. A General Chapter of the Order of the Good Shepherd was lately held in Angers, France. Representatives from nearly every part of the world attended. North America had thirty. There are now one hundred and fifty convents of the Good Shepherd scattered throughout the world. Four nuns from Angers lately passed through the United States on their way to found a convent of their Order in New Zealand. The object for which the Order was established is, as our readers know, the reclamation of fallen women. These are admitted into the Houses of the Good Shepherd either by legal commitment, or on voluntary application, are instructed

in the truths of religion, and taught some handicraft by which they can maintain themselves on their departure. Penitents who wish to remain in the convent for life are free to try their vocation among the Magdalens, a religious community established for penitents in connection with the convents of the Good Shepherd. The same convents additionally maintain "Classes of Preservation," in which children and young girls who have been exposed to evil influences, are received, educated and trained to special industries. These classes are totally separated from the penitents. Notable houses of the Order in the United States are in New York City, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, etc.

THE *Ave Maria* informs us that the principal lamp burning before the Blessed Sacrament in the Lourdes Basilica comes from Ireland. There are, perhaps, a score of lamps before the high altar, but the Irish one is conspicuous by its size and its central position.

CARDINAL GIBBONS.—Messrs. Benziger Brothers, New York, have issued a fine oliograph portrait of his Eminence, Cardinal Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore. The size of the picture is 10x13 inches, and is sold for sixty cents, free by mail.

MANY of our public speakers speak of the *growth* of the church in America, but say nothing of the *losses*.

OUR JUVENILE DEPARTMENT is rich in good things this month. The stories will interest both young and old.

BY ALL MEANS REMOVE HIM.— Upward of four hundred Irish men and women, Catholics, of the mining camp of Idaho Springs, Colorado, have signed a petition to Mr. John W. Mackay, asking him to remove F. F. Osbiston, the manager of the mines. Mr. Osbiston, is a Cornish man. Among other things the petition says of him: "This man so hates an Irish Catholic that he has given imperative orders to his bosses to employ no Irish. He lives in state, with his retinue of servants, carriages and horses, like a feudal lord of the middle ages; his name is a terror, and all dread him; even the Cornish fear him; they call him 'King of Idaho' and such is he in reality. Woe to anybody who incurs his anger, for King John of England, Ireton, Strongbow, and Cromwell, if they were placed in his position, in this nineteenth century, would be more just and less bigoted. He is a perfect tyrant, and he loathes and detests the Irish race." The name of Father Michael Culkin, the pastor of the Catholic church at the Springs, heads the list of petitioners.

WHAT TENANTS WILL DO.—A great autumn campaign is now certain. Whether inside or outside parliament, matters little. What will happen in Ireland is this: The tenants will combine, as far as practicable, to buy the estates on which they rent—bodily, not piecemeal. They will act from the first step to the last in unison. The branches of the National League will decide what they can pay for the land. The tenants will refuse to pay one farthing more than the sum stipulated by the branches of the National League to which they belong. In cases where the purchase of the entire estate is not practicable, and particular tenants are authorized to purchase, the tenants in question will be supported by the entire body of occupiers, backed by the whole force of the league. The policy of the league is, in fine, to bring about united action in all matters affecting landlords and tenants down to the minutest detail. The renters on every estate in Ireland where the league is established will put into daily practice the principle that the interest of each individual is the interest of all. The Tories will probably discover ample evidence of united action by the farmers very soon. A cry will then be raised from one end of the kingdom to the other that a new conspiracy has been unearthed, the Tory government will be urged to bring in coercive measures to suppress it, proclaim martial law and arrest the ringleaders.—*T. P. O'Connor, M.P.*

IT is estimated that six hundred lives were lost on the islands by the earthquakes in Greece. At least six towns on the mainland were entirely destroyed.

VESUVIUS is again in a state of eruption. The people of Naples and Bari are fleeing to the country or gathering in the open spaces to pray. At Bari the priests proclaim the earthquake is a visitation of God. The latest returns show that one

hundred persons were killed at Filiatra and twenty at Gargalino. Both towns are in ruins.

SISTER GABRIELE, of the Order of the Sisters of Mercy, who, in the most self-sacrificing manner, has devoted nearly the whole of her life to the nursing of the sick, celebrated, the other day, the fiftieth anniversary of her religious life at the City Hospital of Coblentz. The German Emperor drove to the hospital to congratulate Sister Gabriele in the most gracious manner and remained with her for half an hour. The Grand Duchess of Baden sent a congratulatory telegram.

A THRUST AT ILLINOIS. — *Catholic Union and Times:* Is it possible that the whole State of Illinois sent only five thousand dollars to the parliamentary fund through the league treasurer? From the fuss that some of those Chicagoans make, one would think they had sent a million. Buffalo forwarded eight thousand dollars to Dr. O'Reilly within two weeks.

INGERSOLL.—The Rev. Mr. Blackwell, a Protestant clergyman of Chicago, Ill., holds Ingersoll responsible for the work of the anarchist murderers in that city. He says: "Until the people applauded that arch-blasphemer, Robert G. Ingersoll, there was no such thing as socialist demonstrations on the lake front. To-day the rich board of trade men and the fashionable women, who went to hear Ingersoll's epigrammatic wit, realized that they had paid their money for dynamite." The "Colonel" is presumably too busy just now defending official thieves in New York to notice the foregoing, says the *Catholic Union and Times.*

THE EVICTED. — Sixty tenants, who had been evicted from their homes on the estate of the Marquis of Ely in Wexford, entered New Ross accompanied by an immense procession. Four hundred horsemen were in line, and music was furnished by a number of brass bands. After attending a political meeting the evicted tenants marched in a body to the workhouse.

OLD DR. GREGORY is in receipt of numerous letters, testifying to the many cures of piles by his wonderful remedy; among them we copy one from a prominent gentleman in this city, in which he says: "I have been troubled with this dreadful disease for two years, and tried everything imaginable but got no relief till I tried your remedy, and now I am pleased to say that I am thoroughly cured." Old Dr. Gregory can be found at his office, 859 Washington Street, Boston.

WELCOME HOME! — John Fitzgerald, the newly elected president of the Irish National League, was received home with the blowing of steam whistles and ringing of bells. Fully five thousand citizens were at the depot to meet him, and a procession headed by Governor Dawes, Chief Justice Coff, Mayor Brock, and other prominent citizens, escorted him to the opera house, where various addresses were made.

THE RIOTS IN BELFAST. — An aggravating circumstance just now is the fact that a great many Catholics are losing their places in the factories and workshops. In some cases they find their life there so disagreeable that they voluntarily give up their places, as did the Catholics employed in the Queen's Island ship yards. In other cases they are quietly dropped. According to a reasonable estimate it is asserted that there are two thousand Catholic men and girls who have been thrown out of employment during the last thirty days. The rich men of Belfast are all Protestants. They own the factories and large establishments where great numbers of people are employed. The lines are drawn so closely now that the religious affiliation of each employe is made a test of fitness. Catholics are losing their places every day, and those poor people who earn but little at the best are now in a most distressed condition. This is one of the most threatening features of the situation.

THE SEVENTH SON. — In Belgium there is an ancient custom according to which the King stands godfather for the seventh son born to any couple in the kingdom, and makes the parents valuable presents. It lately happened that a Protestant couple had a seventh son, and the father wrote to the King asking him to be sponsor. The following is the reply sent by the King's secretary: "In reply to the letter addressed by you to the King, asking his Majesty to consent to be sponsor for your seventh son at the bap-

tismal font, I have the honor to inform you that this favor is granted only to children born of Catholic parents." Some Catholics, who are over-ready to fraternize with Protestants, and even to join with them in their worship, with the mistaken notion that thereby they show freedom from bigotry, might learn a lesson from this little incident.

THERE is a rumor afloat in Rome that Queen Margharita is using her influence to bring about a reconciliation between the Italian government and the Papacy.

BUFFALO *Catholic Union and Times*: — Boston was a proud and envied city as the possessor of John L. Sullivan. New York and Philadelphia eyed her with a sea-green glance, but now the cup of her happiness is full to overflowing. For here comes William J. Kendall, another gifted son, to place on her classic brow the immortal life preserver which bore him to glory and a dime museum through the Niagara rapids. In the words of yet another illustrious son:

Dies erit praegelida.
Sinistra cum Bostonia,

which in plain United States, is

It'll be a durn cold day
When Boston gets left.

BOB INGERSOLL'S throat is seriously diseased, and Bob is advised to take it to Europe to get it cured. Let us see; isn't this the throat that has roared out so much blasphemy against God? asks the *Michigan Catholic*.

WALES. — The Welsh tenants have shown themselves before now to be imbued with a pretty radical idea about land. England may have a Welsh question on hand before it has settled the Irish question.

THE *New York Journal* says the first Irish city established under the coming parliament will be called New Chicago.

J. J. GLANCY writing to the *Boston Herald* says: As for the Irish party, it is in excellent spirits. Things are turning out better than could be expected for it, and its liberal allies are becoming quite enthusiastic in the pushing of the home rule cause, both in and out of parliament.

TUNNEL BETWEEN IRELAND AND SCOTLAND. — The cost of the proposed tunnel between Ireland and Scotland has been estimated by competent authorities at about £5,000,000, and the cost of the land approaches on either side £1,000,000. The greatest depth of water, about midway between the two coasts, is 780 feet, and the roof of the tunnel would have to be some 200 feet below that. The deep sea tunnel portion of the undertaking would be about 21½ miles. The vast changes in travelling which would follow the construction of a tunnel may be pointed out. The distance in miles by the proposed new tunnel route would be — Belfast to London, 390 miles; Belfast to Glasgow, 121 miles; Belfast to Manchester, 244 miles; Belfast to Hull, 296 miles. Belfast would be nearer to Glasgow for all practical purposes than Aberdeen is now, and Belfast would be almost as near to London by rail as is Glasgow itself. The distance by land from Moville to London by the proposed new route — 460 miles — will be just 20 miles less than in the present journey from London to Queenstown, via Holyhead. The gain in time by the new route will be much greater, as 56 miles of the existing Holyhead route is a sea voyage, whereas with a tunnel the American traveller and the mails with bags could be landed at Lough Foyle and reach London about eleven hours afterwards by an uninterrupted railway journey, and no American liner would land its mails or passengers at Queenstown, when by taking them to Lough Foyle it would insure their delivery at a much earlier hour in Scotland, Lancashire and London.

IF CARDINAL MAZELLA should succeed our Holy Father Leo (to whom may God grant more than the days of Peter), the world would behold an American citizen made Pope of Rome.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P., will soon arrive in this country on a lecturing tour, speaking upon the following topics: "The Case of Ireland," "The Literature of 1848," "The English Parliament," "English Statesmen, Orators and Parties," "Modern Fiction, Real and Ideal." His opening lecture will be given in the New York Academy of Music, on Oct. 4th, and in the Boston Theatre on the evening of Sunday, October 10th. The distinguished littérateur will be welcomed to Boston by a tremendous audience.

RELEASE OF A SOUL IN PURGATORY.—*Ave Maria:* The Duke of Orleans, eldest son of Louis Philippe, was killed, as may be remembered, by jumping from his carriage while the horses were running away. The fact was supernaturally revealed to a nun of the Carmelite Convent at Tours, of which frequent mention is made in the Life of the "Holy Man of Tours." She was told that the Prince was in purgatory, and asked for prayers. The superiors directed her to offer all her prayers, fasts, etc., for the unhappy soul. The broken-hearted Queen, who had almost dreaded that her son was lost for eternity, was greatly comforted on hearing of the revelation, and from that moment she redoubled her prayers and alms. Immediately after the vision, the holy Carmelite's health broke down, and her sufferings became acute; but she never relaxed in fervor, and continued to macerate her body to appease the anger of God. At the end of sixteen years she had another vision; the glorified soul came to announce his release, and to thank the nun for her share in his deliverance. From that hour her health was completely restored.

POWDERLY.—In an address at Wilkesbarre, Pa., Mr. Powderly strongly denounced rioting and violence carried on in the name of the Knights of Labor. He declared that anarchists could never obtain a foothold in that organization; that anarchy is destructive to civil liberty: and that no honest workman can afford to identify himself with an organization which has for its object the destruction of life and property.

IN HONOR OF IRELAND'S PATRON SAINT.—The venerable rector of the Irish College, Rome, was not wrong in predicting that the news that a church is about to be erected in the Eternal City in honor of Ireland's patron saint, would cause a thrill of joy in the heart of every Irish Catholic who would hear it. It is, indeed, a matter for surprise that whilst almost every Catholic nation possesses in Rome a temple to its apostle, no such honor is paid St. Patrick, who was so obedient a servant of Christ's Vicar, and the evangelist of a people that have become conspicuous amongst all others for their devotion to the Holy See. The generosity of the Holy Father in heading the subscription list with the handsome donation of four thousand francs will call forth a feeling of gratitude in the breasts of his Irish children throughout the world, and will stimulate their zeal in promoting a work so eminently national and Catholic.

MR. T. F. GALWEY, in an article addressed to the New York *Independent* places the circulation of the Catholic periodicals in the United States, in the English language, at seventy-five thousand. We think he is placing the figures too low. If we are to believe some three or four of our contemporaries, their circulation alone would amount to that number. Why not get the exact circulation by issuing a circular addressed to each paper? DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is ready to state its exact monthly issues.

CACTUS BALM, a universal remedy for all ordinary diseases of the hair, scalp and skin. It contains no poisonous or injurious ingredients. The proprietors are SMITH BROTHERS, 349 Washington Street, Boston.

THE QUEEN AND MR. GLADSTONE.—Queen Victoria's dislike for Gladstone dates back to the time when she hesitated about signing the Irish Church disestablishment bill. "But, madame, you must sign," said Mr. Gladstone. The queen indignantly rejoined: "Sir, do you know who I am?"—"Yes, madame," responded Mr. Gladstone, "the Queen of England. But does your Majesty know who I am? I am the people of England." Mr. Gladstone is still the people in the sense in which he used the term. He is the representative of the most advanced popular thought in England.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION IN GEORGIA. The Catholic schools form part of the public school system, are supported by the State, and are under direction and control of the Board of Education. This in pursuance of an arrangement made some years ago by the Catholic clergy and leading laymen of the one part, and the county authorities of the other. Up to that time the Catholic schools were supported, as Catholic schools everywhere chiefly are, by voluntary contributions. Now the benefit of the public funds is in common with non-Catholics. The teachers are elected by the county Board of

Education, but must be practical Catholics. Catholic text-books are used, and schools are assembled at an earlier hour than the non-Catholic schools, so that Catechism may be taught without trenching upon the hours devoted to study by regulations of the Board. There are three Catholics on the Board of Education — Dr. J. B. Read, Capt. Henry Blun, and John A. Douglas. The school-houses are the property of the Catholics, but are kept in repair by the Board.

HOT WATER HEATING.—Hot water is considered very healthful for dwellings; and it is well known that in houses where hot-air furnaces have been used, house plants would not thrive; but after hot-water heat was introduced, the same variety of plants were grown successfully. Quoting from an article by J. Drysdale, M. D., and J. W. Hayward, M. D., of England, published in "The Health and Comfort in House Building," they say: "As a proof of the healthfulness of hot-water heat, we may notice that one of us, who has lived four years in a house heated by the hot-water system, is a general practitioner of medicine, which involves being frequently called out at all hours of the day and night; yet no increased liability to cold or delicacy of any kind has been observed: on the contrary, whereas previously, when living in ordinary houses, he frequently suffered from bronchitis and quinsy, he has never had either disease since living in his present house; and a member of his family, who had previously to spend several winters in a warm climate, is now able to remain at home and go about in the open air all the year round. For prevention of disease we hold a house heated by hot water to be a most important auxiliary." We commend to the attention of directors of institutions, asylums, aud hospitals, the Gurney Hot-Water system. Write for full descriptive circular, testimonials, etc., to Mr. J. A. Fish & Co., 93 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

A FLAW IN THE TITLE. — The novelist and playwright have recently been deprived of one of the most useful devices of their craft. The Massachusetts Insurance Title Company insures all titles to real estate or other property, thus making assurance doubly sure. For a small sum all doubt as to the value of a deed may be removed, and expensive litigation avoided.

THE BISHOPRIC OF GREEN BAY. — The official documents appointing Very Rev. Father Katzer, at present administrator of the diocese of Green Bay, Wisconsin, to the bishopric of that diocese, were forwarded to the Most Rev. Archbishop Heiss. His consecration is expected to take place the latter part of September. Father Katzer will be the third priest ordained a bishop from St. Francis' Seminary, the others being Bishop Vertin, consecrated in 1879, and Bishop Flasch in 1881. In years he will be the next youngest bishop in the province, being but little older than Bishop Vertin. The diocese of Green Bay is, perhaps, the most extraordinary diocese in the world. The following languages are in use in sermons and confessions; German, in sixty-three churches; English, in fifty-four; French, in twenty-two; Cechic, or Bohemian, in fifteen; Polish, in nine; Dutch, or Flemish, in eleven; and Indian language in two. In short, the diocese is a miniature of the Universal Church. The number of Catholics within its borders is between seventy thousand and eighty thousand.

LITTLE PHIL'S WELCOME HOME.—The little village of Somerset, Ohio, famous only as the birthplace and early home of General Phil. Sheridan, was in a blaze of glory over his return. He arrived at six, with his brother, Colonel Mike Sheridan, and was met at the depot by over one thousand veterans and several thousand other people, who gave the General such a reception as the village never saw before. The General's mother, now eighty-seven years old, lives on the edge of the town, and the G. A. R. veterans escorted their hero through the village to her gate, where, as he greeted her with a kiss, the cheering was tremendous. The General makes a visit home every year, and was persuaded this time to come during the reunion of the Thirty-first (Ohio) Regiment. As he declined to attend at San Francisco and other reunions, the Somerset people are justly proud.

A CATHOLIC IN THE ENGLISH CABINET. Mr. Henry Mathews is the first Catholic who has had a seat in the Cabinet since the days of the Reformation, so called. The Orangemen are in revolt against the new cabinet. The appointment of a Catholic, no matter how high his capabilities or how brilliant his talents, to a post in the

ministry, could not fail to excite the ire of the Ulster bigots. The selection of Mr. Henry Matthews for the office of Home Secretary has implanted in the mind of the redoubtable Mr. Johnston, of Ballykilbeg, the conviction that even Lord Salisbury has fallen under the spell of the Jesuits. "We have here," says Mr. Johnston, in a letter to a Belfast newspaper, "Jesuit influence developed, as the new Home Secretary is most intimately acquainted with the aims and aspirations of Cardinal Manning, and the appointment is without question the result of the support given by English Roman Catholics to the Conservatives at the general elections." It was bad enough to have Mr. Gladstone hatching Jesuitical plots, but what will the Orangemen do now that their friends, the Conservative leaders, are framing deeply-laid schemes for the destruction of Protestantism? They are between the demon and the deep sea.

It is stated that the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, during their five months' tenure of office in Ireland, spent £30,000 in promoting industry, happiness and charity amongst the people.

Scotland. — The Right Rev. Dr. Macdonald, Bishop of Aberdeen, recently raised to the priesthood Mr. Hunter Blair, late of Dunksey, Ayrshire. The Rev. gentleman, a convert, is the eldest son of Sir Edward Hunter Blair, Bart., Ayrshire. Many parishes in Scotland have known the extent of his charity; and on joining the Benedictines two years ago he endowed the Order with upwards of £50,000.

At a recent meeting of the Irish parliamentary party, Mr. Parnell proposed — That we deem it our duty to warn the government that the great depreciation in the price of agricultural produce since the period when the bulk of the judicial rents were fixed, renders it impossible that these rents can be paid, and we would suggest an immediate revision of all such rents, a remodeling of the rent-fixing clauses, so as to secure protection for the improvements effected by the tenant or his predecessors in title, the admission of the leaseholders, and the protection of the rights of the tenant to turbary, together with such a suspension of evictions and wiping out of arrears as may enable the occupiers of the soil to live and pay their way.

After the Battle. — The extracts published elsewhere from the article which Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has contributed to the forthcoming number of the *Contemporary Review*, express the opinions of a public man of forty years' experience upon the Irish situation of to-day. Statesmanship has been his study, and for a long time was his avocation. His judgement, therefore, must carry weight with all dispassionate men, and the reasoning by which he justifies his conclusions will bear conviction to the minds of those with whom prejudice counts for less than argument.

Mr. Justin M'Carthy, M.P., will sail for America on Sept. 16th. He will make a private lecturing tour in the various cities of the United States.

The Archbishop of Chicago has, says the *Osservatore Catholica*, issued an appeal to the German Catholics of the United States to use their best endeavors to collect the funds for the projected Catholic University at Washington. The German Catholics have undertaken to furnish the funds required to establish the chairs of jurisprudence, philosophy and theology.

The University of Notre Dame, Ind., has conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon Major Henry F. Brownson, of Detroit, son of the illustrious Dr. Brownson; also upon Rev. M. Lambing, the indefatigable historical writer.

A Libeller Punished. — An action which has lately been decided before Mr. Justice Johnson and a special jury at Cork evidences that the protection of the law will be afforded to those who, advocating the Irish cause, are libellously arraigned as inciting to outrage. The Rev. Michael Malone, P.P., Glin, Co. Limerick, brought an action for libel against the Knight of Glin on account of assertions contained in letters written by the latter — one to a Limerick newspaper and the other to the Chief Secretary for Ireland — which appeared in *The Irish Times* and in the London *Times*. The libel, as alleged, imputed that the Rev. plaintiff by his speech and action when pre-

siding at a national league meeting at Glin, had conducted to the commission of an outrage which took place subsequent to the meeting, and further that his speech at the meeting was dictated by base and dishonorable motives. The plaintiff denied that he had ever said anything which could be interpreted as inciting to outrage; and evidence having been heard for both sides, the jury found for the plaintiff, with £50 damages.

ALCOHOLISM IN FRANCE. — A moral which he who runs may read is pointed by a report recently presented to the French *Academie de Medecine* by a committee of that body appointed to examine the question of alcoholism in France. It was proved in the course of the investigation that the consumption of alcohol in France has doubled within the last forty years. The committee declared that the community suffers from wholesale poisoning due to the infamous quality of the alcohol used in the concoction of wine. The health of those who consume alcoholic liquors is, it appears, a consideration which does not much exercise the minds of the great wine merchants. Their chief object being to secure quick sales and large profits, spirits obtained from beetroot, potatoes and various inferior grains containing deleterious ingredients in large proportions are extensively employed to fortify the cheap Spanish and Italian wines that fill the market. Frequently the stuff sold as wine, even in France, is entirely innocent of any connection with the fruit of the vine. The report concludes by urging the government to enforce a more effective control over the application of the law relating to drunkenness and the management of public houses, which are out of all rational proportion to the population. The committee recognize that with regard to the vice of intemperance it is well to adopt the motto that prevention is better than cure.

REIGN OF TERROR IN BELFAST.—Mr. Labouchere has put the situation, and his words, steeped in scorn as they are, are full of weight as coming from one of the most advanced of Englishmen in intellect and politics: "I presume the Tories and Unionists are well satisfied that their wretched dupes in Belfast have so well responded to the advice tendered them. That bright peculiar star of Orangeism, Toryism, and Unionism, Mr. De Cobain, M.P., is now engaged in encouraging these wretches to continue to resist the constabulary by asserting that the reign of terror in Belfast is the result of a deliberate plan of the constabulary, who are known to have given pledges to kill Orangemen whenever they get the opportunity. I regard a man who, on an occasion like this, publicly makes such a statement as rather viler than the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish. They were ruffians, but they at least risked their own lives, while the sinister scoundrels who encourage the fanatics to resist the police in Belfast, and who put forth such impudent falsehoods respecting the constabulary, take very good care to keep their own carcass out of gunshot."

A NEW PLAY.—Mr. Justin M'Carthy, M.P., has written a drama which is to be produced shortly in the United States by Miss Fortescue, who has secured the right of presenting it. Miss Fortescue goes to America with the character of being a painstaking and clever actress, but with a drama from the pen of Mr. Justin M'Carthy, her success is all the more assured.

THE *London Times* directly charges the Orangemen with the responsibility for the riots and bloodshed. It tells them plainly that theirs was the victory. Their party was in power. They themselves were in the majority in Belfast. They had everything in their own hands. The mayor, the magistrates, the money, the means — all were in their hands. And they set to work to celebrate their victory by hacking and hewing and harrying and insulting and goading on to desperation the minority of their Catholic fellow-citizens. The truth of the situation is this: the Orangemen fought for sheer deviltry and for the love of inflicting death and wounds and loss on the Catholics; the Catholics had to fight for their lives and property.

MICHAEL DAVITT says he came over to America for his health and to deliver some lectures. He will probably begin lecturing in the West, possibly in California. He will lecture on the Irish question, and in particular on the condition of the fishermen on the West Coast of Ireland." He says the outlook for home rule is very satisfactory. Of course, we

had a reverse in the recent elections, but the fact that Mr. Gladstone and his party are on our side is in itself a tremendous victory. It is now only a question of a few years when home rule for Ireland will be an accomplished fact.

THE POPE'S JUBILEE.— The preparations for the celebration of the Sacerdotal Jubilee of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. are being carried out with great activity. The members of the Central Committee have been received in private audience by His Holiness, who gave his blessing to the work which they have in hand. Arrangements are in progress for the exhibition of Christian art, which is to be held in the large inner court of the Vatican, and in which Catholics from all quarters of the world will take part. The gifts which have been already determined upon are of a truly magnificent order, and amongst others we notice the presentation of a golden throne by the Catholics of Naples. This jubilee will afford to the Catholic world a means of proving beyond controversion the bond which exists between Catholicism in every land and the Head of the Church upon earth, and a means also of showing how great is the admiration of the Catholic world for the genius which has so ably carried on the difficult work of the Papal See.

HUTCHINGS' ORGANS.— A fine, three manual organ is now in course of erection in Grace Church, Providence, built by George S. Hutchings, of this city. It is to contain 774 pipes, more than the organ in the new Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, Providence. Mr. Thomas J. Quinlan, for many years with Mr. Hutchings, is superintending the work. The Hutchings' church organ was the favorite instrument of the late lamented Joseph G. Lennon, who always spoke in the highest terms of them. His last playing was done upon the handsome Hutchings' organ in St. Peter's Church, Dorchester, of which he was organist, the Sunday previous to the fatal accident. The organ in the church of the Assumption, Brookline, used at the recent dedicatory services, was remodeled by Mr. Hutchings.

HON. A. M. KEILEY has been appointed one of the judges of the International Court at Cairo, Egypt, vice-Judge Batchelor of New York resigned. The salary, which it is said amounts to $7,500, is really paid by the Khedive, who also makes the appointment of the person selected by the United States to represent this government at the court. Mr. Keiley sailed from New York on August 21. It will be recollected that Mr. Keiley was appointed Minister to Austria, but on some frivolous etiquette he was not acceptable.

THOSE 'ORRID JESUITS!— The British government expedition which left Southampton in the royal mail steamer *Nile*, bore with it, among other distinguished *savants*, to observe the sun's eclipse in the West India Islands, the Rev. S. J. Perry, S. J., of Stonyhurst College. The special work assigned to Father Perry is "to make observation of the chromosphere before and after totality, and search for carbon bands during totality." The observation will be made from the Grenada Island—about the size of the Isle of Man—and other islands in the West Indian Archipelago, and the event is looked to with great interest.

THERE are at present thirty-three foreign cardinals, and exactly the same number of Italian cardinals. This never occurred before in the history of the Papacy.

JUDGE DUNNE has obtained a foundation of the Benedictines for his colony at San Antonio, Fla. Father Gerard, late prior at Newark, N. J., is now in San Antonio organizing the foundation. Land has been secured for a college and monastery.

THE PRO-CATHEDRALS of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, have been elevated to the dignity of cathedrals. St. Andrew's, Dundee, St. Columba's, Oban, and St. Andrew's Church, Dumfries, are now made the pro-cathedrals of Dunkeld, Argyll, and the Isles, and Galloway diocese respectively. These alterations are another proof of the advance the church is making in the land of the Scot.

FROM a Pastoral by Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid:—"In every family there should be at least one newspaper, sound in principles, in teachings, in sympathy with the Church's work, which will be an assistant

to the pastor in propagating a knowledge of divine truths. A good Catholic newspaper keeps up, during the week, the pastor's Sunday work of preaching the Gospel, and is able to treat of subjects good for the parishioners to be familiar with, but which cannot be touched upon in the short sermon of the pastor. Many of these subjects, too, no matter how important and useful, would be out of place in a sermon. . . . It will give us pleasure to know that there is not in the diocese of Rochester one Catholic family without its Catholic newspaper." Of course the Rt. Rev. Prelate includes Catholic Magazines as well.

We are pleased to learn that Rev. Father Scully, who has been absent for several months, has returned much improved in health.

Vacant Professorships in Maynooth. — The chairs of second year's theology, second year's mental and moral philosophy, ecclesiastical history, and modern languages are at present vacant in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. The concursus for these vacant chairs will take place in September. As in the past, so likely also in the present, some of the ablest ecclesiastics in Ireland will contest for the professorships, and the concursus will be watched with the greatest interest. The Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland usually attend, and before their lordships and the professors and students of the college the contest will be carried on for several days in almost every branch of learning. We have requested one of the students who frequently contribute to these pages to supply us with an account of the concursus, and of the clerical candidates who shall have taken part in it. The account will be printed in our next number.

School and Church Furniture.— Carroll W. Clark, 75 Hawley Street, Boston, furnishes school and church furniture of the most improved patterns and designs. References furnished to interested parties. Send for catalogue. Address as above.

The *North German Gazette* says Germany has no interest in Bulgaria, and that the necessity for German armaments is France.

It is estimated that the wine crop of California will reach 25,000,000 gallons, an increase of 10,000,000 over the crop of 1885.

There is a mother in Richmond, Mich., who has seventeen healthy children, the oldest being but 19 years of age.

Michael Davitt Speaks.—Escanaba, Mich., August 29, 1886. Michael Davitt addressed an enthusiastic meeting of Irishmen and others last night. He reviewed at length the progress and purposes of the Land League, and Irish National League, closed as follows: "In Ireland we are likely to have serious trouble the coming winter. Lord Randolph Churchill's government has already encouraged the landlords. We must resist. At first passive measures of resistance will be employed, but resist we must, at any cost. I would be the last to advise a resort to unjustifiable means, but if the landlords make efforts to collect impossible rents, and the tenants are evicted, they will fall back on the promptings of human nature. We can't help it. The government has been warned by Gladstone. So after this trouble comes we want it understood that the policy is the deliberate one of the Tories. We will come out of this trouble triumphant. National laws and prisons cannot prevent it. The Irish leaders will emerge from the struggle with the green flag in the van, triumphant and united."

Sir C. Gavan Duffy, whose article on the home rule question was so often referred to in recent speeches, has contributed another paper, entitled "After the Battle," to the August number of the *Contemporary Review*. A synopsis of the article will be found elsewhere.

The inhabitants of Valencia, Spain, intend to present to his Holiness, on the occasion of his sacerdotal jubilee, a stole set with as many precious stones as there are parishes in Valencia.

The Rev. Father Cosandy, O. P., has been called to fill a chair of theology in the Catholic University of Angers. The reverend gentleman is one of the religious who were expelled from France in 1880.

FORT GRATIOT, MICHIGAN.

Editor Donahoe's Magazine: Are you not in error in the statement (September number, 1886,) that the first Mass in Michigan was at Keweenaw Bay in 1663? The Jesuit Fathers Raymbault and Jogues established a mission at Sault Ste. Marie in Michigan in 1641, and Father Mesuard, in 1665, entered Portage Lake, near Keweenaw Bay, and were probably the first priests in that vicinity. Our people generally look to Sault Ste. Marie as the starting point of Christianity in Michigan.

O'BRIEN J. ATKINSON.

THE SITUATION IN ENGLAND.—The spirit of discontent among the working classes of England has assumed immense proportions. The agricultural classes, too, have been brought to the verge of ruin by American competition, and it is said that thousands of holdings have become so nearly worthless that the rent is only nominal. Altogether, the situation in England begins to look threatening. The Irish question is in her hands. Her agricultural and industrial classes are growing more and more feverish. Russia menaces her ascendency in the East. A weak and wavering policy characterizes her ministerial counsels. Her markets are being eaten into, and the worm of taxation is at her vitals.

BISHOP CURTIS.—We give elsewhere a portrait of the new bishop of Wilmington. It has been stated that he was ordained by Cardinal Newman. The cardinal is merely a priest and can ordain no one. He was ordained in Baltimore as our account states.

THE Most Rev. Archbishop of Dublin has purchased a lot in that city for the purpose of erecting a working-boy's home. The proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal* has already tendered to the archbishop the expression of his heart-felt satisfaction at the foundation of the home, and the assurance of his desire to co-operate in every way in his power towards its usefulness and development. The Right Honorable, the Lord Mayor, and Mr. William O'Brien, the two other Catholic proprietors of journals in that city, have also entered cordially into his Grace's views, and will bear a willing part in helping towards their perfect realization.

THE Killarney branch of the National League is willing to assist Gen. Buller in suppressing crime, but not in serving landlords.

IN the House of Commons Sir Michael Hicks-Beach states the number of police killed and wounded in the Belfast riots; Mr. Esselmont moves an amendment to the address with reference to the crofters.

THE SWALLOW.—An experiment to test the speed of the swallow's flight has been made at Pavis, Italy. Two hen birds were taken from their broods, carried to Milan, and there released at a given hour. Both got back to their nests in thirteen minutes, which gave their rate of speed at eighty-seven and a half miles an hour. There are other kinds of swallows, who can swallow certain liquids much swifter than the feathered swallow can fly.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is as responsible, morally, for the outrages and wholesale murders at Belfast, as spies Schwab and Fielden of the Chicago massacre, and if he had his deserts he should be indicted and tried for inciting to murder.

THE Total Abstinence element is very properly reaching the top in Irish affairs. John Fitzgerald, the president-elect of the league, is described as an "ardent follower of Father Mathew"; Hugh McCaffery, of Philadelphia, the first vice-president, is presumably a total abstainer also; and Rev. P. A. McKenna, of Marlboro, Mass., is a prominent total abstinence leader.

TWENTY-EIGHT PRIESTS ORDAINED.—Cardinal Gibbons ordained at the schclasticate of the College of the Sacred Heart, Woodstock, Md., twenty-eight candidates to the priesthood on the 26th of August. This is the largest class ever ordained at any one occasion in the United States. His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, got a right royal reception from the faculty, students, citizens, etc. A Protestant friend at our elbow remarked, on hearing the news: "What wonder was it there was an earthquake when so many Jesuits were cast upon the country at one time."

IT is not true, as stated in some quarters, that Justin McCarthy is a Protestant. He is a Catholic of the Catholics.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Thomas B. Noonan & Co., Boston.

THE TRUE RELIGION AND ITS DOGMAS. By Rev. Nicholas Russo, S. J., Professor of Philosophy in Boston College. Price, $1.

The first part of this book treats of requirements for the study of religion, the necessity of religion, reason and revelation, religion and Christianity, the divinity of Jesus Christ, the genuineness of the gospels, an outline of the Christian Church, the unity of the Christian Church, theological opinions and new definitions, the teaching authority of the Church, Papal infallibility, the Church and the natural sciences, salvation out of the Church, the salvation of unbaptized children, a few words about infidels. In the second part the book deals with the dogma of the Trinity, created and uncreated life, the Incarnation, the Eucharist, wonders of the Real Presence, Transubstantiation, the sacrament of penance, everlasting punishments, veneration and invocation of saints, the Blessed Virgin Mary in the Church. All these subjects are treated in a plain and lucid manner. We recommend it to those in charge of missions. The book is neatly got up, and should have an extensive sale.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NEW book by Father McNamara, of the Irish College, Paris, is just out, *Pan Vobis* being a popular exposition of the seven Sacraments, furnishing reading matter for public instruction, and also suitable for private and family reading. The author is well known in this country through his "Programmes of Sermons."

The Keys of the Kingdom, or the Unfailing Promise, by Rev. James J. Moriarty. This book can be recommended to Protestants inquiring about Catholic grounds of faith. It answers the questions: Is religion worth studying? If so, which religion? By whom was the true religion founded? What rule of faith was laid down? and what mark, notes or characters distinguished the one true church from all others, so that it can be easily discerned and distinguished from all false churches?

The above books can be had of Messrs Noonan & Co., as well as of the publishers.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co.

Vocal: "What wilt Thou have Me Do?" Sacred Song, words by J. A. Bartley, music by H. P. Danks. "Old Ocean Pound," Song, by C. A. White. "Zara the Gipsy," Song, by C. A. White. "Watching at the Window for her Boy," Song, by J. P. Skelly. "The Old Wooden Bench at the Door," Song, by J. W. Wheeler. "Good-By Nancy Jane," Song, by C. D. Blake.

Instrumental: "Impatience," by Streabbog. "Grand Galop," by J. Schluoff. "Gondoliera," by F. Spindler. "Pinkney's Spice Polka," by Miss Estelle Taxter. "Pinkney's Spice Waltz," by Chas. E. Pratt. "In the Good Old Time, Gavotle," by Michaelis. "Oberm," Fantasie," by Leduc. "Radetzky March," by Strauss. "Salvini Schottische," by E. Neumann. "Emmy," by A. Jungmann. "Julia Polka," by Jno. Mack. "Conquering Hero March," by H. Arbert. "Candor," by Heller. "Rock of Ages," Transcription, by T. P. Ryder. "Strewing Flowers Waltz," by E. H. Bailey. "Auf Wiedersehn Waltzes," by E. H. Baily.

Wm. A. Pond & Co., 25 Union Sq., N. Y.

Instrumental: "Huntsman's Greeting," by Bohn. "Rain on the Roof," for piano, by Geo. Wm. Warren. "On Prancing Steeds," a march, by Wm. Boyrer. "Lullaby," from the comic opera of Erminie, arranged for soprano by Raymond. "At the Meadow Bars," waltz song; words by F. D. Sherman, music by Wilson G. Smith. "Come to me in my Dreams," words by Matthew Arnold, music by S. H. Gray. "Huntsman's Greeting," No. 2 of modern gems, revised, by Albert W. Berg. The above are all good compositions, gotten up in good style, and can be had at any music store or from the above-named house.

Books: "Stamaty's Celebrated Fundamental Studies," compiled and revised by Calixa Lavallee. Also "Prof. Wallack's Self-Instructor for the Harmonica;" both works issued by Messrs. White, Smith & Co.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

THE REV. FATHER HANRAHAN, O. S. F., who left Ireland for Australia at the request of the late Archbishop Vaughan in 1879, died last month at the Franciscan Presbytery, Waverly. The deceased priest was an especial favorite of his Eminence the late Cardinal Cullen.

REV. M. J. DOHERTY, of St. Bridget's Catholic Church in Millbury, Mass., died Sunday, August 29, aged forty-one years. He was a native of Mayo, Ireland, was graduated at Holy Cross College in 1868, and came to Millbury from Lawrence.

DIED, at Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, on the morning of Saturday, August 28, Rev. Thomas E. Neville, pastor of St. Malachy's Church, South Side, Pittsburgh, Pa. He was ordained by Rt. Rev. J. Tuigg, in St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburgh, on the 23d of September, 1876. He was a native of Macroon, County Cork.

BROTHER.

NABNASSET POND, in Westford, Mass., was the scene of a drowning accident on the 16th of August, which is particularly sad. Four of the Xaverian Brothers — an order of men who teach the pupils of St. Patrick's Parochial School in Lowell — have been rusticating in West Chelmsford for about two weeks. While on an excursion to Nabnasset Grove, they were joined by William McGlinchey and his two sons, of Westford, and the seven persons went out on the pond in a boat. When about three-quarters of a mile from shore two of the occupants of the boat attempted to change positions, when the boat went over. All were thrown into the water, and when they came to the surface they held on to the bottom of the boat. Mr. McGlinchey and one of the Xaverian Brothers could swim. Mr. McGlinchey took one of his sons on his back and Brother Bonaventure took the other, and they reached the shore in safety. Brother Bonaventure was nearly exhausted when he reached the shore; but when he saw his brothers hanging helplessly to the boat, he said that he could not wait for help, but plunged into the water. Mr. McGlinchey says that he cast his eyes heavenward, and his lips moved as he struck out for the other Brothers. He had gone but a short distance when he uttered a gurgling cry and sank, a cramp having seized him. The Brothers, who were now in the middle of the pond, called loudly for assistance, and it came soon after, and they were rescued.

SISTER.

SISTER EULALIE, the Superioress of the Immaculate Academy, Newport, Ky., was accidentally burned to death last week by her bed taking fire. She was forty years of age, and had spent considerable time in Louisville. Her parents, named Gaynor, live in New York City. She was widely known in the Catholic Church.

LAY PEOPLE.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON, Q.C., LL. D., President of the Royal Irish Academy, died on August 8, at the age of seventy-six years. He was born at Belfast, and graduated at Trinity College, Dublin. In 1838 he was called to the Irish Bar, and in 1867 was appointed Deputy Keeper of the Public Records in Ireland. An honorary member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, the honor of Knighthood was conferred upon him in March, 1878, by reason of his literary and antiquarian merits. He is the author of "Lays of the Western Gael," "Congal, a Poem in Five Books," and was a frequent contributor to *Blackwood* and the *Dublin University Magazine*, in which were published "The Forging of the Anchor," "Father Tom and the Pope" and the "Hibernian Knights' Entertainments." His wife, whom he married in 1848, was Mary Catherine, daughter of Robert Q. Guinness, Esq., of the Farm, Stillorgan, county Dublin. Sir Samuel was born in Belfast, in 1810, and was the third son of the late John Ferguson, Esq., of Collon House, county Antrim.

MICHAEL CLARRISY, aged ninety years, died at Dover, N. H., August 19. Born in Ireland, he was a small farmer for several years until 1837, when he was ar-

rested and transported to Van Dieman's Land for twenty years by the British Government for being a leader in a rebellion in the North of Ireland. He served fourteen years, was pardoned, returned to Ireland, and left for America in 1855.

THE late Mr. Henry O'Reilly, of Rochester, was the oldest newspaper writer in New York. Sixty years ago he edited the first daily paper that was issued on the American continent west of the cities of New York, Philadelphia and Albany. It was entitled the *Daily Advertiser*. The first daily paper ever printed in Boston was also named the *Advertiser;* and it was edited by an Irishman named Burke, a gentleman who had to escape from Ireland after the rebellion of '98.

THE death is announced of Lady Mary Nugent, which took place at Pallas Co., Galway, after a brief illness. The deceased, who was only nineteen years of age, was the daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Earl of Westmeath.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL has recent intelligence of the death of his mother in England. The venerable and respected lady, who died in her seventy-sixth year, was born in Ireland. Her father, Thomas Fitzgerald, was a large farmer at Ardmore, County Waterford. She soon after her marriage went to live in England, and for thirty years past has been a widow. Of her ten children, three survive. The eldest is a nun, who for thirty-two years has devoted her life to education. The second is Monsignor, and the third and youngest, a son married to a French lady. The Monsignor, for the past few months, has been living at Arno Farm, near San Francisco, with Mrs. Valensin and her family, who are Catholics. He is doing his favorite work, educating the son, Dio Valensin, and is at the same time preparing for publication two important works — the one, "Why am I a Catholic?" and the other, "The Catholic Church in America."

MR JOHN A. KEENAN, aged twenty-five years, a member of the New Hampshire Legislature from Dover, in 1883 and '84, died on Aug. 28, from heart trouble. He was the youngest member ever elected to the New Hampshire Legislature, being but two days over twenty-one years old when chosen.

ONE of the most remarkable cases of longevity, in recent times, if true, went on record, on August 18th, when Mrs. Margaret Murphy died, at 3134 Emerald Avenue, Chicago. The deceased was born in the County Tipperary, Ireland, August 15, 1777. In 1860 she emigrated from the mother country, and has lived in Chicago ever since with her daughter Margaret.

Colorado Catholic: A seasonable study! *Godless schools* — ignorance of doctrine — neglect of prayer — contempt of religion — no sacraments — secret society — practical apostacy — sickness — death — and then? CATHOLIC SCHOOLS — knowledge and love of church — frequent reception of sacraments — (probable sin, speedy repentance) — trials borne for God's sake — reliance on prayer — good example — sickness — priest — death — life.

COLLECTOR MAGONE, the new collector for the port of New York, should be a Catholic; but as with many others who get into politics, his religion is frozen out. To be a professional politician and a practical Catholic seems to be a difficult matter, thinks the *Colorado Catholic.*

SISTERS OF MERCY.—At the annual election of the Sisters of Mercy, held in the mother house in Providence, R. I., Sister Thomasina was elected Reverend Mother instead of Rev. Mother Bernard; and Sister Loyola, who was born in Fall River and known in the world as Elizabeth A. McDonough, was chosen to the office of mother bursar of the Order in Providence diocese.

THE COMMISSION CHESTNUT. — Salisbury and Churchill show very little originality in their prescriptions for the Irish difficulty, observes the *Boston Daily Globe.* The thinnest of all their propositions is the appointment of another "royal commission" to inquire into and report upon the condition of Ireland. As though its condition were not thoroughly known and understood already. The true object of this commission will be the same as that of the innumerable British commissions which the British Parliament has been in the habit of issuing when it pretended to inquire into any Irish grievances, — to devise the best means of getting rid of what is termed "the surplus population." What Daniel O'Connell said of the Devon commission of 1844, consisting of landlords, will apply with equal force to all of them: "You might as well consult butchers about keeping Lent as consult these men about the rights of the Irish farmers."

The Irish Question.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M. P. FOR MIDLOTHIAN.

I.—HISTORY OF AN IDEA.

In the year 1868, I was closely associated with the policy of disestablishing the Irish Church. It was then, not unfairly, attempted to assail the cause in the person of its advocate. To defeat this attempt, an act became necessary which would otherwise have been presumptuous and obtrusive. In order to save the policy from suffering, I laid a personal explanation before the world.* The same motive now obliges me to repeat the act, and will, I hope, form a sufficient excuse for my repeating it.

The substance of my defence or apology will, however, on the present occasion be altogether different. I had then to explain the reasons for which, and the mode in which, I changed the opinions and conduct, with respect to the Church of Ireland then established, which I had held half a century ago. I had shown my practical acceptance of the rule that change of opinion should if possible be accompanied with proof of independence and disinterested motive; for I had resigned my place in the Cabinet of Sir Robert Peel in order to make good my title to a new point of departure. On the present occasion, I have no such change to vindicate; but only to point out the mode in which my language and conduct, governed by uniformity of principle, have simply followed the several stages, by which the great question of autonomy for Ireland has been brought to a state of ripeness for practical legislation.

It is a satisfaction to me that, in confuting imputations upon myself, I shall not be obliged to cast imputations on any individual opponent.

The subject of a domestic Government for Ireland, without any distinct specification of its form, has been presented to us from time to time within the last fifteen or sixteen years. I have at no time regarded it as necessarily replete with danger, or as a question which ought to be blocked out by the assertion of some high constitutional doctrine with which it could not be reconciled. But I have considered it to be a question involving such an amount and such a kind of change, and likely to be encountered with so much of prejudice apart from reason, as to make it a duty to look rigidly to the conditions, upon the fulfilment of which alone it could warrantably be entertained. They were in my view as follows:—

1. It could not be entertained, except upon a final surrender of the hope that Parliament could so far serve as a legislative instrument for Ireland, as to be able to establish honorable and friendly relations between Great Britain and the people of that country.*

2. Nor unless the demand for it were made in obedience to the unequivocal and rooted desire of Ireland, expressed through the constitutional medium of the Irish representatives.

3. Nor unless, being thus made, it were likewise so defined, as to bring it within the limits of safety and prudence, and to obviate all danger to the unity and security of the Empire.

4. Nor was it, in my view, allowable to deal with Ireland upon any principle, the benefit of which could not be allowed to Scotland in circumstances of equal and equally clear desire.

5. Upon the fulfilment of these conditions, it appeared to me an evident duty to avoid, as long as possible, all steps which would bring this great settlement into the category of party measures.

6. And, subject to the foregoing considerations, I deemed it to be of great moment to the public weal that the question should be promptly and expeditiously dealt with; inasmuch as it must otherwise gravely disturb the action of our political system by changes of Ministry by Dissolutions of Parliament, and by impeding the business, and derogating further from the character of the House of Commons.

These were the principles, which I deemed applicable to the subject; and every step I have taken from first to last, without exception, has been prompted by, and is referable to, one or other of them.

From the torrent of reproachful criticisms, brought down upon me probably by the necessity of the case, it is not easy to extricate, in an adequate form, the charge or charges intended to be made. One or two of the statements I must own, surprise me; as for example when Lord Northbrook, complaining of me for reticence before, and for my action after, the election of 1885, states confidently that nothing had happened "that could not have been foreseen by any man of ordinary political foresight." I do not dwell upon the undeniable truth that many things may be foreseen, which, notwithstanding,

*'A Chapter of Autobiography,' Murray, 1868.

*I have not in the following pages explanations on this head, as I think they were sufficiently supplied by my speech on the introduction of the Irish Government Bill in April last.

cannot properly become the subject of action until they have been seen as well as foreseen. But I broadly contest the statement. I assert that an incident of the most vital importance had happened, which I did not foresee; which was not foreseen, to my knowledge, by any one else, even if some might have hoped for it; and which I doubt whether Lord Northbrook himself foresaw; namely, that the Irish demand, put forth on the first night of the Session by Mr. Parnell, with eighty-four Irish Home Rulers at his back, would be confined within the fair and moderate bounds of autonomy; of an Irish legislature, only for affairs specifically Irish; of a statutory and subordinate parliament. But in this incident lay the fulfilment of one of those conditions which were in my view essential, and which had been heretofore unfulfilled.

The more general and more plausible form of the attack I think may be stated as a dilemma. Either I had conceived the intention of Home Rule precipitately, or I had conceived it unduly. Either would, undoubtedly, have been a grave offence; the second as a plot against my friends, the first as an attempt to escape from the sober judgment of the country, and to carry it by surprise. The first aspect of the case was presented by Lord Hartington in the House of Commons,* and by Mr. Chamberlain, on the 20th of June, at Birmingham.† The second was put forward by Mr. Bright, in addressing his constituents,‡ and with much point and force, by Lord Hartington § at Sheffield. In substance he argued thus: "Mr. Gladstone has never, during fifteen years, condemned the principle of Home Rule. Either then, he had not considered it, or he had assented to it. But, in his position as Minister, he must have considered it. Therefore the proper conclusion is, that he had assented to it. And yet, though I was Secretary for Ireland, with Lord Spencer as Viceroy, when he was Prime Minister, to neither of us did he convey the smallest idea of such assent."

Telling as this statement evidently was, it abounds in leakages. In the first place I deny that it is the duty of every Minister to make known, even to his colleagues, every idea which has formed itself in his mind. I should even say that the contradictory proposition would be absurd. So far as my experience of Government has gone, subjects ripe for action supply a Minister with abundant material for communication with his colleagues, and to make a rule of mixing with them matters still contingent and remote, would confuse and retard business, instead of aiding it. But letting pass, for argument's sake, a very irrational proposition, I grapple with the dilemma, and say *non sequitur*: the consequence asserted is no consequence at all. It was no consequence from my not having condemned Home Rule, that I had either not considered it, or had adopted it. What is true is, that I had not publicly and in principle condemned it, and also that I had mentally considered it. But I had neither adopted nor rejected it; and for the very simple reason, that it was not ripe either for adoption or rejection. It had not become the unequivocal demand of Ireland: and it had not been so defined by its promoters, as to prove that it was a safe demand. It may and should be known to many who are or have been my colleagues, that I made some abortive efforts towards increasing Irish influence over Irish affairs, beyond the mere extension of County Government, but not in a shape to which the term Home Rule could be properly applied. Nor have I been able to trace a single imputation upon me, whether of omission or commission, in respect of which I should not, by acting according to the orders of my censors, have offended against all or some of the rules, which I have pointed out as the guides of my conduct, and by which I seek to stand or fall.*

As these disputes of ours, trivial enough from one point of view, are in a certain sense making history, it may be well if, in connection with the thread of these observations, I recall, by means of a very brief outline, some particulars relating to the Government of Ireland, and to the demand for a domestic legislature, during the last half century. For that demand, constant in the hearts of Irishmen, has, nevertheless, been intermittent in its manifestation; sometimes wider, sometimes narrower in its form; sometimes, as in the famine, put aside by imperative necessity; sometimes yielding the ground to partial and lawless action; sometimes exchanged for attempts at practical legislation, which for the moment threw it into the shade.

The great controversy of Free Trade, the reformation of the Tariff, and the care of finance, provided me, in common with many others, nay, in the main provided the Three Kingdoms, with a serious and usually an absorbing political occupation for a quarter of a century, from the time when the Government of Sir R. Peel was formed in 1841. When that period had passed, and when the question of the franchise had been dealt with, the general condition of Ireland became the main subject of my anxiety.

The question of a home government for Ireland was at that time in abeyance. The grant of such a government to that country had only been known to us, in the past, either as the demand for a repeal of the Legislative Union, or in the still more formidable shape, which it presented when the policy of O'Connell was superseded by the men of action, and when the too just discontent with Ireland assumed the violent and extravagant form of Fenianism. The movement for Repeal ap-

* 'Times,' May 11. † 'Times,' July 2. ‡ 'Times,' June 21. § 'Times,' June 29.

* Among other persons whose animadversions I have examined, I may mention those of Mr. Goschen ('Times,' May 1 and 3), Lord Salisbury ('Times,' June 14 and 30), Mr. Baxter ('Times,' May 1), Sir M. H. Beach ('Times, June 24), Lord R. Churchill ('Times,' June 28), and Lord Hartington, *passim*.

peared to merge into this dangerous conspiracy, which it was obvious could only be met by measures of repression.

In none of these controversies had I personally taken any direct share, beyond following the statesmen of 1834 and of 1844 by my vote against the Repeal of the Union. Mournfully as I am struck, in retrospect, by the almost absolute failure of Parliament, at and long after those periods, to perform its duties to Ireland, I see no reason to repent of any such vote. Unspeakably criminal, I own, were the means by which the Union was brought about, and utterly insufficient were the reasons for its adoption; still it was a measure vast in itself and in its consequential arrangements, and it could not be made the subject of experiment from year to year, or from Parliament to Parliament. There was then a yet stronger reason for declining to impart a shock to the Legislative fabric by Repeal. Before us lay an alternative policy, the relief of Ireland from grievance; and this policy had not been tried in any manner at all approaching to sufficiency. It was not possible, at the time, to prognosticate how in a short time Parliament would stumble and almost writhe under its constantly accumulating burdens, or to pronounce that it would eventually prove incapable of meeting the wants of Ireland. Evidently there was a period when Irish patriotism, as represented by O'Connell, looked favorably upon this alternative policy, had no fixed conclusion as to the absolute necessity for Home Government, and seemed to allow that measures founded in "justice to Ireland" might possibly suffice to meet the necessity of the case. But the efforts made in this direction, down to the time of the famine, were, though honest and useful, only partial; and they unhappily had been met by an obstinacy of resistance, which entailed long delays, and frequent mutilations; and which in all cases deprived them of their gracious aspect, and made even our remedial plans play the part of corroborative witnesses to an evil state of things.

It will be admitted that the Government of 1868–74 endeavored on a more adequate scale, principally by what is still called in some quarters sacrilege and confiscation, to grapple with an inveterate difficulty. Once more, in acknowledgment of these efforts, the National Party fell into line. But, on the important question of Education, we were defeated in 1873, not by an English but by an Irish resistance. Other measures, to which I had looked with interest, could not be brought to birth. But a happy effect had been produced upon Irish feeling; and prosperity, both agricultural and general, singularly, it might be said unduly, favored for some years the operation of the Land Act of 1870. We had taken seriously to the removal of grievance, as the alternative policy to Repeal of the Union. So much had been achieved, with the zealous support of the electorate of England and Scotland, that it was our plain duty to carry through that policy to the uttermost, and to give no countenance in any shape to proposals for either undoing or modifying the present constitution of the Imperial Parliament, until it had been established to our satisfaction, or conclusively shown to be the fixed and rooted conviction of the Irish people, that Parliament was unequal to the work of governing Ireland as a free people should be governed.

At this time it was, that the new formula of Home Rule came forward as matter for discussion, not in Parliament, but in Ireland; before the Irish public, and under the auspices of Mr. Isaac Butt, who was at that time simply an individual of remarkable ability, not yet the representative or leader of a Nationalist party, far less of a Nationalist majority. There were, at the time, no inconsiderable presumptions that Parliament could meet the wants of Ireland, from the conspicuous acts it had just accomplished. It was very well known that in some cases where those wants had not been adequately met, such as the case of the Borough Franchise in 1868, it was really due to the defective expression of them by Irish Members of Parliament. It was plain that there was no authoritative voice from Ireland, such as was absolutely required to justify a Prime Minister of this country in using any language which could be quoted as an encouragement to the movement on behalf of a domestic Legislature. Accordingly, I contended at Aberdeen in the summer of 1871, that no case had been established to prove the incompetence of Parliament, or to give authority to the demand of Mr. Butt. I felt, and rightly felt, the strongest objections to breaking up an existing constitution of the Legislature, without proof of its necessity, of its safety, and of the sufficiency of the authority by which the demand was made. But even at that time I did not close the door against a recognition of the question in a different state of things. I differed as widely as possible, even at that time, from those with whom I have been in conflict during the present year. For, instead of denouncing the idea of Home Rule as one in its essence destructive of the unity of the Empire, in the following words I accepted the assurance given to the contrary:

"Let me do the promoters of this movement the fullest justice. Always speaking under the conviction, as they most emphatically declare, and as I fully believe them, that *the union of these kingdoms under Her Majesty is to be maintained*, but that Parliament is to be broken up." *

Thus, at the first inception of the question, I threw aside the main doctrine on which opposition to Irish autonomy is founded. This was the first step, and I think a considerable step, towards placing the controversy on its true basis.

In the General Election of 1874, a great progress became visible. Mr. Butt was

* 'Times,' Sept. 27, 1871.

returned to Parliament as the chief of a party, formed on behalf of Irish self-government. It was a considerable party, amounting, as is said, to a small nominal majority, yet rather conventionally agreed on a formula than united by any idea worked into practical form. But a new stage had been reached, and I thus referred at the opening of the Session* to the proposal of the Irish leader:

"That plan is this—that exclusively Irish affairs are to be judged in Ireland, and that then the Irish members are to come to the Imperial Parliament and to judge as they may think fit of the general affairs of the Empire, and also of affairs exclusively English and Scotch. [Mr. Butt: No, no.] It is all very well for gentlemen to cry 'No' when the blot has been hit by the honorable gentleman opposite." (Mr. Newdegate.)

"I cannot quit this subject without recording the satisfaction with which I heard one declaration made by the right honorable gentleman who seconded the amendment (Mr. Brooks). My honorable and learned friend said, that Ireland has entirely given up the idea of separation from this country.

Thus I again accepted without qualification the principle that Home Rule had no necessary connection with separation; and took my objection simply to a proposal that Irishmen should deal exclusively with their own affairs, and also, jointly, with ours.

After the death of Mr. Butt, Mr. Shaw became the leader of his party, and in 1884 delivered an exposition of his views in a spirit so frank and loyal to the Constitution, that I felt it my duty at once to meet such an utterance in a friendly manner. I could not indeed, consistently with the conditions I have laid down, make his opinion my own. But I extract a portion of my reference to his speech, as it is reported.†

"I must say that the spirit of thorough manliness in which he approaches this question, and which he unites with a spirit of thorough kindliness to us, and with an evident disposition to respect both the functions of this House, and the spirit of the English Constitution, does give hope that if the relation between England and Ireland are to become thoroughly satisfactory, the most important contribution to that essential end will have been made by my hon. friend, and those who speak like him."

In a speech at the Guildhall, on receiving an address, I reverted to the subject of Home Rule. This was the period (October, 1881) when I deemed it my duty more than once to denounce in strong terms the movement against rent in Ireland, and with it the extravagant claims which seemed to me to be made in the name of National Independence. Yet I then spoke as follows:

"It is not on any point connected with the exercise of local government in Ireland; it is not even on any point connected with what is popularly known in that country as Home Rule, and which may be understood in any one of a hundred senses, *some of them perfectly acceptable, and even desirable*, others of them mischievous and revolutionary—it is not upon any of those points that we are at present at issue. With regard to local government in Ireland, after what I have said of local government in general, and its immeasurable benefits . . . . you will not be surprised if I say that I for one will hail with satisfaction and delight any measure of local government *for Ireland*, or for any portion of the country, provided only that it conform to this one condition, that it shall not break down or impair the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament." *

Once more I entered on the subject, in the House of Commons, on February 9, 1882. I referred to the party, led then as now, by Mr. Parnell. The citation is from Hansard:

"Neither they, nor so far as I know Mr. Butt before them, nor so far as I know Mr. O'Connell before him, ever distinctly explained, in an intelligible and practicable form, the manner in which the real knot of this question was to be untied. The principle upon which the hon. members propose to proceed is this—that purely Irish matters should be dealt with by a purely Irish authority, and that purely Imperial matters should be dealt with by an Imperial Chamber in which Ireland is to be represented. But they have not told us by what authority it is to be determined what matters, when taken one by one, are Irish, and what matters are Imperial. Until, Sir, they lay before this House a plan in which they go to the very bottom of that subject, and give us to understand in what manner that division of jurisdiction is to be accomplished, the practical consideration of this subject cannot really be arrived at, and, for my own part, I know not how any effective judgment upon it can be pronounced. Whatever may be the outcome of the hon. member's proposal, of this I am well convinced, that neither this House of Commons, nor any other that may succeed it, will at any time assent to any measure by which the one paramount Central Authority, necessary for holding together in perfect union and compactness this great Empire, can possibly be either in the greatest or the slightest degree impaired. We are not to depart from that principle; and what I put to the hon. gentleman who has just sat down, and to the hon. member who preceded him is this—that their first duty to us and their first duty to themselves, their first obligation in the prosecution of the purpose which they have in view—namely, the purpose of securing the management of purely Irish affairs by Irish hands—is to point out to us by what authority, and by what instrument, affairs purely Irish are to be divided and distinguished, in order that they may be appropriately and separately dealt with from those Imperial affairs and interests which they have frankly admitted must remain in the hands of the Imperial Parliament."

Mr. Plunkett hereupon stated that he had taken down my words, and that he could only understand them as an invitation to Irish members to re-open the question of Home Rule. Nor did he see how I could after using such words resist a motion for a Committee on the subject.† To any and

*'Hansard,' Debate on Address, March 20, 1874.
†'Hansard,' Feb, 27, 1880, vol. ccl. p. 1587.

*'Times,' Oct. 14, 1881.

†The 'Times' of January 8, 1882, states that in my speech, as Prime Minister, I "diverged, amid general amazement," into the question of a separate Legislature, and supporting Mr. Plunkett, said that the

every plan for referring such a subject to a Committee of Parliament I have at all times been opposed. But Mr. Plunkett's meaning was evident, nor could I dispute the substance of his interpretation.

I will not weary my reader by adding to citations by which his patience has already been so severely tried. But I ask him to remember that down to this time no safe-guarding definition of Home Rule had been supplied, and no demand, in the constitutional sense, had been made by the Irish nation. I beg him then, after he has read the foregoing declarations, to place himself for a single moment in my position, as one who thought conditions to be indispensable, but also thought that the question might under conditions be entertained, and then to ask himself whether it was possible more carefully to indicate in outline the limits within which the subject of Irish self-government might, and beyond which it might not, legitimately be considered, and whether it is anything less than absurd to impute to me* that my "principles" forbade me to promote it?

I next pass to the period preceding the election of 1885. It had now became morally certain that Ireland would, through a vast majority of her representatives, present a demand in the National sense. But no light had been thrown, to my knowledge, upon the question what that demand would be. Further, not only was there a Tory Government in office, but one which owed much to Mr. Parnell, and which was supposed to have given him, through its Lord Lieutenant or otherwise, assurances respecting Irish Government, which he had deemed more or less satisfactory. Under these circumstances, I conceived that my duty was clear, and that it was summed up in certain particulars. They were these. To do nothing to hinder the prosecution of the question by the Tory Government if it should continue in office (of course without prejudice to my making all the efforts in my power to procure a Liberal majority). Entirely to avoid any language which would place the question in the category of party measures. But to use my best efforts to impress the public mind, and especially the Liberal mind, with the supreme importance, and the probable urgency, of the question. And lastly, to lay down the principle on which it should be dealt with. These rules of action applied to the circumstances of the hour those governing principles which I have above enumerated. I proceeded on them as follows:

It was impossible for me, while ignorant of the nature and limits of the Irish demand, to give an opinion upon it; and even had it been possible, it would have been in conflict with the condition which I have numbered (p. 5) as the fifth. But, to give emphasis to the importance of the question, I severed it in my Address from the general subject of Local Government for the three kingdoms. Ireland had arrived, I said, at an important epoch in her history;* she had claims to a special interpretation of the principles of Local Government.† It would be the solution of a problem, testing the political genius of these nations.‡ Woe be to the man who should prevent or retard the consummation.§ It would probably throw into the shade all the important measures, which in my Address I had set out as ripe for action.‖ And the subject is one "which goes down to the very roots and foundations of our whole civil and political constitution."¶ And yet it has been said, strangely enough, that I gave no indication to my friends, except of Local Government in the sense of County Government for Ireland.**

Lastly I laid down, over and over again, the principle on which we ought to proceed. It was to give to Ireland everything which was compatible with "the Supremacy of the Crown, the Unity of the Empire, and all the authority of Parliament necessary for the conservation of that Unity."††

It appears to me that the whole of the provisions of the Irish Government Bill, lately buried, but perhaps not altogether dead, lies well within these lines, and that my case thus far is complete.

What I have in these pages urged has been a defence against a charge of reticence. On the charge of precipitancy I need not bestow many words. What antagonists call precipitency, I call promptitude. Had Mr. Pitt, in 1801, carried Roman Catholic Emancipation, as we suppose he wished, many an Englishman would have thought him precipitate. Precipitancy, indeed, was avoided, but at what cost? For nine and twenty years the question was trifled with on one side the Channel, and left festering on the other, and emancipation was at last accepted as an alternative to civil war. Such is not the manner in which I desire to see the business of the Empire carried on. It was not pondering the case; it was paltering with the public interests. I do not deny that promptitude is disagreeable in politics, as it often is to a doctor's or a surgeon's patient. But if the practitioner sees that, by every day's delay, the malady takes hold and the chances of health or life are dwindling away, it is his duty to press the operation or the drug, and

anguage which I used was "susceptible of an interpretation which, we fear, may do infinite and irreparable mischief."

* Sir M. Beach at Bristol ('Times,' June 24, 1885)

* Address of Sept. 17, 1885, p. 20.

† Ibid 21. ‡ Ibid. § Ibid. p. 22.

‖ First Midlothian Speech, Nov. 9, 1885, Speeches, p. 44. ¶ Ibid.

** In the speech just quoted I also said that for a Government in a minority to deal with the Irish question would not be safe Certainly such an operation could not but be attended with dang r; but that I thought it might nevertheless be properly undertaken is demonstrated by the tender of my support in it to Lord Salisbury, conveyed after the Election through Mr. Balfour, although the Ministerial party scarcely reached 250.

†† Address, p. 21.

the sufferer will in due time be grateful to him for the courage and fidelity, which at first he mistakenly condemned.

I have endeavored to point out the conditions, under which alone the question of a statutory Parliament for Ireland could be warrantably entertained. The real test may be stated in one word: the ripeness or unripeness of the question. All men do not perceive, all men do not appreciate, ripeness, with the same degree of readiness or aptitude; and the slow must ever suffer inconvenience in the race of life. But, when the subject once was ripe, the time for action had come. Just as if it had been a corn-field, we were not to wait till it was over-ripe. The healing of inveterate sores would only become more difficult, the growth of budding hopes more liable to be checked and paralyzed by the frosts of politics. For England, in her soft arm-chair, a leisurely, very leisurely consideration, with adjournments interposed, as it had been usual, so also would have been comfortable. But for Ireland, in her leaky cabin, it was of consequence to stop out the weather. To miss the opportunity would have been not less clearly wrong than to refuse waiting until it came. The first political juncture which made action permissible, also made it obligatory.

So much, then, for precipitancy.

II.—LESSONS OF THE ELECTION.

I.—Lessons of the Election as they Regard the Liberal Party.

THE satisfactory adjustment of the Irish question will now, I apprehend, be the supreme object of every member of the Liberal party who has embraced its prevailing sentiment at the present crisis. I shall, therefore, principally seek to draw attention to the bearings of the late Election on that question.

But I will first endeavor to dispose of an important, though secondary point. Every Liberal politician will feel a reasonable anxiety to estimate aright both the immediate effects of the Election upon his party, and the lessons which it teaches as to the real strength and eventual prospects of that party; inasmuch as it, and no other, has been, during the last half century, the principal feeder of the political thought of the nation, and the main organ of its activity. In the remarks which follow, I intend no sort of reproach.

It has this year, unhappily, been divided throughout Great Britain into a main body, and a seceding or dissentient wing, of which the energy has of necessity been developed in directly opposing the candidates who belonged to the main body of the party, on the ground of the paramount importance attaching to the Irish question. The result has of course, for the party, been disastrous, as a very large share of its energies have been spent in a suicidal conflict Out of 292 contests in Great Britain, no less than 114 have been fought between candidates professedly Liberal. Every one of these was for a seat which was essentially Liberal. The result, therefore, does not exhibit nominally a deduction from the total roll of the party. But there have been, also, contests between Liberals or Dissentient Liberals, and Tories. Where Tories and Dissentient have fought, the Dissentient has probably suffered from inability to marshal the full Liberal force. In the far more numerous cases, where Tory and Liberal have fought, the Liberal has commonly suffered from the defection of all the Dissentients; most of these abstaining from the poll, but some, in conformity with the advice of Lord Hartington, and, I think of Mr. Chamberlain, actually transferring their votes to the Tory candidate.

The Liberal party as a whole has been, since the Reform Act, the stronger of the two parties in the constituencies. The measure of its preponderance has sensibly increased with the extension of the franchise. From 1834 to 1868, the Tory party was rarely under, and frequently over, 300 strong. In 1841, it gained a majority of eighty in straight fighting. Since the establishment of household suffrage in the towns, it has never had a majority; except in 1874, when the Home Rule party, finally breaking away from the Liberals with whom they most commonly had counted, took definite form as a separate section of the House of Commons. The majority of Tories, over Liberals alone, then amounted to fifty-nine; and it was known to be due partly to class interests, cultivated of late years so assiduously by the Tories, but mainly to discontent, and consequent slackness and abstention, in the Liberal ranks. In 1868, 1880, and 1885, the Tory strength never approached three hundred, but fell much below its old standard. The Liberal majorities over the Tories, in these Parliaments, averaged nearly one hundred. On the whole it might probably be a fair though a rough statement of the comparative strength of the two parties in the country, if we were to set down the Liberals as represented, on the average, by four-sevenths, and the Tories by three-sevenths, of the electoral body.

What, then, was the loss of Liberal strength at the late election in consequence of the schism? The test previously supplied by voting in the House of Commons is definite so far as it goes. Two hundred and twenty-eight Liberals voted for the Irish Government Bill, and ninety-three against it. This test exhibits the strength of the schism as greatly exceeding one-fourth of the whole. It very slightly exceeds two-sevenths, at which I take it for present purposes.

It is distributed, however, with very great inequality among classes. It has hitherto commanded, I fear, not less than five-sixths of

the Liberal Peers. If we go to the Liberal working men, I do not believe it has touched a fraction higher than one-twentieth. But I now refer to independent working men. If we take the portion of the Liberal party, throughout the country, composed of those who may be termed employers, or who are socially in a position to draw with them the votes of others, it would, I fear, be a moderate computation or conjecture that, of this important and leading section of Liberals, four-fifths at least were numbered among the Dissentients; and these drew with them large numbers of dependent, though, I doubt not, as a rule perfectly willing voters.

Again, the strength of the schism was unequally distributed, as is that of the party, in constituencies as well as in classes. In very many constituencies Liberal and Tory strength are nearly balanced. In these a deduction of one-fifth, or one-tenth, or even less, from the normal strength, transfers the seat as matter of course. It is impossible to estimate with precision the loss of Liberal strength through the schism; but it must have been greater than either of these fractions would represent. In this ruinous state of facts, the results have been as follows. The party as a whole has been reduced from 333 in the last Parliament to 269, or by less than one-fifth. The Liberals of the main body have been reduced from about 235 to 196, or about one-sixth. The smallness of the aggregate poll as compared with 1885, even on the Conservative side, is worthy of notice, and appears to show that a faction of the electors, nor inconsiderable, still holds its judgment in suspense.

Again, the total poll in Great Britain was —

For Liberals . . .	1,344,000
For Dissentient Liberals .	379,000
For Tories . . .	1,041,000
For Tories and Dissentients .	1,420,000

Thus the Liberals of the main body came within 76,000, or only four per cent. of the united strength of the Tories and the schism. Considering that the aggregate party had suffered a loss which cannot be taken at less than twenty or thirty per cent., this is a remarkable result.

Nor is there any obvious levity or presumption in saying that, to all appearance, at the first moment when Liberalism is again united, it must again become predominant in Parliament. But our anticipations of its real strength in the future grow more and more confident when we consider how much it is that Toryism, under circumstances of unprecedented advantage, has been able to achieve. It now reckons 316 members of Parliament. That is to say, as against the rest of the House, it is in a minority of thirty-eight; and it is less by nineteen than the Liberal numbers returned to the last Parliament. It has failed to win from our shattered and disunited party the same moderate amount of success which we obtained against it in November last, when it had the important accidental advantage of the Irish vote. If, with that advantage, it hardly touched the number of 250, and if it cannot obtain a majority of the House when Liberalism is divided against itself in a manner unknown for nearly a century, the inevitable inference, not demonstrable but very highly probable, seems to be that Toryism can never by its own resources win, under the existing laws, a majority of the House of Commons, unless and until the tendencies and temper of the British nation shall have undergone some novel and considerable change.

II. — Lessons of the Election as they Regard Ireland.

There is nothing in the recent defeat to abate the hopes or to modify the anticipations of those who desire to meet the wants and wishes of Ireland.

Let us look first at the result of the Election as it is exhibited in the total return of members to the House of Commons.

The Liberal and the Irish supporters of the policy of the late Government, taken together, amount to 280. The opponents of that policy are 390, showing a majority of 110 — a large number without doubt. It has been bravely stated by the Prime Minister that this is an irrevocable verdict. It is certainly a verdict without any instant appeal. But the authority which gives such verdicts has power to revoke them, and is in the practice of revoking them; and, moreover, has seen and may see them disobeyed by the representatives whom it has empowered not merely but mainly to repeat a formula, but to deliberate upon and to follow the exigencies of public affairs.

In order to estimate truly the value of such majorities, let us refer to recent history; bearing in mind especially, that the Session of 1886 was the first and only Session, in which the adoption of the policy was clearly and unequivocally demanded by the Irish nation, and the first and only Session, also, in which it had the support of a British party, or a British ministry.

In 1841, the Election turned mainly on the Corn Law. The proposal to repeal it had been, since the Reform Act of 1832, frequently, and of late almost annually, debated; and the country had had unusual opportunities of mastering the question, through the energetic action of the Anti-Corn-Law League. Nevertheless, the people returned in 1841 a Parliament which by a majority of ninety-one placed the Conservative party in office to uphold the Corn Law. And, considering that many Whigs, who would not join in ejecting the Whig Government were friendly to the Corn Law, we may state without apprehension that the majority returned to support that law in 1841 was even larger than that now returned, in 1886, to oppose the Irish policy of the late Government.

Yet this very Parliament of 1841, by a

majority of 98, repealed the Corn Law in 1846.

There are many elements, beside that of number, which go to determine the prospects of an opinion or a policy. A policy which is affirmative, which is definite, which is complete, which rallies its adherents on one and the same ground, has standing advantages over a combination which agrees only in negations, whose ideas advance to-day and recede to-morrow, which proposes no definite settlement, and waits upon the chapter of accidents. Especially is it a mighty advantage to have a nation at our back; for a nation never dies. In this case we have more even than a nation. Few indeed, so far as I know, of our opponents are bold enough to deny that we have with us, in a degree hard to match, the general opinion of the widely-extended British race; not to say of the civilized world beyond the confines of England, isolated on this occasion alike from her sisters and her children, from her rivals and her allies.

At the outset of the American Civil War the friends to the Abolition of Slavery were not even a party; there were no more than a section or a group. But, because they saw that time and events must needs work with them, they were content to bide their time. It came, and came speedily. In two years the irrevocable word of freedom was spoken from the lips of authority. We may well be content to bide our time; for we see that time and events are working, and must work, on our side.

Nor is this the only solace. What may be termed the pot-valiant language, to which hot and passionate tempers have been occasionally treated, is now heard no more. No longer is the idea of holding Ireland by attachment, instead of holding it by force, illustrated by the supposed parallel of an attempt to govern by attachment, instead of police, the criminal population of London. No more is the proposal of self-government for Ireland compared with a proposal of self-government for Hottentots. No more is heard the loud demand for measures of repression, which produced the policy named by the present Leader of the House of Commons the policy of the 26th of January. Yet the agrarian crimes reported by the Constabulary were (inclusive of threatening letters) in the 62 days of December and January, 185; in the 61 days of June and July, 194; and, while in two years preceding there was but one agrarian murder, in the twelve latest months there have been ten.

What is weightier still, no more do we hear of the famous twenty years, during which Parliament was to grant special powers for firm government in Ireland, and at the end of which, in a larger or a less degree, coercive laws might be repealed, and measures of local self-government entertained.*

* It might be invidious to supply references to verify these statements; and it is unnecessary, as they are all both recent, and familiar.

It is, then, evident, even amidst the shouts of victory, that the Tory adversaries of Ireland have had a severe, perhaps an irreparable, loss: they have lost the courage of their opinions. On the other hand, the Dissentient Liberals generally, and their leader, seem now to be pledged to immediate and large concession; many of them on such a scale, that they give to their idea the name of Home Rule, declaring themselves favorable to its principle, and only opposed to the awkward and perverse manner in which it was handled by the late Administration. So that, while a large majority of the present House was elected to oppose the measures of the bygone Ministry, a much less large, but still a decided majority, has bound itself not less strongly to liberal measures of self-government for Ireland. The seceding Liberals, added to the main body of the party and to the Nationalists, make a total of not less than 354. Even of the Ministerialists, some have declared themselves favorable to large concession. These professions of individuals might be drowned in the strong stream of party feeling. Without reckoning, then, on any sort of Tory help, we seem to have in this anti-Home-Rule Parliament a real majority ready to act in the direction at least of Irish wishes, and to run the risk of seeing the grant of a portion used as a leverage to obtain the residue.

So that, look at the question which way we will, the cause of Irish self-government lives and moves, and can hardly fail to receive more life, and more propulsion, from the hands of those who have been its successful opponents in one of its particular forms. It will arise, as a wounded warrior sometimes arises on the field of battle, and stabs to the heart some soldier of the victorious army, who has been exulting over him.

So much for the case of Ireland within the walls: it is full of hope and comfort. When we go beyond the walls, and consider either the points of vantage gained, or the general progress which has been accomplished, it is yet more, and by far more, favorable.

Let us now take some account of the results of the Elections, as they are exhibited, not in a gross total, but in different quarters of the country.

The fact that Wales has been from the first under an incorporating union, has blinded us to the fact that there are, within the United Kingdom, no less than four nationalties. Of these four nationalities, three have spoken for Irish autonomy in a tone yet more decided than the tone in which the fourth has forbidden it. Scotland has forbidden our Irish policy by three to two, Ireland herself by four and a half to one, and gallant Wales by five to one. In the aggregate they have returned more than 150 supporters of the policy, and rather above fifty against it; or three to one in its favor.

In England, I might dwell on some remarkable exceptions to the prevailing opinion, such

as those of Yorkshire and Northumberland; portions of the country commonly supposed to be above, and not below, the average in intelligence and force of character. But for the present purpose we must deal with England as a whole, and we find that she has decided against Ireland by returning 336 opponents of our Irish policy, against 129 who support it.

This is not, then, a partnership of three kingdoms, or of four nationalities, upon equal terms. The vast preponderance in strength of one among them enables her to overbear the other three, and to reverse their combined judgment. The case may be even carried a little further. The minority adverse to Ireland in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, taken together, is twenty five per cent. of the whole. The minority favorable to Ireland in the English return, though a small minority, reaches twenty-eight per cent. of the whole. So, then, England speaking by much less than three-fourths of her whole number of members, can give, against Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, speaking conjointly by three-fourths of their members, an absolute majority on the aggregate return of no less than 110. Let us illustrate the state of facts by a supposed case. Whenever the people of England think one way in the proportion of two to one, they can outvote in Parliament the united force of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, although they should think the other way in the proportion of five to one. And if England thinks one way in the proportion of three to one, she can outvote Scotland, Ireland, and Wales together, although they were each and all to return the whole of their members to vote against her. There are, therefore, reasons of a very intelligible kind why England should at the first blush take a favorable view of the advantages of incorporating unions.

But the question of majority and minority does not rule the whole case. Ireland, with the minority of 280 in her favor, and carving out of that aggregate minority large majorities in three out of the four nationalities, stands far better than she would stand were that minority proportionably diffused in four, or even in three of them: were our opponents able to say that England, Scotland, and Wales were all against her.*

* The figures stand thus:

England has members.....465
Scotland 72
Ireland ..... 103 } 205
Wales 30

Case 1.—2-3 of 465 = 310
1-6 of 205 = 34
344
But 1-3 of 465 = 155
5-6 of 205 = 171
326
Majority..... 18

Case 2. 465 — 116 = 349
The rest of the House 321
Majority..... 28

The recent contest has been fought upon the question of nationality: upon the title of Ireland to some recognition (in Lord Carnarvon's phrase) of her national aspirations. Now, in the first place, this very fact, that an election has been contested on grounds of nationality, of itself gives a new place to nationality as an element of our political thought. Secondly these nationalities will be inclined to help one another. Ireland has received signal assistance from Scotland and from Wales on the great and capital subject of her nationality. Should there be, and will there not be?—questions coming forward, in which Scotland or Wales have a special national interest or feeling, it is probable that Ireland, so long at least as she continues to have a voice through her members in British affairs, will reciprocate the boon. What is not less likely, and even more important, is that the sense of nationality, both in Scotland and in Wales, set astir by this controversy, may take a wider range than heretofore. Wales, and even Scotland, may ask herself, whether the present system of intrusting all their affairs to the handling of a body, English in such overwhelming proportion as the present Parliament is, and must probably always be, is an adjustment which does the fullest justice to what is separate and specific in their several populations. Scotland, which for a century and a quarter after her Union was refused all taste of a real representative system, may begin to ask herself whether, if at the first she felt something of an unreasoning antipathy, she may not latterly have drifted into a superstitious worship, or at least an irreflective acquiescence. Of two things I feel assured. First, whatever practical claims either of these countries may make on their own behalf will be entertained and disposed of without stirring up the cruel animosities, the unworthy appeals to selfishness, the systematic misrepresentations, which have told so fearfully against Ireland. And, secondly, that the desire for Federation, floating in the minds of many, has had an unexpected ally in the Irish policy of 1886, and that, if the thing, which that term implies, contains within itself possibilities of practical good, the chance of bringing such possibilities to bear fruit has thus been unexpectedly and largely improved.

Let it not, however, be supposed for a moment that England is to be regarded as hostile to the claims of Ireland. What we have before us is not really a refusal; it is only a slower acknowledgment. Whatever efforts may have been made by individuals to bring the national mind at the Election of 1885 to a perception of what was coming, it must be remembered that a powerful party had at that time, on account of the Irish vote, the very strongest reasons for keeping the Irish question out of view, and that they set up other cries, such as the "Church in danger," which were known and familiar, and which drew away attention from what was real to what

was imaginary. So it is no great wonder or offence if, when the subject was novel, and when the most powerful and best organized classes in the country were resolutely bent on arguments which darkened all its bearings, it should have remained a little obscure. But mark the progress that has been made. A subject which, twelve months ago, was almost as foreign to the British mind as the differential calculus, has been inscribed among the chief lessons of all Liberal teaching in every town and county of the land, and is everywhere supported by a large body of persons with a warmth and earnestness equal to any that is felt for any of the dearest and most familiar aims of public policy. All the currents of the political atmosphere as between the two islands have been cleansed and sweetened; for Ireland now knows, what she has never, even under her defeat, known before, that a deep rift of division runs all through the English nation in her favor; that there is not throughout the land a district, a parish, or a village where there are not hearts beating in unison with her heart, and minds earnestly bent on the acknowledgment and permanent establishment of her claims to national existence.

She knows also that many, if not most, of her adversaries have paid the highest compliment to her claim for the adoption of the measure of 1886, in adopting, it is to be presumed as a political necessity, the method of systematically misstating it. Because they conceive it to tend to separation, they describe it as being in itself Separation. Because they think it would bring about a Repeal of the Union, they describe it as being a Repeal of the Union. That is, by reason of what they think (most erroneously) that it would produce, they habitually describe* it as being that which they know it not to be. It is just as in an arithmetical sum; the misstatement of the terms of the problem, of course, if not detected, makes the problem hopeless. It is without example, so far as I know, in the political controversies of the last half century. It establishes a precedent which may, with some kind of excuse, be used hereafter against its authors. It is a practice analogous to hitting foul in pugilism, or using weapons in war, which are prohibited by the laws of war. It constitutes a proof of the weakness in argument of a cause, driven to supply by prohibited means its poverty in legitimate resource.

Apart from this grave aspect of the case, is there not something beyond the ordinary license of controversy in charging upon the Irish people the idea and intention of Separation, in connection with the present subject?

As the adversary believes the measure involves by way of consequence the separation of the countries, he is entirely justified in pressing his argument; but he should surely press it in the right way.

There are two methods of conducting the argument, either of which it has been open to him to follow, and which I will call respectively the humane and the savage method.

The Irish nation, while it is recovering from its very natural estrangement, and learning with a good heart the accents of loyalty, disclaims in the most emphatic and binding way, by the mouth of its authorized representatives, the idea of separation. The opponent of Home Rule might say, "I take you at your word; I am convinced you do not mean Separation; but I will show you that, by certain consequence, this mischievous Bill involves it." That I call the humane method of argument.

But the method generally adopted has been to say, "You disclaim Separation; but I do not believe you; and so I call you, and all who aid and abet you, Separators." Is it to much to call this the savage method?

At least it may be held that, when we begin by giving the lie, there ought to be in the essence of the thing that we impute something of a nature to render our imputation probable. Is this the case with Separation? What is there in Separation, that would tend to make it advantageous to Ireland?

As an island with many hundreds of miles of coast, with a weak marine, and a people far more military than nautical in its habits, of small population, and limited in her present resources; why should she expose herself to the risks of invasion, and to the certainty of enormous cost in the creation and maintenance of a navy for defence, rather than remain under the shield of the greatest maritime Power in the world, bound by every consideration of honor and of interest to guard her? Why should she be supposed desirous to forego the advantage of an absolute community of trade with the greatest among all commercial countries, to become an alien to the market which consumes (say) nine-tenths of her produce, and instead of using the broad and universal paths of enterprise now open to her, to carve out for herself new and narrow ways as a third-rate

*Still worse is the endeavor to tempt the voter through his selfishness. From an illustrated placard, printed by Bale, Great Titchfield Street, I cite the following words. After describing the majority of the Irish nation as rebels, it proceeds to say that, as the result of Home Rule, "The labor market of England would be flooded with Irishmen, wages lowered." In the *Times* of July 22, a defeated Dissentient complained that hardly a single word on his side had reached the agricultural laborers. The secretary of the Liberal Association replied by showing that, on behalf of this very Dissentient, the laborers were informed by placards on every wall that, if they voted for his opponent, "swarms of poor Irishmen would come over and lower wages, besides which 100 millions were to be spent on buying out Irish landlords, which would enormously increase taxes on your tea, coffee, cocoa, &c." We should all husband as much as possible in this controversy our small stock of Christian charity. But could the person, who wrote that the concession of the demand of the Irish people would drive away the Irish people from Ireland, himself have believed what he wrote? That it would raise wages in England, by largely drawing back the Irish, may not be very probable, but is certainly a less absurd proposition.

State? Why, when her children have now, man by man, the free run of the vast British Empire, upon terms of absolute equality with every native of Great Britain, should she be deemed so blind as to intend cutting them away from the greatest of all the marts in the world for human enterprise, energy, and talent, and to doom them to be strangers among nearly three hundred million men, with whom they have now a common citizenship? Why is she to be insensible to all the indications nature herself has given of the destiny of Ireland to be our partner in weal and woe, and why should she be ready to enter upon a desperate contest of strength with a people of six times her number, of twelve times her wealth, inferior to her in no single element of courage or tenacity? This people, to whom even justice itself has never yet enabled her to offer an effective military resistance, are now to be frightened out of their propriety lest Ireland should offer them violence, to tear herself away, unattracted to any foreign centre (for there is none), unwarmed by sympathy beyond her shores (for she would have none), unblessed by Heaven, and quarrelling suicidally with all that could minister to her material or her political welfare! No; the truth is, and history proves it, England has been strong enough to be, even through a course of generations, unjust to Ireland; and now it is not want of strength that will put a stop to such injustice, but her better will, her better knowledge, the action of the nation substituted for the action of the few, and an improved and improving moral sense in public affairs. What reason here indicates, history proves; for never did Separation become a substantive idea in Ireland, until the one unhappy period when the warlike instincts of France coincided with that infatuation of the British Government which in Ireland raised tyranny and sanguinary oppression, as well as the basest corruption, to their climax. Only superlative iniquity led Ireland even for a moment to dream of separating. Even then, the remedy would have been worse than the disease. None but the few fanatics of crime dream now of such a thing; and they, who impute it to the Irish nation, treat it as a nation made up of men who are at once and equally traitors, knaves, and fools.

III.—Purchase and Sale of Land in Ireland.

I do not propose to examine in detail the causes of the signal defeat, which the Irish policy of the late Government has now received at the polls of England, or rather of the middle and southern parts of England. But, in my opinion, the chief among those causes is not to be found in chimerical fears of Separation, or in aversion to the grant of self-government to Ireland as a whole, or even in want of time to understand the principles and bearings of our measures. The most powerful agent in bringing about this result was, in my judgment, aversion to the Bill for the Purchase and Sale of Land in Ireland.

This aversion grew out of misapprehension, which was itself founded on (what I think) misrepresentations, such as the complexity of the subject made it impossible to remove. But, however illegitimate may have been the means employed, the result is not to be denied, and has to be taken into practical account. The gigantic bribe which was detected in an offer to pay to Irish landowners what Parliament might deem to be the fair market value of their rented lands; the attempt to combine a large equity with policy in an employment of British credit warranted by such high calls, and in its pecuniary results absolutely safe; the daring attempt we made to carry to the very uttermost our service to the men whom we knew to be as a class the bitterest and most implacable of our political adversaries, by declaring our two Bills to be, in our own minds, and for the existing juncture, inseparable: all these have been swept ruthlessly off the field of present action by the national verdict. Not merely the verdict expressed by the English majority; for the sentiment is shared by many of the staunch supporters of Irish autonomy, and has not been hitherto repudiated by the Nationalists of Ireland, who had given a somewhat reluctant assent to proposals entailing so heavy a liability on the whole public recourses of their country.

The two Bills, for the government of Ireland and for the Purchase and Sale of land, have been used at the Election to destroy one another. The Land Bill had many friends, chiefly among Tories and Dissentient Liberals. But their love of the Land Bill was not so strong as their aversion to Home Rule, and they allowed it to lie pierced with a thousand gashes, in order that through it the sister measure of Home Rule might be wounded. On the other hand, the mass of the Liberals throughout the country were fully prepared for the grant of Irish autonomy, but were in many cases adverse to the ill-understood measure for the Purchase and Sale of land, which they were taught to believe could, under no circumstances, be severed from it. Hence many a seat was given to the Tories by Liberal abstentions, and not a few to Liberal Dissentients, by those who acquiesced in the destruction of the one Bill for the sake of securing the destruction of the other. So, then, this Siamese twinship of the Bills, put to scorn by those for whose benefit it was in great part designed, has been deadly to both, and has proved the most powerful cause of the defeat of the Liberal party at the elections in England.

I think it my duty explicitly to acknowledge that the sentence which has gone forth

for the severance of the two measures is irresistible, and that the twinship, which has been for the time disastrous to the hopes of Ireland, exists no longer.

At the same time, the partnership between enemies of Home Rule and enemies of the Land Bill, which has brought about this result, will now, we may hope, be dissolved. The enemies of Home Rule have ever been the keenest promoters of Land Purchase in the interest of the Irish landlords. The enemies of the Land Purchase Bill, instead of standing at ease, will now have to use all their vigilance for the purpose of preventing the adoption of schemes of Land Purchase founded on principles very different from, and, indeed, opposite to, those of the Bill lately consigned to the limbo of abortions.

We have lying before us a new point of departure; but, for the sake of the subject, it may be right to offer a slight explanation on the Bill.

A main object of that Bill was to get rid of the bad and dangerous schemes, which alone had seemed possible in the present centralized condition of our arrangements for the government of Ireland. Among the principles of the plan, any or all of which I reserve my title to uphold and urge at the proper time on their merits, and not as inseparable portions of a wider scheme, were these:

1.—To eschew entirely the establishment of the relation of debtor and creditor between the Imperial Treasury and the Irish occupier individually.

2.—To deal only with an authority empowered under the highest sanction to bind Ireland as a whole.

3.—To accept as security nothing less than what would suffice to place the fifty millions of Consols issuable under the Act on a footing of perfect equality in the market with the mass of Consols already there.

4.—In fulfilment of this view, to place the charge, not on the rents proceeding from the land alone, but also on the entire public revenues of Ireland.

5.—To direct the collection and course of these revenues in such a channel, as to make their receipt and application not less safe and certain than the receipt and application of the revenues of Great Britain.

I trust that every British Liberal, consentient or dissentient, who may think that there are reasons sufficient to warrant some intervention of Imperial credit in order to solve the question of Irish land, will steadily resist any attempt to fasten on us a scheme of inferior security; and especially will set his face against the establishment of direct relations between the Treasury and the individual occupant of the soil in Ireland, by reason, not only of pecuniary risk, but also, and far more, of very grave political danger.

The subject may be summed up in three short queries.

First, is it right that England, both on grounds of policy, and as having been art and part in the wrongs done to Ireland by her land laws and by many of her landlords, should bear her share in providing further facilities for the sale and purchase of land in Ireland?

Secondly, ought this provision to be made by a liberal use, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, of the public credit of the country?

Thirdly, is it wise or justifiable, instead of dealing with some public authority in Ireland, to place the Treasury of this country in the direct relation of creditor to scores, or it may be hundreds, of thousands of the persons occupying land in Ireland?

To the first two questions I give my answer in the affirmative; to the third I say emphatically, No.

IV. — The Conservative Character of Home Rule for Ireland.

I deviate for a moment from my survey of the political battlefield, to touch on a question more likely to receive consideration now than during the heat of the fight.

For my own part, in arguing for the Irish policy of the late Administration, I have not found it my duty to attempt any narrow appropriation of that policy to the Liberal party. It was indeed eminently agreeable to the principles of that party, because it proceeded upon a rational but a broad and generous trust in the people of Ireland; upon a large recognition of that people's right to liberty, which, says Mr. Burke,* is "the birthright of our species," and which "we cannot forfeit, except by what forfeits our title to the privileges of our kind. I mean the abuse or oblivion of our rational faculties," which "destroys our social nature, and transforms us into something little better than the description of wild beasts."

But unless the policy, from its harmonizing with the love of liberty, and its spirit of reliance on a people, be, in the eyes of all but Liberal politicians, guilty of the unpardonable sin, and thus excluded from a hearing, surely it has high titles to a conservative character, and may reasonably lay claim to Conservative favor. For it is especially founded on regard for history and tradition. It aims in the main at restoring, not at altering, the Empire. In this vast mass are straightway discovered a multitude of subaltern integers; municipalities, counties, colonies, and nations. Does a true conservative policy recommend that the dividing lines, which hedge about these secondary organizations, should be eyed with an eager jealousy, and effaced upon any favorable occasion? I put aside for the moment all regard to the pollution and the tyranny by which an occasion for the Union was forced into existence; and I raise the issue on a broader ground. It is surely most desirable that every subaltern structure in an enormous political fabric,

* Correspondence iii., 105.

having joints and fastenings, tie-beams and rafters of its own, should contribute, by the knotted strength thus inhering in each part, to increase the aggregate of cohesive force, which guarantees the permanence and solidity of the whole.

Intermediate authority, set between the central power and the subject, is a contrivance favorable to both. It softens the whole character of government as a coercive system. It saves the centre from strain; and saves it also from excess. It gives a domestic aspect to commands which, when proceeding from a remoter source, want their best passport to acceptance. The ruler's will is more largely obeyed; and the quality of the obedience is improved as the quantity is enlarged, for it becomes a willing obedience. There are functions of government which require from their own nature a central impulsion. But, wherever the nature of the thing to be done does not suffer, the more locally it is determined the better.

And in all cases where, population not being homogeneous, the different portions of a country (such as the United Kingdom) are variously colored, as by race, or religion, or history, or employments, the argument against centralization acquires new force, in proportion as the central agent loses the power of sympathy and close adaptation to peculiar wants and wishes, and may lose also, where relations have not been altogether kindly, even the consciousness of this ingenital defect. When matters have reached such a stage, the ruler resents that resentment in the mind of the subject, which his own incapacity has raised. This comparative coldness, sometimes passing into aversion, discontent, and even disloyalty, we find in the case of Ireland, and of Ireland alone among all the portions of the Empire. All the rest are held together by freewill; she alone is under the bond of force. In opposition to it, she has maintained from first to last the best protest in her power, and has availed herself progressively more and more of the increased means of protest with which, in singular blindness to the state either of her mind or our own, or possibly both, we have incongruously supplied her. And when, more positively urging her demand, she at the same time narrows the demand itself, so as to meet imperial jealousies and scruples, she is rewarded for her moderation by the loud assertion that the Irish nation speaks, it is true, but speaks with a lie in its mouth.

So, then, we may fairly say of the policy which aims at giving Ireland an Irish Government, not only it is a policy broad, open, trustful, popular, and therefore liberal; but also it is a policy which, instead of innovating, restores; which builds upon the ancient foundations of Irish history and tradition; which, by making power local, makes it congenial, where hitherto it has been unfamiliar, almost alien; and strong, where hitherto it has been weak. Let us extricate the question from the low mist of the hour, let us raise the banner clear of the smoke of battle, and we shall see that such a policy is eminently a Conservative policy.

V. — To Which Party is the Work Reserved?

It is one of the best characteristics of the Liberal party, that it has never foregone an opportunity of closing with a good measure, come it from whom it might.

It was in an endeavor to apply this principle, that in December last I promised my best support to Lord Salisbury, if his Government would introduce a comprehensive measure for the settlement of the Irish question. This was an offer made under highly favorable circumstances. For, as between the two great parties in the State, the question of Irish self-government, in its principal aspects, was then open ground. The Liberal party of 1800 had the honor of resisting the Incorporating Union. But for the last sixty years, on the question of repealing that measure, as the proposal was entertained by neither party, no distinctive character had attached to the action of the one or the other. Unhappily, the last Tory Government, notwithstanding the encouragement given by the opinion of their Viceroy, was not prepared to move. Accordingly, the question of self-government for Ireland in Irish affairs has now taken its place in politics with the Liberal coat of arms stamped upon it, and has become a Liberal measure. But there remains an important question behind. Will it, or will it not, like other Liberal measures, owe its coming place on the Statute Book immediately, if not causally, to the action of official Tories, sustained and made effective by Liberal patriotism and Liberal votes?

There are at least four great cases, which have been placed on record within my memory, and in every one of which a Conservative Government, after having resisted a great proposal up to the moment immediately preceding the surrender, then became its official sponsor, and carried it into law. They are the cases of the Test Act in 1828, of the Roman Catholic Relief in 1829, of Corn Law Repeal in 1846 (when, however, Sir Robert Peel had done all in his power to throw the conduct of the question into Liberal hands), and of Extension of the Franchise in 1867. In the last of these cases, not only had the measure been resisted, but a Liberal Government had been overthrown in the preceding year on account of a measure less extended, not indeed than the very meagre original proposal of 1867, but than the measure which, by the strength of Liberal votes, and with the sanction of the Derby-Disraeli Government, was eventually carried. It seems extremely doubtful whether any one of these measures would have been adopted through both

Houses, except under the peculiar conditions which secured for them on each occasion, both the aid of the Liberal vote in the House of Commons, and the authority of the Tory Government in the House of Lords. One other case stands alone. The Tory chiefs of 1832, with the exception of Sir Robert Peel, fiercely resisting the Reform Bill of Lord Grey, and stopping its progress in their own familiar fortress, the House of Lords, declared themselves nevertheless willing to take charge of the question. But public indignation was too strong to permit the progress of the experiment.

A main reason, which governed me in the offer of last December, was my full conviction that if the Tory Government had acted as many were then inclined to hope, the proposal would have an impartial hearing from the Liberal party, and an amount of support far more than sufficient, as in 1829 and 1846, to make up for Orange and Tory defections, so as to secure the speediest and easiest, which would in my judgment have been also the most satisfactory, accomplishment of the great design.

With regard to that design, I do not venture to forecast the future, beyond the expression of an undoubting belief that a measure of self-government for Ireland, not less extensive than the proposal of 1886, will be carried. Whether the path will be circuitous; whether the journey will be divided into stages, and how many these will be; or how much jolting will attend the passage; it is not for me to say. Nor is it for me to conjecture whether in this, as in so many other cases, the enemies of the measure are the persons designed finally to guide its triumphal procession to the Capitol. But I hope that, should this contingence once more arise, every Liberal politician, irrespective of any misgivings (should he be tempted to entertain them), as to the motives of the men, will remember that his inexorable duty is to extract the maximum of public profit from their acts.

VI. — Conclusion.

If I am not egregiously wrong in all that has been said, Ireland has now lying before her a broad and even way, in which to walk to the consummation of her wishes. Before her eyes is opened that same path of constitutional and peaceful action, of steady, free, and full discussion, which has led England and Scotland to the achievement of all their pacific triumphs. Like the walls of Jericho, falling, not in blood and conflagration, but at the trumpets' peal, so, under the action of purely moral forces, have an hundred fortresses of prejudice, privilege, and shallow prescription, successively given away. It is the potent spell of legality, which has done all this, or enabled it to be done. The evil spirit of illegality and violence has thus far had no part or lot in the political action of Ireland, since, through the Franchise Act of 1885, she came into that inheritance of adequate representation, from which she had before been barred. Ireland, in her present action, is not to be held responsible for those agrarian offences, which are in truth the indication and symptom of her disease; from which her public opinion has, through the recent beneficial action, become greatly more estranged; and to which she herself ardently intreats us to apply the only effectual remedy, by such a reconciliation between the people and the law, as is the necessary condition of civilized life. The moderation of the Irish demands, as they were presented and understood in the Session of 1886, has been brightly reflected in the calm, conflicting, and constitutional attitude of the nation. I make no specific reference to the means that have been used in one deplorable case, under guilty recommendations from above, with a view to disturbing this attitude, and arresting the progress of the movement; for I believe that the employment of such means, and the issuing of such recommendations, will eventually aid the cause they were designed to injure. It is true that, in the close of the last century, the obstinate refusal of just demands, and the deliberate and dreadful acts of Ireland's enemies, drove her people widely into disaffection, and partially into the ways of actual violence. But she was then down-trodden and gagged. She has now a full constitutional equipment of all the means necessary for raising and determining the issues of moral force. She has also the strongest sympathies within, as well as beyond, these shores to cheer, moderate, and guide her. The position is for her a novel one, and in its novelty lies its only risk. But she is quick and ready of perception: she has the rapid comprehensive glance, which the Generals she has found for us have shown on many a field of battle. The qualities she has so eminently exhibited this year have already earned for her a rich reward in confidence and good-will. There is no more to ask of her. She has only to persevere.

August 19, 1886.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since these pages were written the principal intentions of the ministers in respect to Ireland have been announced. The statesmen who in January deemed coercive measures an absolute necessity do not now propose them, although agrarian crime has rather increased and Ireland has been perturbed (so they said) by the proposal of home rule. This is a heavy blow to coercion and a marked sign of progress. I am concerned to say that on no other head do the announcements supply any causes for congratulation:

1. Large Irish subjects, ripe for treatment, are to be referred to commissions of inquiry. This is a policy (while social order is in question) of almost indefinite delay.

2. Moreover, while a commission is to inquire whether the rates of judicial rents are or are not such as can be paid, the aid of the law for levying the present rents in November has been specially and emphatically promised. This is a marked discouragement to remissions of rent and a powerful stimulus to evictions.

3. A project has been sketched of imposing upon the State the payment of all moneys required to meet the difference between these actual rents and what the land can fairly bear. This project is in principle radically bad, and it would be an act of rapine on the treasury of the country.

4. Whereas the greatest evil of Ireland is that its magisterial and administrative systems are felt to be other than Irish, no proposal is made for the reconstruction of what is known as the Dublin Castle government.

5. It is proposed to spend large sums of public money on public works of all kinds for the material development of Ireland under English authority and Dublin Castle administration. This plan is (1) in the highest degree wasteful; (2) it is unjust to the British taxpayer; and (3) it is an obvious attempt to divert the Irish nation by pecuniary inducement from its honorable aim of national self-government, and will as such be resented.

6. The limitation of local government in Ireland to what may at this moment be desired for Great Britain is just to none of our nationalities, rests upon no recognized principle, and is especially an unjust limitation of the Irish national desire. In my opinion such a policy for dealing with the Irish question ought not to be and cannot be adopted.

AUGUST 22, 1886.

THE RACE between the *Mayflower* (Yankee) and *Galatea* (British) in New York harbor, on the 7th of September, was won by the former, leading her opponent 12 minutes and 2 seconds. The race was for the American cup. The contest was very close.

THE GRAND OLD MAN. — We give entire the recent pamphlet of Gladstone on the Irish question. We will issue this in pamphlet form, and give a copy to all new subscribers. Our present subscribers get it in the MAGAZINE.

BOSTON *Record:* The Queen's speech was not half so interesting as those made by some of her subjects at the Chicago gathering.

ARCHBISHOP KENRICK, of St. Louis, Mo., celebrated, on Aug. 17, his 80th birthday. He is a native of Dublin, Ireland, made his studies at Maynooth, was ordained priest in 1832, and consecrated Bishop of St. Louis in 1841.

HEALTH FOODS.— The Health Food Company of New York, having a branch office at 199 Tremont Street (Hotel Pelham), this city, are the manufacturers of a number of articles of daily consumption, which have received the very highest endorsement from medical men and professors of hygiene throughout the country. We have used these wheat glutens, cold blast flour, cereal coffee, extract of gluten and barley with the greatest satisfaction, and besides recommending them to our friends and neighbors, can say to our many readers, if you are suffering from a debilitated system or from that bane of life, dyspepsia, give these foods a trial. After once using them you will continue, and with the best results. Write for descriptive circulars and pamphlets to Manager, Health Food Co., 199 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

STEAM BOILER INSPECTION AND INSURANCE.— The Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co. are now busy making inspections of the steam heating boilers of various churches and institutions, and recommending such changes and alterations as are necessary to put them in an efficient condition for service during the approaching season of cold weather. The company are also preparing drawings and specifications, and will superientend the erection of steam-heating plants for the St. James of Haverhill, St. Augustine of South Boston, St. Joseph of Providence, R. I. and others.

Upon the completion of the boilers and heating appliances, the company issues its policy of insurance, covering all damage by explosion, and makes periodical inspections of boilers, settings and connections, and gives valuable information relating to their care and management.

This company bears a deservedly high reputation as inspectors and insurers of steam boilers, and we commend their system of careful inspection and sound idemnity to all our friends who are operating boilers, or to those who contemplate heating by steam. The Boston office of the company is at No. 35 Pemberton Square, in charge of General Agent Roberts, where designs, specifications and all the various details of the company's business may be obtained.

THE REV. PATRICK STRAIN, rector of St. Mary's Church, Lynn, Mass., the Rev. Michael O'Brien, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Lowell, Mass., and the Rev. Thomas Scully, rector of the Church of the Annunciation, Cambridgeport, Mass., have been appointed by Archbishop Williams to the dignity of permanent rectors. These appointments reflect highest honor not only on the recipients, but also on their respective congregations, since none but a complete parish,— that is, a parish where the church is practically out of debt, and where schools for both boys and girls, a parochial residence, and, if necessary, teachers' residences, have been provided,— can have permanent rectors.— *The Pilot.*

CATHOLIC newspapers, periodicals and magazines ought to be taken up and circulated as a matter of principle; yet some Catholics are so bitten with worldliness, that nothing will satisfy them but the most worldly, sensational, and perilous literature.

THE DANIELS. — *N. Y. Irish American:* This is the era of Daniels. There are Daniel Manning, Daniel Lamont, and Daniel Magone, and they are all men of excellent judgment. The two former have passed through the lion's den; the last is about entering it.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XVI. BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1886. No. 5.

Priest and Patriot.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints which, perhaps, another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take life again.

LONGFELLOW.

IT is not more than six short years ago since Ireland was again visited by one of those periodical seasons of distress which have so often made deplorable havoc on our people. The demons of poverty and hunger stalked hand in hand throughout the land; an unsympathetic English Government looked on with brutal indifference, and answered all appeals for aid by sending over loads of buckshot and plentiful assurances that the union workhouses were large enough to hold half the population of the land; the landlords, not content with robbery and plunder which had reduced the people to such dreadful straits, must needs draw the last drop of life-blood from their victims' veins, and demand, with a fierceness which Shylock could never have mustered, their "pound of flesh." The evil was widespread throughout the land. Some districts, particularly in the northern and western provinces, were in a terrible state, but nowhere had the hand of famine caught a firmer grip than in Glencolumbkille, a miserable district away in the Donegal Highlands, where, even in the best of times, the poor mountaineers had enough to do to pay the landlord and live. It was a terrible time for those poor mountain folk. Destitution came upon them to some extent unawares. Never accustomed to any of the luxuries of life, always doomed to put up with the meagrest fare, the transition from great poverty to absolute want was so rapid as to be hardly perceptible. Before they were able to properly realize the fact, the people of Glencolumbkille were in the throes of the greatest famine the country had known since "black '47."

It was the old, old story. Hungry children wailing for the food that it is not in their parents' power to give, each mournful wail piercing the wasted mother's heart like a two-edged sword. The mother

herself feeling the keen pangs of hunger just as much as her little ones, but feeling far more her utter helplessness to stay the rapid footsteps of the grim Destroyer that was hastening to grasp her and hers in his cold embrace. And the strong men, the husbands of these wasted wives, the fathers of these hungry babes — surely theirs was the very acme of human misery! Strong men, willing to work, but without any work to do, forced to gaze with folded arms on the horrible heart-breaking tragedy that was being enacted in their midst; threatened on one side by the black devil of starvation; threatened on the other by the blacker and uglier devil of landlordism.

Those who know the delicate sensitiveness of the Irish character can well understand how it was that no appeal to public charity was made until things had reached that stage when further silence would be criminal. It was not until he had expended nearly all his private resources that the patriotic parish priest of Glencolumbkille came forward to crave the assistance of the outside world. Father Gallagher's patriotic appeals went straight to the hearts of the charitable, both at home and abroad, and Irishmen in America and Australia, who are never unmindful of a kindness done to the old land at home, will not soon forget the name of the patriotic Irish priest who, during that terrible famine, made almost superhuman efforts to save the poor people of Glencolumbkille from hunger and death. No man living can tell the trials which that good priest had to undergo during that dreadful time. The exertion was too much for his naturally weak constitution, and just as he saw signs that the black, threatening cloud, which had been hovering over his parish, was about to pass away, Father Gallagher went to receive the reward of Him who cannot allow even a cup of cold water given in His name to go unrewarded.

I am sure that the readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE — the most Irish and most Catholic magazine in America — cannot but take an interest in the life and labors of that big-hearted, patriotic Irish priest who is now no more; and so I here give a brief account of his career.

Father Gallagher came from a princely stock. The O'Gallaghers of Donegal are descended from Niall of the Nine Hostages, and before the coming of the Saxons ruled the broad acres of rich and fertile land that "lie between Kilbarron and Asharoe on the southwest, and extend on the east along the shores of Lough Erne." *

Francis Gallagher, the subject of this sketch, was born at Castlegoland, near Glenties, on the 16th of October, 1842, being the eldest of a family of fourteen brothers and sisters, most of whom are still living. He was blessed with good and pious parents, who brought him up in the love and fear of God. It has ever been the highest ambition of an Irish Catholic father and mother to see at least one of their sons a priest. William Gallagher and his pious wife were no exception to the general rule. From his earliest years Francis was set aside for the service of the altar, and it was with holy joy, and perhaps a little pardonable pride, that they watched in their chosen one the early development of those qualities of head and heart which observant

* Canon Bourke's Memoir of Bishop O'Gallagher.

persons do not fail to discern in the early years of those whom God has chosen for the high dignity of His priesthood. While yet a mere child he began to exercise over his playmates, and even over "children of larger growth," that wonderful influence for good which was the most prominent feature of his too short but very fruitful life. To illustrate this, one incident will suffice.

In Francis' early days there was no Sunday evening service in most of the country churches in Ireland. An exception was, however, always made in favor of May, Mary's own month. Ardara, where the parish church is situated, is five Irish miles distant from Castlegoland, and hence many of the poor country folk who had walked to Mass and back in the morning, had good reason for holding themselves excused from undertaking a similar journey in the evening. Francis Gallagher, although but fourteen or fifteen years of age, was already the zealous servant of Mary. He began to organize a little party to accompany him every Sunday evening to the Ardara church. Sunday after Sunday the little band grew in proportions until at length Castlegoland was better represented at the May devotion than any other townland in the big parish of Ardara.

Father Gallagher received his classical education first at Maghera, in the County Derry, afterwards at Stranorlar, in Donegal, and finally at the Diocesan Seminary, Letterkenny. In each of these schools he stood first among his fellows both in talent and in piety. "We all soon saw," says one of his companions, now one of the most distinguished priests in the diocese of Raphoe, "the power of his genius and the comprehensive range of his ability, and he was ungrudgingly granted the leading place to which his superior talents entitled him." The zeal for God's greater glory, which in his early youth exercised so powerful an influence for good over his neighbors and companions, grew with his growth. We shall let the same companion of his school-boy days tell an incident illustrative of this fact: "One summer's evening," says Father McFadden, "he was walking out in Stranorlar with a fellow-student, and, as they came in the neighborhood of the church, Francis said, 'Let us come up and say a little prayer.' When they approached the gate they found it locked. But Francis could not be turned back from his pious purpose to pray that evening in the hallowed silence of the dim twilight within the lonely church. He scaled the wall, took up his companion by the hand, went into the church, and there before the altar poured out his soul to God in prayer, as it was his wont so often to do." Since then many a pious soul has poured forth its adorations before that altar, but we doubt if any one has uttered a prayer there more acceptable to the Great Presence who is ever watching in that beautiful church, than was the prayer of that young levite who scaled the wall on that bright summer's evening so many years ago.

Father Gallagher entered Maynooth College in 1863, and matriculated into the Logic class. Old Maynooth! the very mention of your name calls up memories the tenderest and pleasantest that find a place in the heart of the *Soggarth Aroon*. Old Alma Mater! how many noble hearts have beaten within your sainted walls; how many brave

soldiers have gone from your tender embrace to fight the battle of the cross as well at home as in other lands. Worthy successor of Athenry and Kilconnell, of Lismore and Glendalough, of Armagh and Bangor, of Mellifont and Holy Cross; may you long continue to be what you are, the pride of Ireland, the Alma Mater of Ireland's priesthood.

Father Gallagher's career in Maynooth was a uniformly distinguished one. Although his health was so delicate as to often require the tenderest handling in the college infirmary, still he succeeded in carrying off honors in almost every department of ecclesiastical literature. As he had been a model for his companions both at home and at school, so, too, was he a shining example for his class fellows in college. He was scrupulously exact in the observance of the college rules, constant as his delicate health would permit in the pursuit of his studies, regular in all his devotional exercises, especially in his visits to the Most Adorable Sacrament; in one word, Francis Gallagher was a student after God's own heart.

The time at length arrived when his youth's ambition, the day-dream of his early manhood was to be realized. On Pentecost Sunday, 1869, the young student was promoted to the sacred dignity of the priesthood by the late Cardinal Cullin, and was shortly afterwards appointed curate to the Rev. Father Diver, the parish priest of Doe. Here he spent the first two years of his missionary life, working with unmitigated zeal, for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people. At the end of that time the Most Rev. Dr. MacDevitt, then lately appointed to the See of Raphoe, called Father Gallagher to assist him in the management of the parishes of Conwal and Leck. But short as had been his stay in Doe, the young priest had endeared himself to every one of the parishioners, and they would not let him leave them without giving him a substantial proof of their esteem. Accordingly on the day of his departure from the parish, he was presented with a splendid horse and trap "as a little proof that his labors were not unappreciated by the people of Doe."

Father Gallagher's mission in Letterkenny was characterized above all by success. It could not be otherwise, based as it was on the strong foundation of personal sanctity. All the good which he did shall never be known on this side of the grave. He has left, however, monuments which shall tell of his energy and zeal to generations yet unborn. Perhaps the most useful, certainly the most beautiful, public building in Donegal, is the Letterkenny Literary Institute. "A poor man," Bishop MacDevitt used to say, "wanted resources in lieu of the pipe and the glass as much as a rich man, to while away the tedium of wet days, and infinitely more so, to occupy the long evenings of the cheerless winter." To remedy this want Father Gallagher, with the warm approbation and support of the Bishop, erected the Institute and furnished it with libraries, billiard rooms, lecture halls, etc.

It was not until he had this beautiful building finished that Father Gallagher inaugurated the Temperance League which has since spread itself like a net-work all over the diocese, and for which the present distinguished Bishop of Raphoe got the Papal Blessing on the occasion of the Irish Bishops' visit to the Eternal City last year.

In October, 1881, Father Gallagher was appointed parish priest of Glencolumbkille. I have already spoken of his work there, of his herculean efforts to save his poor people from the ravages of the terrible famine, of his noble death, better say his martyrdom, to the holy cause of charity. I feel that I have not done him justice but I have written enough, perhaps, to give my readers some faint idea of the life and labors of as good a priest and as true a patriot as ever trod the sacred soil of the dear old island of saints.

OLLAVE FOLA.

The Holy Face and the Souls in Purgatory.

"Pray for the Holy Souls whose eyes
Have seen their Jesus' Holy Face,
Have caught one glimpse of Paradise
And learned the worth of every grace;
His smile hath changed hell's midnight gloom
To Purgatory's twilight dim,
Hath banished shadows of the tomb,
And filled love's measure to the brim."

THE light of the human countenance of Jesus the Incarnate Word once shone upon the world. Mary saw the beauty of His infant face in the joy of Bethlehem, in the trials of Egypt, and in the long years of His hidden life. Peter, James, and John saw it, in the glory of transfiguration on Tabor, when His garments were as white as snow, and that divine face did shine as the sun. Mary and John and Magdalen saw it blood-stained, bruised, and pale in its cruel agony of death upon the cross. Mary saw it again radiant and glorious in the splendor of the Resurrection. Then afterwards Magdalen and Peter, the apostles and disciples, saw the effulgence of its risen beauty and were filled with joy. It was seen by them last of all on earth, when the cloud received it out of mortal sight. But John the disciple whom our Lord best loved, when in exile for the truth, in Patmos, saw its glory in the heavenly Jerusalem when that face, as the sun, shone in the zenith of His power. The divine face of Jesus, life-giving and venerable and beautiful, is at this moment in heaven, and in the most Blessed Sacrament, the light and joy of saints, angels, and men, and of Mary most of all. The holy Church, espoused bride of the Lamb, is ever saying: "Show me Thy face, Thy divine eyes are looking on me through the darkness and gloom, but I cannot see Thee. Give me, give my children a great devotion to Thy sacred countenance; and an ardent desire to see in heaven the entrancing beauty of that face which once was smitten and bruised and spit upon for me."

His Holiness, Leo XIII., by a Papal Brief of December 9, 1884, granted, among other indulgences, an indulgence of sixty days to all members of the Arch-Confraternity of the Holy Face, each time they would kiss, in a spirit of reparation, the sorrowful face of Christ, distinctive sign of their Arch-Confraternity, whether sculptured, engraved,

or printed on a cross or on an image, saying at the same time: "Lord, show us Thy face, and we shall be saved."

The holy souls in purgatory are ever saying in beseeching accents, "Lord, show us Thy face;" desiring with a great desire to see it, waiting, they longingly wait for the divine face of their Saviour. We should often pray for the holy souls who during life thirsted to see in the splendor of its glory the human face of Jesus Christ. We should often say the Litany of the Holy Face of Jesus, that our Lord may quickly bring those holy souls to the contemplation of His adorable countenance.

We should pray to Mary, Mother All-Merciful, who before all others saw the face of Jesus in His twofold nativity in Bethlehem, and from the tomb, to plead for those holy souls; to St. Joseph who saw the face of Jesus in Bethlehem and Nazareth; to the glorious St. Michael, our Lady's regent in purgatory, one of the seven who stand before the throne and face of God, who has been appointed to receive souls after death, and is the special consoler and advocate of the holy souls detained amidst the flames of purgatory. We should also pray to St. Peter for the holy souls, he to whom Christ gave the keys of the kingdom of heaven. The holy souls are suffering the temporal penalty due to sin. This apostle had by his sin effaced the image of God in his soul, but Jesus turned His holy face towards the unfaithful disciple, and His divine look wounded the heart of Peter with repentant sorrow and love; also St. James and St. John who with him saw the glory of the face of Jesus on Mt. Tabor, and its sorrow in Gethsemane when, 'neath the olive-trees, it was covered with confusion and bathed in a bloody sweat for our sins. These great saints, dear to the Heart of Jesus, will surely hear our prayers in behalf of the holy souls. St. Mary Magdalen, who saw the holy face in agony on the cross, when its incomparable beauty was obscured under the fearful cloud of the sins of the world, and who assisted the Virgin Mother to wash, anoint and vail with a shroud the bruised, pale features of her divine son, — the saint whose many sins were forgiven her because she loved much will lend heed to our prayers for the holy souls. We should also invoke, for the holy souls, the virgin martyrs, because of their purity, love, and the sufferings they endured to see in heaven the face of their King.

Yet nothing can help these souls so much as the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. By the "Blood of the Testament" these prisoners can be brought out of the pit. Even to hear Mass with devotion for the holy souls, brings them great refreshment. St. Jerome says: "The souls in purgatory, for whom the priest is wont to pray in the Mass, suffer no pain whilst Mass is being offered; that after every Mass said for the souls in purgatory, some souls are released therefrom. Our Blessed Lady, "the Consoler of the afflicted," will always do much to aid the holy souls; in her maternal solicitude she has promised to assist and console the devout wearers of the brown scapular detained in purgatory, and also to speedily release them from its flames on the first Saturday after their death, if some few conditions have been complied with in their life-time on earth.

So far their prisoned souls are ever crying out to us; patient and

resigned, yet with a most burning desire, they are longing to be brought to the presence of God and to gaze upon the glorified humanity of the Incarnate Word; they are far more perfectly members of the mystical body of Christ than we are, because they are confirmed in grace, and the doctrine of the communion of saints should prompt us, then, to give the holy souls the charitable assistance of our alms, prayers, and good works. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so ye shall fulfil the law of Christ," and thus one day with them enjoy the endless vision of the holy face in its unclouded splendor in heaven.

The Lepers of Tracadie.

ONE Sunday morning lately I was called up to give the white veil to a beautiful young lady in the Hotel Dieu of Tracadie, adjoining the hospital for lepers. Never in my whole life was I so impressed at the sublimity of divine Christian charity as when consecrating this young lady to the service of God, in the person of these lepers. For Christ has said, "Inasmuch as you do it to the least of My little ones you do it unto Me." Few have heard of this most afflicted country of Tracadie, which lies between Baie de Chaleurs and the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the River Tracadie, on the south shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. About one hundred and thirty years ago, as tradition has it, a ship from the Levant, near Syria, was shipwrecked on the coast. Some of the sailors were rescued and received hospitality from the settlers, the Acadians from France. Some women were the first to contract the malady; but no precautions were taken against its spread until 1817, when Ursula Landry died of the disease, and then all took alarm.

It was not until 1844 that the Government of New Brunswick took action in the matter, and appointed a medical commission to report on the means of stopping the plague. They established a lazaretto on a small island called Sheldrake, in the middle of the river Miramichi, about eighteen miles below Chatham. To compel those attacked with this dreadful malady to go to this island it was necessary, in many instances, to employ force and lasso them like wild animals; to drag them by cords and beat them with long poles to drive them into the lazaretto, for none would touch them for fear of the disease. Fathers were separated from their families, mothers from their children, and children from their parents. No wonder that with all the precautions of the Government many of those unfortunate people escaped to return to the bosom of their families. There was little comfort in the lazaretto, for the less afflicted lepers had to take care of the others.

In 1847 the Government transported the lazaretto from the island to its present position. It is a collection of low cabins, a story and a half high. It is enclosed as our prisons with high fences and iron-grated windows. When the Sisters of Charity, in 1868, arrived to take care of it these bars were removed. The Most Rev. Dr. Rogers, Bishop of

Chatham, in whose diocese this lazaretto is, as soon as he became bishop, employed all his zeal and care to ameliorate the condition of the poor lepers, the most afflicted of the children of men. No servants were allowed to go there; but, as we have said, those who were less afflicted with the disease had to take care of the more afflicted, but none were in any humor to do any work. How could they use brooms or scrubbing brushes with their mutilated hands? Their food was sent to them through a window in a wall, and they could either take it or leave it. It came in a poor condition, which did not entice the sick lepers to taste it — still hunger must be assuaged. Cleanliness was completely out of the question. It was a real gehenna.

No wonder that the mortality of the victims was very great. They looked upon themselves as cursed by God and abandoned by every human being. They blasphemed and quarrelled among themselves; the exhortations of the chaplain were of little use. Even after being anointed for death some relapsed into their grumbling against Providence. The miserable cabins in which they were housed were unfit even for animals. The ceilings were only eight feet high. In the summer they could open the windows and allow some air to enter, but in the winter the windows were closed and the stoves were lit. The strench was insupportable except to lepers themselves. How often did they ask of God to relieve them by death? They were sent into this place to rot and die.

The Sisters of the Hotel Dieu, of Montreal, were applied to by Bishop Rogers, with the permission of the government. The miseries of the place, the filth and fear of contagion, were represented to them; but the more they heard of the poor creatures the warmer grew the fire of charity, and they agreed to assume the responsibility of the work. The government employed them as lady physicians or hospital nuns, and promised to pay them $800, the same as was paid to the ordinary physician. The Sisters took lessons from Dr. Hingston, of Montreal, on this dreadful malady, and were provided with books on the subject. The Mother Superioress of the Hotel Dieu intimated to the nuns that seven were required. She did not like to directly appoint seven, but asked for volunteers. All the Sisters volunteered to go; but she chose the number from the most talented and holy. The farewell day when those seven were leaving was a day of tears and sobs throughout the convent. The remaining Sisters loaded the missionaries with presents, linen, and provisions, so as to make them comfortable, at least for a time.

Arrived at the lazaretto their troubles and mortifications commenced. The seven good sisters were huddled together in small rooms. The first thing they did was to burn up all the old clothes and bedding. They used whitewash and disinfectants freely. The poor lepers, when they found somebody caring for them, felt sorry for their past sins, and turned their hearts to God in gratitude for the wonderful change. The government of New Brunswick paid for a little house for the good Sisters at a cost of $1,200. The ceiling of this was like those of the lazaretto, only eight feet high. The New Brunswick Government petitioned the Federal Government to take this

institution under its own care as it was a kind of quarantine. This was another merciful stroke of Providence. The government then in power donated $1,500 to the nuns to be employed as they pleased. The Sisters built an addition to the lazaretto, wash-rooms, kitchen, &c., for the building was most incommodious. The first Sisters were seven in number — now there are sixteen. They have to keep up their religious exercises and all the devotions of a regular convent to enable them to support poor human nature in its efforts to succor the most distressed people on earth. The chapel of the nuns is a small room. The Sister's choir is situated on one side of the chapel, and on the other is a domitory for lepers, with a glass window the breadth of the room, so that the lepers can follow the priest at Mass, for they are all Catholics. A pane of glass can be opened, through which the priest gives them Communion.

After Mass we visited the lazaretto. Bishop Rogers, Bishop Sweeney, former chaplain of the lazaretto, another priest, and myself were present. The lepers sat right before us. Each of the Bishops gave a short address, exhorting the sufferers to have patience, and to join their sufferings with those of Christ, by which are expiated the sins of the world. Then one respectable-looking gentleman stepped forward and made an address to Bishop Rogers. He thanked him for the vigor with which he worked for the most afflicted of his children by providing the good Sisters to take care of them ; and concluded by saying that all he could do was to raise his diseased and mutilated hands to heaven in prayer for him. One poor woman threw herself upon her knees before Bishop Sweeney, who was the chaplain forty years before. She asked the Bishop's blessing, and tears rolled from her cheeks, as she tried to wipe them with the stumps of her fingers under her apron. All the poor afflicted were now in tears. The incidents of that day I shall never forget. I praise the wonderful workings of Divine Providence, afflicting some so as to give others an opportunity of gaining an eternal reward, for there can be no more meritorious work of charity than living among these and serving them.

Leprosy has baffled all the skill of physicians. A father may be afflicted while his wife and children are in sound health ; one child of a family may be a leper, while its brothers and sisters are not attacked. It commences with a most violent fever, and pains all over the body ; then chocolate spots appear, and the diseased parts of the victim are rendered perfectly insensible ; then the joints are attacked, and rot and fall off in washing their hands. The Sisters often find the joints of those poor people in the wash-basin. We found at the lazaretto twenty-five persons, young and old, boys and girls, old men and women, young men and young women.

✠ JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH, Archbishop of Toronto.

READING maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.—BACON.

Some Irish Saints.

PART I.

In the March number of Donahoe's I took occasion to translate from the "*Caractéristiques des Saints*," etc., the very learned work of Rev. Ch. Cahier, S. J., a variety of notes suggested by the legend of St. Patrick and the serpents. With much pain and labor I have succeeded in gathering together from the same valuable source a variety of information — a large part of which I believe to be comparatively new — concerning some few of the holy men and women of Ireland. True, most of the work is but a translation; but good material in one language ought to be good in another. And without further ado, we shall proceed to see what Father Cahier says about Erin's holy ones.

S. Aidan is said to have been the first bishop of Ferns; 31st of January, about 632. His legend says that when his mother was about to bring him into the world she saw in a dream a star, and this caused him to be called from his childhood the son of the star. He is also known as Medocus or Methocus, Maedhogh, Moeg, Dé, etc. He is sometimes represented with S. Laserian. The legend states that, having met near Ferns after a long separation, they lovingly embraced and again separated, God having made known to them that he had different designs on each of them.

S. Albee, Ailbee, Elvee, Ailve (Latinized Agilbæus, Ailbæus, Alvæus, etc.), bishop, 12th of September, is patron of Emly and of Cashel.

The Blessed Alexander, Cistercian monk at Foigny; 4th of May or 6th of August, 1217. He is said to have been the son of a Scotch or an Irish prince, but took the habit of a lay brother in France. His sister Matilda, who is often represented with him, had also gone into Picardy (at Lapion, near Liesse), there to live unknown. She had taught him dairy work, and that he was employed at in the monastery, and (until the day of his death) his high birth was not known even to the abbot.

S. Bertuin (*Berthuinus*, *Bertwinus*), a regionary bishop who went from Ireland to the continent, and is honored at Malone, near Namur; 11th of November, about 680. Near him, or on his hands, are represented five churches, alluding to his labors in the Walloon land. Pepin, of Heristal, touched by the virtues of the man of God, gave him five farms, on which Bertuin built churches.

S. Brandan; 15th of November. It appears that in France his name is written Brandaine or Brandon. The inhabitants of the Canary Islands claim that he preached the gospel there in the seventh century; but Father Cahier says that this is founded on the story of the voyages of S. Brendan, neither very authentic nor easy of interpretation. The saint is joined with S. Malo, said to be his companion on the apostolic voyage. Another S. Brendan, abbot (16th of May), is patron of Ardfert, Clonfert, and Kerry. Strange as it may seem, his name has also been transformed into Brevalarz.

S. BRIDGET, abbess; 1st of February, about 523. She is represented with her hand upon an altar. According to the author of her legend, it was the step of the altar which grew green when she knelt on it, answering a calumny against her. It is even said that a little sprout came out of it. In the "*Officia SS. Patricii, Columbæ, Brigidæ*," etc. (Paris, 1620, 16mo), the hymn for first vespers says:

"In signum pudicitiæ,
Altaris quod exaruit
Manus tactu virgineæ
Lignum repente viruit.

"Hæc est laurus Hiberniæ
Cujus viror non marcuit;
Plena misericordiæ,
Nulli Petenti defuit."

J. J. Ampère ascribes this to S. Bridget of Sweden; but, says Father Cahier, it is entirely gratuitously, as happens to men who improvise erudition. If men of the church educated in Christian fashion, he adds, run risks in entering on such ground, what will it be for men who advance like pandours or cossacks upon a library. Every man to his trade.

She is also represented with a cow near her, which may be an allusion to various incidents in her life. Thus, when a child, she one day used in charity the milk of the cow of which she had charge, and she was afraid she could not, like the other women, present the butter to her master at the proper time; but God answered her prayer, and she was able to do as well as any.

Father Cahier says that he thinks the representation refers to another occasion. One day several bishops visited her and she was not able to give them hospitality befitting their rank. But with confidence and prayer to God she milked the animal three times in one day, and got as much milk as she could get from three good milch cows. (Cogitosus, apud Sur., *l. c.*, no. 6.) Other charities of S. Bridget, in which cows figure, are also told in the same legend.

Father Cahier adds: "However it may be with the Homeric tinge coloring those simple tales, the Bollandists twice recoiled from the task of writing a life in which they met the Hibernian legend in all its vigor, prejudiced as they were against the epic tendency of the bardic story-tellers, when their patriotism conspires with poetry. Nevertheless let us grant that if such miracles have a character of singularity, they also denote either in those who obtained them, or those who ascribed them to them, a really touching kindness of soul."

In the parish of Amay, between Huy and Liège, pilgrimages are made in honor of S. Bridget for the cows. The Walloons call her Brighe or Brie; and near Fosses (in the diocese of Namur) the peasants have wands blessed, which they take to their stables to touch their sick cows.

Elsewhere he says that it is not absolutely clear that the saint founded or governed a community subjected to very precise rules; but as she passed in Great Britain and Belgium for the foundress and abbess of canonesses regular, she is often represented with a staff in her hand.

She is at times depicted with the branch of a tree (of an oak, seemingly,) in her hand, or a lily-branch. Her historian (Surius, 1 Februar., no. 3) relates that when she took the veil, the altar-step which she touched in vowing her virginity to God grew green again, and even budded forth. Perhaps, as she was an illegitimate child, her mother's reputation had caused some suspicions as to the daughter's integrity. However this may be, this tale is sometimes translated by a dry tree, whose branch when touched by the saint is covered with flowers.

She is also represented with a pillar of fire above her head, because a pillar in the form of a flame appeared above her head when she asked the bishop to give her the veil that she might consecrate herself irrevocably to God.

In another place the good Father says that a flame which appeared on her head (or on the house in which she lived) while the saint was still a child, gave presage of the great designs of God upon her. Geese or ducks also appear in her legend, but Father Cahier does not think that they can be taken as one of her really popular characteristics. She is patroness of Ireland at large; of Kildare; and Leighlin for cows, for reasons given above; of horned animals (especially in Belgium). The saint's name goes through all the variations of Brigida, Brigitte, Britta, and Britte.

S. Brechan, Bricin, Broccan, or Latin, *Breccanus*, a bishop, is briefly mentioned as one of the patrons of Tuam.

S. Carthagh (Latinized *Carthacus*), bishop, appears similarly merely as patron of Lismore. Otherwise known as Mochuda, his feast is celebrated on the 14th of May.

S. Cataldus is bishop of Tarento and also of Lismore.

S. Chairbre, Corbré, or perhaps Chabray, Latinized *Carpreus*, is merely named.

S. Coemgen is, it appears, Latinized *Cœmgenus*, which poorly expresses the Irish sound. Father Cahier makes him elsewhere Keivin (*sic*) or Coemginus. He was abbot of Glendalagh or Glendalachan (so our author writes it) in the sixth century, and his feast is celebrated on the 3d of June. The good Jesuit also intimates that his life is to be read with caution. Therein it is related that a little sick child desiring milk, the saint called a doe and had it milked; but a crow came up, knocked the vessel over, and spilled the milk. Then said the saint: "Thou didst disobey Noe in the ark, and thou hast crossed me in a good work; just now I'll leave thee alone, but thou shalt remember me after my death." And so, when the saint's feast came around, the crows around Glendalough used to gather, and for three days do nothing but fly around, croak, and fight one another, without eating anything. (Nieremberg, *De miraculosis*, lib. II., cap. LXXII.; lib. I., cap. III.) He is patron of Dublin and of Glendalough, having been an abbot at the latter place.

S. Cailan, or Caylan (Latin, *Cailtanus* (*?*) or *Cadilanus*), is patron of Down.

S. Columba (9th of June, 597), abbot of Hy or Iona, of the Hebrides, is also called Colm, Colmkill, Colomkille, Columbkill, etc., and wrongly Columban. Father Cahier says that an artist could make

a fine picture by representing the saint covering with his mantle the little army of S. Oswald, when that prince was about to regain the throne of his ancestors. The Northumbrian king's dream is related in the fourth volume of Montalembert's "Monks of the West."

He is sometimes depicted making devils flee before him, as he is said to have driven the demons out of that island; but this may mean that he had made the island the centre of his preaching for Scotland, by establishing there the famous monastery which secured for Iona the name of *Insula Sancti Columbani.*

He is also represented with three loaves in his hand, or with a basket of bread near him, no doubt to indicate his charity; but it also refers to the fact that, during a contagious disease, loaves which he had blessed preserved or cured the men or the animals that made use of them. Hereon our author remarks that while artists have readily adopted the number three on many occasions when history did not guide them very clearly, devotion to the Trinity had considerable influence on Hibernian artists and legend-tellers; as could be proved if only in regard to St. Patrick's shamrock. He is patron of the Hebrides, Scotland, Ireland, and Derry, and is invoked against inundations.

S. COLMAN, pilgrim; 13th of October, 1312. This saint's name is written also Colmain or Kolman, and Latinized *Colomanus, Colmannus,* or *Columbannus.* He is represented hanged to a tree, sometimes with two companions. He was an Irishman, perhaps a Scotchman, and was going on a pilgimage to Jerusalem through Europe when he was taken as a spy by the people of Stockeran, near Vienna in Austria, and was hanged. The legend goes on that he was hanged to a dead tree. Soon the tree was covered with verdure (some even say it was a gibbet), and the preservation of the body attracted the attention of the people. The injustice of the death he had undergone was acknowledged, and his body was taken to Moelk, where the saint was revered as patron of the country. (Rader, *Bavaria sancta,* t. III.)

At other times he is simply represented in pilgrim's costume, and holding a cord, which indicates the death he died. He is even said to have been the son of a king of Scotia (Ireland?), and to have left his bishopric to go to preach the faith towards Hungary, or to visit the Holy Land. He must not be confounded with his namesake, S. Kilian's deacon. A prose of the missal of Passau (1505) thus relates his death:

"Explorator creditur
Flagris diris cæditur
Christi miles.

* * * * * * * *

"Suffocatus resteo
Cholomannus laqueo,
Viret restis;
Nullo nocens vitio,
Fruitur suspendio
Dei testis.

"Mulctandus obticuit,
Innocens occubuit,
Suum non aperuit
Os, ut agnus," etc.

Another, which begins *Salve, sancte Colomane* (ap. mone, *Hymne medii ævi*, t. III., p. 253), thus analyzes the legend:

"Scotiam te deserente
Volat massa nubium,
Tu divino austro flante
Transis ad Danubium,
Quumque sic peregrinaris
Tu felix deicola,
Adversantis videbaris
Gentis esse incola;
Cæsum tanquam explorantem,
Te clauserunt carcere,

* * * * * * * *

Tandem quoque cum duobus
Pensus es in arbore;
Putrefactisque ambobus
Adhuc flores corpore:
Ungues, barba, pili crescunt
Membris perdurantibus;
Arbor restisque frondescunt
Cunctis admirantibus," etc.

Although the saint figures with a cord, the hymnographers of the middle ages are of one accord in supposing him strangled with a withe of osier, or other flexible wood used to bind faggots. He is the patron of Stockenau, Moelk, and Austria.

S. COLMAN, of Franconia, a companion of S. Kilian, referred to above. The prose of the missal of Passau (1505) says:

"Servi Christi sunt tres isti:
Colonatus et Totnanus,
Et beatus Kilianus."

With his companions he is patron of Wurtzburg.

S. COLMAN, bishop (24th of November), is patron of Cloyne, Dromore, and Kilmacduach.

S. COLUMBA, of Cornwall, is patron of Down.

S. COLUMBAN, abbot of Luxeuil, etc.; 21st of November, 615. The Benedictines, says our author, have given him their habit, although this holy Irish monk had never a thought of following the rule of S. Benedict; but the monasteries which he founded on the continent were soon occupied by religious obeying the rule of Monte Cassino. Thus this posthumous adoption may, in a manner, be explained. However this may be, the saint is often painted with a sun on his breast or on his head. It is an allusion to the dream his mother had when she was *enceinte* with him; she dreamed that she was bringing a blazing sun into the world. In fact, the holy man not only edified Ireland, his native land, but France, Upper Italy, aad Switzerland.

In art, a cross, like the one S. Bruno carries, is often given him. This is a crucifix whose branches terminate in a bunch of leaves, flowers, and fruits. It may be considered as expressing his love for solitary and penitential life, but it is not his usual emblem and is not very ancient. He is also represented beside a spring. A young monk

had orders to carry water to him on a mountain, to which the saint often retired in order to live in greater recollection. Soon convinced that the task was not very pleasing to the young man, the saint ordered him to go and dig in a rock near by, and he himself began to pray. A few moments after a stream gushed out of the rock.

He is one of many founders of monastic orders, painted with a rod or whip to denote the severity of his discipline. A bear is also represented beside him. He came from Ireland into Austrasia with several of his fellow-countrymen, founded amongst others the abbey of Luxeuil, then carried his Irish rule into Switzerland and Lombardy, where the monastery of Bobbio long retained the memory of his wisdom and his rather rugged virtues. The bear seems to be a memorial of what he did in the Jura and the Alps, but different stories are told about the matter. One is that he retired into a cavern from which he drove a bear out, as S. Sabas of Palestine did with a lion. (Longueval, *Histoire de l'église gallicane, livre* VIII., A. 590.)

His biographers also tell a story of what happened to him at Luxeuil. He found in the forest a deer killed by wolves, and a bear, which had probably chased the murderers away, was beginning to lick the blood. The abbot told him not to touch the skin, as the monks wanted it for footgear. The bear, who probably didn't know how to get at the meat without spoiling the skin, went away growling less than might have been expected. It seems, though the legend does not say so, that the flesh was left him, for birds that had assembled to feed on it dared not touch it. He is patron of Bobbio, Ireland, Luxeuil, Brugnetto in the State of Genoa, and Quimperle.

S. Comgal, Comgall, Combgal, Congell, or Congall (Latinized Comogallus, Congellus, Congallus), abbot of Bangor or Benchor, 10th of May, 601. He is represented with angels, because it is related that having to receive a guest of quality, and not being able to entertain him properly, he was aided by angels who drove numerous fishes to the shore on which his abbey was built. A stone in his hand recalls the story of how he carried a stone heated red hot in his hand without being hurt by it.

S. Conleth, or Conlaed (Latinized Conlethus), once bishop, is patron of Kildare.

S. Dairchilla, otherwise Moling (Molingus, Dayrgellus), a bishop, is patron of Ferns.

S. Declan, bishop of Ardmore; 24th of July, sixth century. He is represented with a rock, for which the legend is that he used to say Mass on a rock which floated in the sea. On this Father Cahier comments that stones and rocks are generally very accommodating in the stories of Celtic nations concerning their saints. The Celt seems to have understood that he who had controlled his own irremediable stubbornness, had no more obstacles in blind nature; or that to succeed in persuading such a race, extraordinary powers were needed. He is patron of Ardmore.

S. Declan, deacon of S. Marin of Frisingia, told of further on. The name also becomes Teclan.

S. Disibode, bishop; 8th of September or 8th of July, towards the end of the seventh century. He preached in Austrasia, and ended

his days in the monastery which grew up around his cell, on the mountain which the Germans call from his name, Diesenberg. In an Irish book I find him simply called Diesen.

S. Dympna (Dympne or Dymphne), virgin and martyr; 15th of May, seventh century. She is sometimes represented holding a chained devil. This, no doubt, is because of the victory she obtained over her father's incestuous passion, and also because she is invoked for the deliverance of the possessed. Such is the origin of the celebrated colony of Gheel in the Campine of Antwerp, where mad people are cared for (from time immemorial) under the patronage of S. Dympna. Here the reverend author remarks that modern alienists see ordinary lunacy in what the ancients called possession; and in old times people were often considered as possessed, whom doctors of the present day would treat as maniacs. He thinks that each might rightly make concessions to the others.

The devil is often placed under her feet or expiring near her, sometimes in a form approaching that of the dragon. She is also represented with a sword, because her father slew her with a sword, decapitating her, or piercing or splitting her head. She is represented again in a cabin, having taken refuge from her father in Flanders.

S. Echenus, Ecian, or Ecain (Latin, Etchænus or Ecianus), bishop and patron of Clonfert; 11th of February, 577. He is often represented ploughing, with a plough drawn by white deer.

S. Erhard (Erardus), bishop of Ratisbon; 8th of January, about 710. It is said that he had resigned an Episcopal See in Ireland to be a monk in Bavaria, afterwards bishop as above. In his *Bavaria Sancta* Father Rader represents him surrounded by cripples, begging his blessing that they may be cured. Legend further says that S. Odile, or Otilia, daughter of Ettichon, duke of Alsace, was born blind, and her father hated her for it. But when S. Erhard baptized her, she obtained sight. Her father gave her the castle of Hohenburg, which became a famous monastery (with her as abbess), and took the name of Odilienberg. Amongst others, the foundation of the abbey of S. Thomas at Strasbourg is ascribed to him, which the Protestants have seized and made a sort of lay chapter. He may be represented riding on an ass; for when Dagobert sent him a horse with a request to come to the palace, he would use no other conveyance than the ass, and his humility was rewarded by miracles. These are summed up in a mediæval hymn, *Exultet vallis Hasela.*

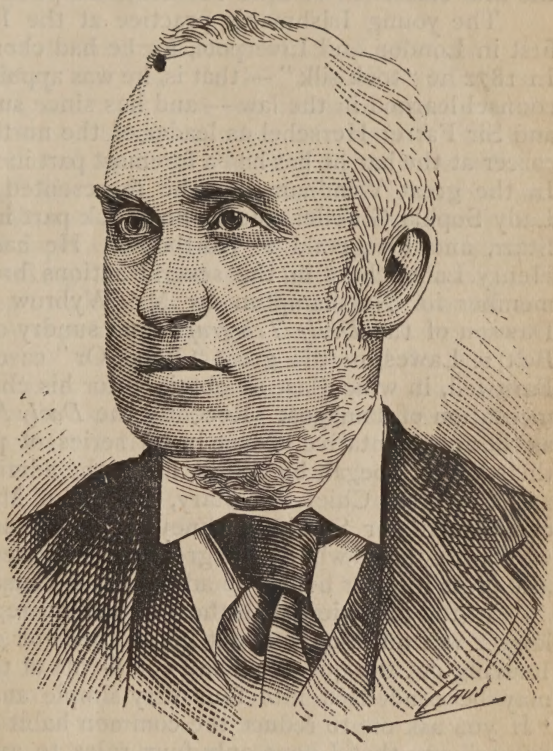
S. Etton (Etto), Irish bishop; 10th of July, about 660. He is represented with oxen or cows near him, and is invoked in Hainaut against epizöotic diseases, because, it is said, he gave speech to a herdsman who was dumb from his birth. He was one of the Irish saints who came into France in the time of the Merovingians. His relics were honored in the abbey of Liessies.

S. Eugene (23d of August), bishop, is patron of Derry. This, no doubt, is S. Eoghain, whose name was Latinized Eugenius, but of which Owen is a better expression.

S. Eunan, bishop, 23d of September, figures as patron of Rapho-.

Concluded next Month.

Gladstone's Irish Catholic Attorney General.



SIR CHARLES RUSSELL.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, whose portrait is given herewith, is not the first Irishman who has been Attorney General for England, for Lord Cairns was a native of Belfast; but he is the first Catholic who has filled that post since the time of Henry VIII. Some have limited this statement to the period since the flight of James the Second; but though King James substituted Catholics for Protestants in many positions of authority, his law officers were Protestants.

Charles Russell was born at Newry in 1833, so that he is now fifty-three years old. His father, Arthur Russell, was of the Russell family, of Killough, county Down, of which the most distinguished member was the late Dr. Charles William Russell, the immediate predecessor of the present Archbishop of Dublin in the presidency of Maynooth College. The early years of the future Attorney General were spent at Rostrevor and Killowen, on the northern shore of the beautiful Carlingford Lough. He was educated at St. Malachy's, Belfast, and St. Vincent's, Castleknock, and he subsequently, without attending classes, went through the usual course at Trinity College, Dublin, where the author of "Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?" was his tutor. He was first trained for the second branch of the legal profession, and at the earliest possible age he began a very active and successful practice as a solicitor in Belfast. He had always, however, intended to become a barrister, and in 1856 he entered as a student in Gray's Inn, London, and in 1859 was called to the English Bar at Lincoln's Inn, of which society he is now a bencher. About the same time he married the eldest daughter of a Belfast physician, Dr. Joseph Mulholland, by whom he has a large family of sons and daughters. Lady Russell's sister, Miss Rosa Mulholland, is well known in contemporary

literature, to which she has largely contributed fiction of a high and delicate kind. The latest of these works, "Marcella Grace," is expressly called "an Irish novel" by the eminent publishers, Kegan Paul, Trench, and Company, who this year also published "Vagrant Verses," the first collection of Miss Mulholland's poems.

The young Irishman's practice at the English bar lay chiefly at first in London and Liverpool, for he had chosen the northern circuit. In 1872 he "took silk" — that is, he was appointed one of her Majesty's counsel learned in the law — and has since succeeded Sir John Holker and Sir Farrer Herschel as leader of the northern circuit. During his career at the bar he has had a foremost part in very many *causes celebres*. In the great Windham case he represented Mr. Windham's mother, Lady Sophia Giubilei, and he also took part in the cases of Saurin *v.* Starr, and Fitzgerald *v.* Northcote. He has been counsel for Mr. Henry Labouchere in the several actions brought against the senior member for Northampton by Mr. Wybrow Robertson, Mr. Edward Dawson of the *Daily Telegraph*, and sundry others; and he also led in Belt *v.* Lawes, in the great "Bend Or" case, and in Chamberlain *v.* Barnwell, in which last he obtained for his client an extraordinary augmentation of damages. Recently the *Daily News*, in interviewing him as the representative lawyer in its series of papers on "Workers and their Work," began by calling him "the admitted leader of the bar"; and the Irish Chief Secretary, Mr. John Morley, in supporting his candidature for South Hackney, said: "I am at a loss to understand why a candidate who is the greatest advocate in England should need any of us inferior beings to advocate his cause."

In the interview with the *Daily News* reporter just referred to, the lawyer was questioned about his methods of getting through his work. Leaving out the questions and comments of the interviewer, the matter may be condensed into four very simple and commonplace rules:— "If you ask me to reduce the common habit of my life to a formula, I will tell you that I have only four rules to guide me in preparing my work. First, to do one thing at a time, whether it is reading a brief or eating oysters, concentrating such faculties as I am endowed withal upon whatever I am doing at the moment. Secondly, when dealing with complicated facts, to arrange the narrative of events in the order of date — a simple rule not always acted on, but which enables you to unravel the most complicated story, and to see the relation of one set of facts to other facts. My third rule is never to trouble about authorities or case law supposed to bear upon a particular question until I have accurately and definitely ascertained the precise facts. This last rule is one which the professional man will appreciate better perhaps than the layman. It is not only very valuable — I may say this as I did not invent it — but very interesting to me individually, as I got it from Lord Westbury. When a very young hand at the bar and plead ing before him, I was plunging into citations of cases, when he very good-naturedly pulled me up, and said, 'Mr. Russell, don't trouble yourself about the authorities until we have ascertained with precision the facts; and then we shall probably find that a number of authorities which seem to bear some relation to the question have really nothing

important to do with it.' My fourth rule is to try and apply the judicial faculty to your own case in order to determine what are its strong and weak points, and in order to settle in your own mind what is the real turning-point in the case. This method enables you to discard irrelevant topics and to mass your strength on the point on which the case hinges."

The long interview, from the account of which the foregoing is a brief extract, took place, we are told, "in Mr. Russell's chambers in New Court, Lincoln's Inn, while between two cases he was consuming a luncheon of oysters without Chablis or other stimulant." This last item has had, perhaps, as much to do as any of his four rules with his success in getting through his work. In a lecture at Lurgan, a year ago, he enforced one of his recommendations to his young hearers by an appeal to his personal experience, stating that "for several years of his life, when he was working very hard and when every energy was taxed to its utmost, though he had not specially pledged himself as a teetotaler, yet, judging by experience, he had come to the conclusion that he could get more work out of himself, and could do that work better, if he abstained entirely from intoxicating drink. For eight of the hardest working years of his life he never touched a drop of anything in the way of intoxicating liquor, and he was now constrained honestly to confess that he had never felt the want of it."

In 1868 and 1874 Mr. Russell contested unsuccessfully the borough of Dundalk; but he defeated Mr. Philip Callan in 1880. Dundalk having no longer a representative under the new Act of Parliament, he was returned for the present Parliament (now in the pangs of dissolution) as a member for the London district of South Hackney, by a majority of a thousand, and again when he presented himself for the electors after accepting from Mr. Gladstone the post of Attorney General for England. As the Solicitor General, Sir Horace Davey, failed to secure a seat, and as the Irish Liberal lawyers did not even contest a seat, Sir Charles Russell has been the only law officer in the House during this momentous session. He spoke both on the first and the second reading of the Irish home rule measure which was lately outvoted in parliament. What will be the next changes in the drama?

[Our very dear friend, Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., of St. Francis Xavier's Church, Dublin, and editor of the *Irish Monthly*, is brother to the distinguished gentleman, a brief sketch of whose life is given above.] We are pleased to state that Sir Charles has been elected to the present parliament.

Fame.—Mr. O'Neill Daunt one day asked O'Connell if he was anxious for future fame. "Fame? What would fame be to me when once I am judged?" This reminded another friend of what Edmund Burke said: "Unless I greatly deceive myself, I would not give one peck of refuse wheat for all that men call fame and honor."

Lament over Clonmacnoise Abbey.

THE thrush, the lark and nightingale
Sing 'round thee as of old,
The hills so green that compass thee
Their wonted verdure hold;
The streamlet of thy vale, as yore
Flows sweetly on its way;
But thou, alas, lov'd Clonmacnoise,
Art lonely, dark and gray!

No more from out thy sacred walls
Do holy anthems swell;
No more with melody's sweet lure
Is heard thy magic bell,
Which ev'ry morn and even-tide
And midnight's solemn hour,
Pealed forth with raptures chanting spell
From out thy now gray tow'r.

Alas! thou'rt but the dead remains
Of days when Ir was proud;
These gray woods are thy sepulchre,
Those moon-beams but thy shroud:
For time has taken from thee
All signs of life and joy,
And left thee but thy ruined walls,
Alas! sweet Clonmacnoise!

Cleveland, O. JOHN S. MURPHY.

The League of St. Patrick.

THE latest assistance the cause of temperance has received hails from St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. During the past academic year close on four hundred of the students have banded themselves together in an association under the banner of temperance, to be known as the League of St. Patrick. The League is not fully organized yet, but I believe it has received the sanction of His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Walsh. Its patron is the accomplished president of the College, Dr. Browne; its president is the prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment, Dr. O'Donnell; and its vice-presidents are the professors of the College. Lectures have been delivered to the members during the past year, by Drs. Browne and O'Donnell, and by professors Boylan, O'Dea, Owens and Maguire.

The Papal Nuncio to China.

FROM one of the chief Catholic papers of Europe, *l'Univers*, we (*Catholic Review*) get the following inside view of the late diplomatic difficulty among the three governments of China, France, and the Vatican. It will be remembered that some time ago, China made a formal proposition to treat directly with the Pope in regard to the Catholics of China. Tired and disgusted with the French attempt to seize upon neighboring territories, and alarmed at the European interference threatened by the massacre of hundreds of Christians, the Chinese Government took the peculiar, and certainly far-sighted, step of negotiating with the Pope to assume the protectorate of the Christians in the East. The whole story is interesting, and has a moral as pointed as the sting of a hornet.

In May of 1881 the Cardinal Secretary of State received a letter from a distinguished personage who made known to him certain views of Li-Hung-Chang, Prime Minister of China, with regard to the Holy See. In an informal way the minister expressed a desire to re-open direct relations with the Pope, and asked the distinguished personage to make a communication with the Papal Court on the actual state of the Christians in China, hinting plainly at the same time that the Pope might send his Nuncio at any time to Pekin, where he would be received with honors at least equal to those conferred upon other ambassadors. No result followed these candid overtures.

The next year a severe persecution broke out in the province of Canton, and the Christians were cruelly treated. The Pope, touched by their misfortunes, wrote a strong letter to the Chinese Emperor, who responded to it in most respectful terms, and later, last January in fact, sent an ambassador to the Vatican with instructions to do all possible to establish friendly relations between China and the Holy See. This was a direct slap in the face for the French Government, and a notable triumph for the church which that government has so miserably treated.

The Holy Father, mindful of the French dilemma, received the advances of China with prudential candor. France was notified of the Chinese offer, and warned that the offer would be accepted. The Holy See could not forget all that France had done for the spread of Catholicity in China, nor could it forget that thousands of Christians were now daily exposed to or actually suffering death because of the follies of that same France. Believing that it would be for the welfare of all to have the Vatican represented at Pekin, the Pope told the French government plainly that he would send his Nuncio to China, and would like to invent a *modus vivendi* for him with the French ambassador. China was notified of the fact, and also warned against permitting it to prejudice in any way pre-existing engagements between France and China.

The French government, alarmed and chagrined, could not oppose

the proceedings directly, but insisted that the papal representative should be no more than a delegate apostolic, to look after the purely spiritual interests of the Catholics, and have no other influence than that which belongs to a government agent. The infidel government was naturally fearful that the protectorate, established by the missionaries of Catholic France, and which gives it so much prestige in the East, would pass into the hands of the Vatican, as it surely will if men like the present Pontiff continue to reign in St. Peter's. The Vatican promptly refused to grant the demand of the French Government; the organs of the latter are still voicing the consequent fury, in the midst of which the preparations for the Nuncio's departure are going on in Rome.

In this diplomatic bubble the Vatican has shown again the strong, conciliatory hand which held Bismarck gently and powerfully to the one point of any worth to German Catholics and won it from him. France, however, has been beaten badly. It is not a wild defeat, but a violent overthrow. This arrogant government has, in all its late history, curiously reversed the process by which Germany marched to glory. Bismarck, having made all strong at home, went forth to cripple his neighbors, to add to his territory, and to try his hand at colonization. The French Republic began by weakening home forces, and then grappled China, with disastrous results. The appointment of a Nuncio to Pekin is the most disastrous. It is the sure indication that France's influence in China is absolutely dead.

The Knights of Labor.

An unsightly conflux of birds of the night, as of the day, of unclean beasts, and of creeping things, in confusion worse confounded, seem to have been gathering under the name of "Knights of Labor."

It is four or five months ago that our attention was called to a Pronunciamento of Mr. Powderly, ostensibly to the local managers of the society, or "Order," of which he assumed to be the head. What emphasized its value was that Mr. Powderly complained of its publication as a breach of confidence. We published it,—expressing our wonder if such a wise organization of labor was possible, for even a transitory period. We wished it success—on the terms indicated by Mr. Powderly—though expressing our conviction that he was building with *"untempered mortar"*; with *mud* in place of sand and quick-lime; and that his fabric would tumble about his ears.

All has come about thus, sooner than we feared. Mr. Powderly proves a *theorist*—a half-educated lecturer. The practical question was not whether the "Knights of the Thimble," working on cheap shop trousers, or "Knights of the Quid," working in tobacco *understood* him; but if they would *obey* him. It is fully proved they heed him not. Since his first famous Pronunciamento there have been

worse "strikes,"— and more disastrous to the interests of the laboring classes than ever before. And each agglomerated society, retaining its own pernicious rules, has striven to enhance its importance by claiming affiliation with the Knights of Labor.

We are sorry to use such harsh words about an organization of which we had hoped no permanent, but a temporary, good influence, towards securing for the laboring classes *the right to live* — that Civil Society must give them, on terms other than they have now — or there will be a social upheaval that easy-going people do not dream of.

The position of the Roman Catholic Church, represented by its Hierarchy, in the United States, has been falsely set forth. Archbishops, as well as bishops, have been published as expressing sentiments regarding the Knights of Labor, who have not said a word on the matter. Others have disavowed language attributed to them.

What is true is this: The archbishop of Quebec, Canada, has, with approbation of his act by the Holy See, condemned an organization in Quebec calling itself "Knights of Labor." Which of the heterogeneous agglomerates, each claiming to be "Knights of Labor," has had its special "Constitution" so exhibited and condemned, his Grace of Quebec has not specified. The incriminated document has not been given to the public. The *corpus delicti* is wanting. Which one of the bad boys that Mr Powderly has undertaken to gather into his reform school has been in fault in Quebec, does not appear. That the whole school is badly reformed, may be true, but the faithful in the United States are not to learn this from the archbishop of Quebec, but from their own bishops; each one of whom is under oath to hunt out and expel all false sects from his diocese.

New York *Freeman's Journal.*

Modern Application of one of Æsop's Fables.

traveller. But let one ray of sympathy and kindness shine on them, and there is not a people under heaven better able to appreciate the act.

Canon MacColl has studied successfully the Irish character, and his application of the story of Æsop to illustrate it is felicitous.

Lady's Bridge, County Cork. VIATOR.

A Generous Prelate.

As Mr. O'Brien and his friends were returning in a wagonette from their unsuccessful contest of Tyrone, they were loudly greeted by an Orange farmer and friends, who evidently had pre-arranged to anticipate them on their return with loud "Na Hoome Roole" cries. Having had to listen to a plentiful supply of such cries during the campaign, they were not particularly horrified by this fresh greeting in the mountain glen, but the appearance of a servant girl wildly waving a green sash and shouting bold, defying cheers in a rich Munster brogue for "Home Rule" brought tears to the eyes of every man in the wagonette. Mr. O'Brien told the story, in his own graphic style, in a recent issue of *United Ireland*, and it was largely copied into all the provincial papers, under the heading of "An incident in the Elections." Needless to say that it moved every one under whose eyes it came. The noble-hearted archbishop of Cashel, the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, wrote the following *private* letter to Mr. O'Brien; but all his readers are thankful to him for breaking the "ordained seal of privacy" and publishing it in *United Ireland*, from whence we now extract it: "I have just read, *not unmoved*, the paragraph in this day's *United Ireland* in which the brave Tyrone girl is represented as crying out for O'Brien and Home Rule, in the midst of an exultant gang of Orangemen. I will thank you to make her out anyhow and hand her from me proceeds of the enclosed cheque (£5) to be disposed of as she pleases, for her use and benefit. May God guard and bless her." And himself, as well! will murmur the whole Irish [illegible] cause that can command the devo- [illegible] h prelates was not born to die!

The Rev. Edward Murphy, S. J.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. EDWARD MURPHY, S. J.

FATHER EDWARD MURPHY, S. J., who died at Melbourne on the 4th of April in this present year, 1886, will long be affectionately and gratefully remembered by many, not only in his native Ireland, but in the United States and in Australia; for it was his fortune to work as a Jesuit priest in three continents.

We do not know the precise place of his birth, but it was in the County Kildare. He was born in the year of Catholic emancipation, on the 6th of August, 1829. He entered the novitiate of the Society

of Jesus in September, 1858, at a maturer age than the generality of Jesuit novices. His two years of probation were spent at Beaumont Lodge, near Windsor in England, but under the guidance of an Irishman, Father Tracy Clarke, S. J., some of whose pithy sayings, collected by a novice who was Father Murphy's contemporary, have lately been printed in the *Irish Monthly* and quoted in the American religious press. After teaching some years in the Irish colleges of the society, Father Murphy made his theological studies, and, when ordained priest, was chiefly devoted to missions and retreats in the rural districts of Ireland. For one year he was sent on a special errand to the United States. He was indefatigable in preaching and hearing confessions; and his kindly and genial disposition extended his influence widely. The present writer gave in a little religious magazine the following account of an incident in Father Murphy's home missionary career:—

"Lord Collingwood used to say that he never knew any officer in the navy who made it a point to confine himself to his bare duty, but would be ready to shirk *that* also, if an opportunity offered. On this principle Father Edward Murphy, when sent once to conduct the retreat of the religious of the Sacred Heart at Mount Saint Catherine's in Armagh, did not confine himself to the community, but gave a sort of retreat to the mill girls of the district, who attended a night school at the convent. This secondary retreat was very eagerly attended, and the zealous Father got leave from his superiors to continue it for two or three days after the convent retreat was over. So the poor mill girls came in crowds with their bright faces, up the steep, wooded hill which looks over at the height crowned by the new cathedral. The little mission ended, of course, with a general Communion; but, as it was a week day, and as the managers of the mills were Protestants, of a somewhat Orange tinge, it was considered dangerous to interfere with the ordinary working hours, even for one morning. To give the kind nuns time to entertain the girls after the closing devotions of the mission were over, they were bidden to assemble at *four o'clock in the morning*, though some came from a good distance. At a quarter past four, the primate himself, the beloved and venerated Dr. McGettigan, was at the altar, sharing in the holy joy of his children. Yet, before the simple breakfast, which to these poor children was a feast, seemed to have well begun, the warning bell of the factory was heard, and the nuns were forced to hurry their guests away. But bigotry was rife at the time, and these employers, instead of seeing that the religious cultivation of their 'hands' helped their own temporal interests, were jealous of all these Popish devotions. And so it came to pass, that when the mill girls reached their work a minute late, they found the gate shut inexorably against them, and their wages forfeited. Was not this cruelty? I firmly believe that many an offence against the law may be far less wicked in the sight of God, than that lawful act of closing the gates of the mill at the precise moment, just to punish the mill girls of Armagh for attending Father Edward Murphy's little mission."

About two years ago his superiors chose Father Murphy to be one of a band of reinforcements sent to Australia where the Irish Jesuits have for some twenty years been laboring, having flourishing colleges and churches especially in Melbourne and Sydney. At Hawthorn, a beautiful suburb of Melbourne, Father Murphy was stationed, but he resumed the missionary work he had pursued in Ireland and toiled with great zeal in many parts of Australia, and also crossed over to Tasmania. At last he was prostrated by the terrible disease, cancer; but when medical skill procured him a short respite, he took up his work with as much courage and cheerfulness as if he had the promise of a long life of full health before him, instead of the few uncertain months

of intermittent pain which were all he could count upon. Soon "my friend, the cancer," as he calls it in one of his last letters, returned; and he saw the end. We may give in full the letter in which one of his confrères relates in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, though this will involve a slight repetition of what we had written before this account of an eye-witness came under our notice.

DEAR REV. FATHER,— Your readers are too well acquainted with the course of Father Murphy's sufferings to need a repetition of the account from me. His own brief words have told them the story, step by step.

When first the doctors pronounced the disease to be cancer, and said, moreover, that unless an operation was performed, death would inevitably ensue within three months, the news filled us all with heartfelt sorrow; but to himself it seemed a message of glad tidings. It was a call from the Master he had so long and so faithfully served. Nor did the terrible prospect of the long agony, "the death by inches," which lay before him, disturb his habitual genial and cheerful disposition. "It is God's will," he used to say, "and He knows what is best for me. He knows I am a coward, and that I fear Purgatory, and He is going to let me have my Purgatory here."

During his missionary life he had been always remarkable for extraordinary zeal; and now that zeal seemed still more to expand, like the sun when setting. Of the many great and successful missions, which he conducted while in Australia, none was greater nor more successful than the mission at Ballarat, which he conducted at this time, suffering as he was from acute and unremitting pain.

As to the operation, which the physicians said would prolong his life, he did not seem to have much hope in its success. In fact, he was of opinion that he should not survive it. But as Father Superior thought it more prudent that he should follow the advice of the physicians, he, with the true instinct of a son of St. Ignatius, cheerfully submitted, without a word.

The operation proved successful; but, as his constitution was greatly shattered, his convalescence was very slow. As soon, however, as he could get about, he again devoted himself, heart and soul, to the work of his life — the conducting of missions and the spreading of devotion to the Sacred Heart. His fragile body was indeed weak and enfeebled by long and constant suffering; but his zeal and charity seemed greater than ever. The words of St. Augustine, *Qui amat non laborat*, were literally fulfilled in him. His labor was a labor of love, and seemed rather to increase than diminish his strength.

His friends now hoped that the worst was over, and that, for some years at least, he would be spared to carry on his Master's work in this wide and distant portion of the vineyard. But about three months ago, all these hopes were dashed by the re-appearance of the fatal malady. His remaining strength gradually declined, while the pain, which never left him, steadily increased. Being no longer able to labor for others, he devoted all his time and thoughts to prepare himself for death. Henceforward his only wish was to *be dissolved and to be with Christ.** A few weeks ago I took the liberty of saying to him: "My dear Father Murphy, you are going, and going fast, you have not many days to live."—"Oh," he replied, "that is just what I love to hear. Come often and tell me that. I cannot bear to hear people speak of my recovery. Tell me rather that I shall soon die. I do not fear death. I love it." On another occasion, I referred to the great torture which I knew he was suffering. Tears stood in his eyes as, looking towards heaven, he joined his hands, and said: "God loves me, and knows what is best for me. What matters it what I suffer, provided His holy will is fulfilled?" A few hours before his death he took my hand, and said: "Thank God I am dying, and I never was happier in my life." On hearing this, I could not help thinking of the beautiful words of Blessed Margaret Mary: "Oh, how sweet is death to those who have had a constant devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus!"

Devotion to the Sacred Heart was indeed the absorbing devotion of Father Murphy's life. It was, if I may so speak, an instinct with him. In his intercourse with others, in his letters, and, above all, in his sermons, it was ever uppermost in

* Philippi. i. 23.

his mind It constantly overflowed from his lips and pen. What marvel, then, that the promises which our Lord has made in favor of all true promoters of this devotion were fully realized in him? He had indeed the gift of touching the most hardened hearts; he had a blessing on all his undertakings; he had comfort in all his afflictions; and he found the Sacred Heart a secure refuge during life, and, above all, in death.

Father Murphy was born in the County Kildare, Ireland, on August 6, 1829. He was educated at Clongowes Wood College. He entered the Society of Jesus on September 7, 1858, and made his novitiate at Beaumont Lodge. After his ordination, he labored for many years as missionary in Ireland, where he was for some time Central Director of the Holy League. In 1882 his Superiors sent him to give missions and lectures in the United States and in Canada. He came to Australia in 1883, and was since then employed in the work of the missions. His happy death took place on the 4th of April, at 7 P.M. He was a universal favorite among priests and people, and many thousands will mourn his loss. At his obsequies nearly forty priests pressed around the bier, many of whom came long distances to show to his memory this last mark of their love.

The Melbourne *Advocate* concludes a notice of his life in the following words: "Father Murphy was an apostle in his zeal; earnest in his eloquence; on fire with love for his faith and fatherland; and as modest as he was learned. In social life he was the soul of the company in which he was found. He possessed a ready wit and an inexhaustible fund of information and anecdote. Amongst the people of Melbourne he was a universal favorite, as he could not fail to be; for he realized to the full the holy and exemplary religious, the Christian gentleman, the eloquent priest, and the devoted patriot. *May his soul rest in peace.*"

Feeling sure that all our associates will breathe a prayer to the Sacred Heart for the repose of his soul,

I am, my dear Father, sincerely yours in J. C.,

JOHN RYAN, S. J.

ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE, Melbourne, April 13, 1886.

Irish Separation from England.

CANON MACCOLL, writing to the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "In truth, it is hard to deal patiently and seriously with this panic cry of separation. It violates every conceivable probability. It assumes that the Irish are a nation of incurable idiots. Satisfy their political aspirations, and why should they wish for separation? An individual may play the fool, and "cut off his nose to spite his face," but nations are not given to such pranks. "Ireland *constitutionally*," says Burke, speaking of Grattan's Parliament, "is independent; *politically* she never can be so." And there is not a man of average intelligence amongst the Nationalist party, who is not of Burke's opinion. Nations do not act without some motive, and what possible motive could Ireland have for separation if she recovered the management of her own affairs? Nineteen-twentieths of her produce find a market in Great Britain. Are the Irish such lunatics as to commit national suicide out of spite to England?" [The Canon is a Protestant.]

DIFFUSED knowledge immortalizes itself.

Orangeism Unmasked.

"ORANGEISM" for the past three months has held its periodic saturnalia, and, as is usual on such occasions, the streets in the Orange centres — Belfast and Lurgan — have been dyed with the life-blood of citizens, many of whom were innocent victims of the brutal license of the mob. The cable report of June 10 said: "A waitress belonging to a tavern adjacent to the Bowers Hill (Belfast) police station was shot through the brain. A youth standing at the bar in a tavern opposite the station was shot. A girl named Minnie McAlister, who was out to buy a pair of shoes, was shot in the cheek. A boy named Kale was shot in the breast. A barmaid named Kelly was shot through the skull. A strange boy was found dead in a house, into which he had evidently run to witness the riots. Twenty of the rioters who received bullet wounds are lying in one infirmary," and so on. Day after day, since the riots began, the cable has been furnishing news of fresh horrors. Even now, after the lapse of three months, renewed rioting and bloodshed is momentarily expected. According to the reports, the disturbances began June 4, when the Orange workmen, employed at the Queen's Island shipyard, Belfast, attacked the navvies employed by the harbor commissioners, and, "after overpowering and beating them badly, drove them into the water." One of the latter — a youth named James Curran, "the sole support of a widowed mother"—was drowned The report says that the Orangemen consisted of two thousand, and the navvies of one hundred. On June 6th the funeral of Curran took place, when the procession was stoned by the Orangemen. There is no need to recapitulate the scenes of blood and murder that have disgraced Belfast for the past three months, and with which the readers of the *Herald* are already familiar; but I desire fairly to place the responsibility for the riots where it legitimately belongs. Rt. Rev. Patrick McAllister, Catholic bishop of Down, in an interview August 11, said: "The Belfast riots are due to the incitement of the Orangemen to acts of violence by the so-called loyalist press, and the incendiary fulminations of the lecturers and parsons who call themselves loyalists, and use the platform and the pulpit for the purpose of convincing their hearers that Catholicism is disloyalty. These utterances have led to unprovoked attacks by Orangemen upon Catholics, which, of course, the latter have resisted. Cite any case of rioting in Belfast, and I will show that the Orangemen

Have been the Aggressors,

and that the Catholics have arisen against them only when provoked to violent resistance, and then only when compelled to do so in defence of their lives and homes. The Protestants in purely Catholic districts have never been molested, and being in the minority, they, of course, haven't molested the Catholics," and, further, he says: "The police, too, have been treated very unjustly. In no case have they fired upon

the crowds unless they were compelled to, and, in every case where they have fired upon the mob, Orangemen have been the sufferers, because only Orangemen were resisting their authority. The Catholics, when engaged in defending themselves against Orangemen, have retired when ordered to do so by the police, but the Orangemen, when similarly ordered, have hurled defiance at the police, and, following up this defiance, have boldly attacked the officers of the law, and attempted to drive them from their posts of duty." Another reliable authority, Rev. Prof. T. O'Neill of Belfast, speaking on the same date, says: "The Orangemen are the rioters. The police have repelled the wreckers and looters of buildings by firing upon them, and in every case the mob has been composed of Orangemen. The police couldn't kill Catholics when there were none in the mob confronting them. Fourteen Catholic business houses and countless Catholic residences have been wrecked while not a single Protestant house has sustained injury. Is this the work of Catholics? No Catholics were killed in the riot at Springfield, the purely imaginative reports of the local newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding, and only four Catholics have been killed during the whole time that the riots have prevailed."

Other authorities of equal credence might be quoted to prove that the Orangemen and those who incited them were alone responsible for the numerous murders and wrecking that have devastated Belfast's streets, but I think the foregoing is sufficient for any fair-minded person. It is a significant fact the Orange riots began June 4, while Gladstone's home rule bill was pending in the House of Commons, the second reading being defeated three days afterward. And it is notorious that the present Tory leader of the House of Commons — Lord Randolph Churchill — the prime minister, Lord Salisbury, the foreign secretary, Lord Iddesleigh, Gen. Wolseley and Joseph Chamberlain are responsible for inciting the Orange outbreak. Last spring Churchill taunted the Orangemen at Belfast on account of their tamely submitting to the Parnellites, and said an impression existed in England that the Ulstermen "had not got a kick left in them." Wolseley stated that, if necessary, he would throw up his commission and assume the leadership of the Ulster insurgents, meaning the Orangemen. The teaching of these men has produced

Terrible Results,

of which the end is not yet.

The *Boston Herald*, in its editorial remarks June 11, said: "The feelings entertained by the Orangemen are largely due to the support which they have received from the English government and the English people. For generations the English policy in Ireland has been fashioned by the desires of this small minority of the Irish people. If this outside aid is once withdrawn, and they are forced to depend upon themselves and upon the justice of their cause, a notable amelioration may be expected in the contempt and anger with which they have been accustomed to regard the views of others." The *Herald* strikes the nail evenly upon the head in the above remarks. This turbulent, bigoted and murderous society has, for the past ninety-one years, since

its formation, been encouraged and petted by the British government, and used as an engine of dissension and strife against the legitimate aspirations of the Irish people in their frequent struggles for national autonomy. Arms have been frequently furnished them with which to carry on their bloody work. They have for nearly the entire period named enjoyed immunity from punishment for their misdeeds; the government taking care that both the judges, juries, magistrates and police in the sections of the country inhabited by them were of the same proclivities. In the recent struggle for home rule the same tactics were adopted by the Tory leaders. The "loyal minority" and the terrible danger they ran of being subjected to a Dublin Parliament composed principally of Catholics was constantly dinned into the ears of the British electorate. The debates in Parliament hinged mainly on this pretence, and the result almost naturally followed that the only generous and final (?) measure ever offered by the British government to Ireland was defeated by appealing to Orange strife in order to rouse up the prejudice and bigotry of the British voters.

This infamous society of Orangemen has been a

A Blight and a Scourge

to Ireland and her hopes for nearly a century. It has endeavored to keep alive the demon of religious strife and sectional hate among a people possessed of generous instincts and tolerant of each other's views, both in religion and politics. It is tyrannous and cruel where it can dare be so, but cowardly where it is in the minority. Orangeism, as its history proves, is a sore that will not heal; the knife in the hand of the political surgeon must cut it out.

It is well known that Orangeism, to a limited extent, exists in the south, west, and east of Ireland; but who ever heard of a "religious" (?) riot where the Catholics are in the majority? Parnell, Biggar, and many others of the Nationalists are Protestants. The Irish people have no fight with Protestants; they never had, and never will have.

The reading public has through the press reports of the recent Belfast riots got a fair insight into Orangeism, its malign effects in a community and what it is capable of doing. For the information of those who may not be sufficiently informed regarding the origin and objects of the Orange fraternity, I give the following brief sketch of the society since it lifted its hydra-head above the fair verdure of the Irish landscape in 1795. Some zealots of the Orange cause claim that the first Orange lodge was founded in the camp of William, Prince of Orange, at Exeter, early in November, 1688. This is nonsense; there is nothing to sustain the claim. William landed November 5, 1688, at Torbay in Devonshire. He set out for Exeter, where he stopped ten days to "refresh his troops." On his arrival, the clergy, as well as the magistrates, were very "timid and backward." The bishop (says Burnet's history) ran away, the dean following his example, and the clergy stood aloof, but "the rabble of the people" came in to him in great numbers. Anyway, no authentic history shows that the Orange lodge was formed by "the rabble of the people"

at that time. I merely mention the foregoing to get rid of a claim often made, and which the following Orange authority contradicts. Sir Richard Musgrave, the paid chronicler and defender of the Protestant cause, says: "In commemoration of that victory (the battle of the Diamond), the first Orange lodge was formed in the County Armagh." Therefore, the first Orange lodge must have been started after September, 1795, as the Orange massacre referred to as "that victory" occurred in that month. In 1795, the design of the English Prime Minister (William Pitt) to destroy Irish trade and reduce the country from her proud position as a nation to that of a province subject to the British crown, by the destruction of her legislature, was begun to be felt by the Irish people. The recall to England of Earl Fitzwilliam, lord lieutenant, who was very popular in his administration, alarmed the people, as in this act they clearly saw through the designs of the ministry, and, says Mitchell in his "History of Ireland": "The people of Ireland, of all sects and classes, seemed seized with a sudden undefined horror at the prospects before them." Vast numbers of the people, of both religions, formed themselves into "United Irish" societies for personal and national protection. A spirit of union and fraternity was fast spreading, and "then," says the historian Plowden, "the gentlemen in place became frightfully alarmed for their situations; active agents were sent down to Armagh to turn the ferocity and fanaticism of the Peep o' Day Boys into a religious contest with the Catholics, under the specious appearance of

Zeal for Church and King.

Personal animosity was artfully converted into religious rancor, and for the spacious purpose of taking off the stigma of delinquency, the appellation of Peep o'Day Boys was changed into that of Orangemen." The Orange society originated in the northern part of the County Armagh, and Thomas Verner was its first "grand master."

The first Orange oath, of the authenticity of which there is no doubt, was as follows: "In the awful presence of Almighty God, I — A. B. — do solemnly swear that I will, to the utmost of my power, support the King and the present government; and I do further swear that I will use my utmost exertions to exterminate all the Catholics of the kingdom of Ireland." That the Orange society religiously adhered to the terms of this terrible oath, history from that day to the present has well proved. The government encouraged the society in order to keep alive religious animosity, and prevent the spread of the United Irish organization, as the union of Irishmen, upon the just, liberal and fraternal basis on which the society was founded, would have rendered impossible the act of union between the Parliaments of England and Ireland, which Pitt and Castlereagh carried into effect six years afterward. The bloody work of this dreadful society began early after its formation. Murders and horrors of various kinds were perpetrated on the unoffending Catholic people of Armagh, who formed themselves into a combination called the "Defenders," to protect themselves and their families from the frequent outrages to which their implacable persecutors subjected them.

The first notable massacre of Catholics occurred September 21, 1795, near a village called the Diamond, in Armagh. The Orangemen were well armed, but the Defenders, on whom the attack was made, were entirely unprovided with firearms. The result was that the former were victorious, not having a man killed, while the latter left four or five dead on the field, beside many wounded that were carried away. This is the affair which is called the "Battle of the Diamond," and which has been since then blatantly boasted of and toasted at Orange orgies. The Catholics, being unarmed, after this never attempted to make a stand, while their merciless enemies, armed to the teeth by the government, began a persecution of the blackest dye.

Lord Gosford, Governor of Armagh, in addressing a body of magistrates of the county Armagh, December 28, 1795 — three months after the battle of the Diamond — said: "It is no secret that a persecution, accompanied with all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty which have in all ages distinguished that calamity, is now raging in this county. The only crime which the wretched objects of this ruthless persecution are charged with is a crime, indeed, of easy proof. It is simply a question of the Roman Catholic faith."

Henry Grattan, in a speech in the Irish House of Commons in 1796, thus alluded to the society: "These insurgents call themselves Orangemen or Protestant Boys; that is, a banditti of murderers, committing massacre in the name of God, and exercising despotic power in the name of liberty."

During the years from the starting of the Orange society until the rebellion of 1798, its ramifications were spread into the counties of Down, Tyrone and other parts of Ireland, and

Unheard-of-Barbarities

were perpetrated on the Catholics. The government encouraged the practices of the Orangemen in order to goad the Catholics into rebellion, so that a pretext might be had to introduce their bill for a legislative union, which they subsequently did. The Orangemen, seeing that they were winked at and encouraged, were unceasing in their evil work. History in this respect repeated itself when Churchill went to Belfast last spring, and the same British tactics were used to foment disorder and strife. But the Catholics of to-day do not propose to lie down tamely and wait for the Orangeman's knife or bullet. They are amply able to defend themselves, and in the present riots they have won public favor by their conduct. They were not the aggressors, and they merely struck back when attacked. No incitement, however, of English political leaders can justify the infamous and cowardly conduct of Orangemen, who indiscriminately attack men, women, and children, and the more defenceless they are the more savagely Orangemen maltreat them.

The brutal instincts of the fraternity for rapine and murder since its formation have been acknowledged by all historians who have treated the subject, and, that the reader may not feel incredulous at a few instances of their early horrible acts which I shall relate, I give the following quotations from competent and nearly all Protestant authori-

ties: Coote, in his "History of the Union," says: "The Orange Club labored with sanguinary zeal to check the extension of mercy to the rebels, and to multiply the horrors of capital punishment." Plowden, who was in favor of the union to denationalize Ireland, says in his "History of Ireland," vol. i., p. 53: "It has been asserted by well-informed authors that the original obligation or oath of Orangemen was to the following effect: 'I, A. B., do swear that I will be true to king and government; and that I will exterminate the Catholics of Ireland as far as in my power lies.' The frequency and earnestness with which the latter part of the oath has been acted upon by Orangemen has rendered the charge of taking it fully credible." The *Edinburgh Review*, vol. clxxxiii., says: "Never did any society exhibit such a glaring inconsistency; rather such a positive contradiction between its professed principles and its actual practice. The practice of the society was to resort to every contrivance to insult, to domineer over, to offend, to irritate their Roman Catholic neighbors." Hay, in his "History of the Rebellion of '98," describes their conduct as inhuman. Haverty says in his history (page 743): "The ferocity of the Orange yeomanry was indescribable. A notion appeared to have prevailed among them that the time to extirpate the Catholics had arrived, and they acted accordingly. Their conduct during the insurrection (of '98) was that of incarnate fiends. It was a fearful dragonnade, in which the usages of civilization were set aside; and, such being the case on the part of the royal troops, it is not wonderful that the undisciplined peasantry should have been guilty of many acts of barbarity." I could furnish equally strong opinions from Lord Moira's speech in the House of Lords, November 22, 1797. Rev. James Gordon, rector of Killegney, Ferns; Sir Jonah Barrington, John Mitchell, and others, in proof of the

Demoniacal Character

of Orangeism, but to unbiassed minds the foregoing is, I think, ample. Yet, should any doubt remain on the subject, the following will remove it. Lord Holland, in his "Memoirs of the Whig Party," speaking of the reign of terror of Irish Orangeism, and "the clemency of Lord Camden's rule," says: "The premature and ill-concerted insurrections which followed in the Catholic districts were quelled, rather in consequence of want of concert and skill in the insurgents than of any good conduct or discipline of the King's troops, whom Sir Ralph Abercrombie described as formidable to no one but their friends. That experienced and upright commander had been removed from his command. His recall was conveyed as a triumph by the Orange faction, and they contrived about the same time to get rid of Mr. Secretary Pelham, who, though somewhat time-serving, was a good-natured and prudent man. Indeed, surrounded as they were with burning cottages, tortured backs and frequent executions, they were yet full of their sneers at what they whimsically termed 'the clemency' of the government and the weak character of their viceroy, Lord Camden. The fact is incontrovertible that the people of Ireland were driven to resistance, which, possibly, they meditated before by the 'free quarters' and expenses of the sol-

diery, which were such as are not permitted in civilized warfare, even in an enemy's country. Trials, if they must be so called, were carried on without number under martial law. It often happened that three officers composed the court and that of the three two were under age, and the third an officer of the yeomanry or the militia, who had sworn in his Orange lodge eternal hatred to the people over whom he was thus constituted a judge. Floggings, picketings and death were the usual sentences, and these were sometimes commuted into banishment, serving in a fleet or transference to a foreign service. Many were sold at so much per head to the Prussians. Other more legal, but less horrible, outrages were daily committed by the different corps under the command of government. Even in the streets of Dublin a man was shot and robbed of £30 on a loose recollection of a soldier's having seen him in the battle of Kilcally, and no proceeding was instituted to ascertain the murder or prosecute the murderer. Lord Wycombe, who was in Dublin and who was himself shot by a sentinel between Blackrock and that city, wrote to me many details of similar outrages which he had ascertained to be true. Dr. Dickson, lord bishop of Down, assured me that he had seen families returning peaceably from Mass assailed without provocation by drunken yeomanry (Orangemen), and the wives and daughters exposed to every species of indignity, brutality and outrage, from which his remonstrances, nor those of other Catholic gentlemen, could not rescue them."

Madden, in his "Lives and Times," remarks that it is not a fair statement that the Orangemen were impelled by a blind, indiscriminate fury against the people solely on account of their religion, but that they were impelled, as their descendants are, by a simple desire to get possession of property and privileges belonging to a people who had not the power to protect either, and to give their rapacity the color of a zeal for the interests of their own religion. The reader will be a fair judge of the truth or otherwise of this assertion from the following:

After the so-called "Battle of the Diamond," the members of this shocking society began an

Active Campaign of Blood

against their fellow-countrymen. Fearful murders were committed on the unresisting people, and, says Mitchell (a Protestant), in his history of Ireland: "What gives the clearest idea of the persecution is the fact that seven thousand persons were estimated in the next year to have been either killed or driven from their homes in that one small county (Armagh) alone. But the unhappy outcasts, even when they escaped with their lives, had no shelter to fly to. In most cases, they could only wander on the mountains until either death relieved them, or they were arrested and imprisoned; while the younger men were sent, without ceremony, to one of the tenders, then lying in various seaports, and then transferred on board British men-of-war."

The Orangemen posted notices on the houses of their victims, notifying them that they were at once to quit the country under pains and penalties of a murderous character. Dr. Madden preserved and printed a number of these notices. They generally took the shape of

"To hell, Connaught won't receive you"; or, the still more laconic form of "To hell or Connaught." The notices were generally of an illiterate character. I give a few as a fair specimen:

"To John Hollan, Coopernack, Gilford: John Hollan, you are desirred to abandon your house agen the 21st March; and if you don't we will reck you worse than never we did Devlin, and the resen is this — that you preten to be a Protestant, and is not; moreover, you have a Papish wife. You also harbor at your house one Lenny Lennon, one of the Lisnagade Defenders, who fired a pistol at an Orangeman. We pipered him, and gave him a fortnight's warning, and sin he is not gone yet, but if he waits our coming he shall pay double for all his iniquities. Given under our hand this —— day of March, being the second year of the destruction of the Pope, the great scarlet wh—re of Babylon, and his infernal imps, the priests."

"To the inhabitants of —— Take notice.—If any person will buy any turf from any Papis in glass moss, that we will sow no feavr to any person, friend or stronger, by any means; for, by the living God, if you will go against my word, that Captain Recker will vizet you when you not aware of him.—Bold Anty McClusker, Dannal Hogan."

"Morthugh M'Linden, we have speared you as long as possable, but we will see you shortly; we come unexpectedly. Now more at present, but remains your humble servant, Captain Racker and brave old Humphy, will be there also."

"Farrell, we desire you to clear off, and if you do not, we will fetch Captin Slasher Raker, God's cratur, and Humphy to you, and Captin Slasher wh—re. Go to hell, Connat, or Butney Bay. And if any one harbors you or your goods, by hevens we will pitch the Hatcher and Glasser to them."

These illiterate effervescences may at the present day provoke a smile; but at the time they were written they were laden with terrible meaning to the doomed. If the persons who were "noticed" did not quit their homes in the time specified, they were visited by the "wreckers" and coolly murdered, after which their houses were looted and then burned down. The following couple of authentic incidents will amply illustrate the

Devilish Ferocity of Orangemen

in the days referred to: On October 13, 1798, a court-martial was held by order of Lieutenant-General Craig, at which Hugh Wallaghan, of Middlewood, county of Wicklow, was charged with having, on October 1, murdered Thomas Dogherty. The testimony of Mary Nulty, of Delgany, was that the prisoner came to her house and demanded "if there were any bloody rebels there," to which she replied that there was no one in the house save a sick boy, who was then lying in bed. Wallaghan went over to the bedside and asked the boy "if he were Dogherty's eldest son." The boy sat up and said he was. Wallaghan then said: "Well, you dog, if so, you are to die here." To this the boy replied: "I hope not; if you have anything against me, bring me to Mr. Latouche and give me a fair trial, and, if you get anything against me, give me the severity of the law." Wallaghan replied: "No, dog. I do not care for Latouche; you are to die here," at the same time levelling his gun. The mother threw herself between her son and his murderer, and asked him for heaven's sake to spare his life and take hers. To this piteous appeal the "gallant Orange yeoman" had no reply save: "No, you bloody w—e; and if I had your husband

here I would give him the same death." He then snapped the gun, but it missed fire. Again he snapped it, and again it missed; whereupon a yoeman named Fox rushed in and "d——d his gun, that there was no good in it." While making the third attempt to shoot the boy, the mother caught hold of the gun and endeavored to turn it aside from her enfeebled son, but it went off, grazing the boy's body, the ball lodging in the arm. He staggered, leaned on a form, turned his eyes toward his distracted mother, and said: "Mother, pray for me," upon which he fell senseless into her arms. Wallaghan then left the house, but in a short time he returned and asked: "Is not the dog dead yet?" The mother replied: "Oh, yes, sir, he's dead enough." But the Orange hero did not think so. Again he levelled his gun at the fast sinking boy, outstretched in his mother's arms, and lodged the contents in his bosom, saying: "For fear he be not dead, let him take that." The mother swore that she was at that moment holding up her son's head, and that he immediately fell back and died. No attempt was made to contradict the evidence. Lord Enniskillen was president of the court-martial, and its members were Major Brown, Captain Ouge, Mr. Leslie, of Fermanagh, Captain Irwin, of Fermanagh, Captain Carter and Lieutenant Summers of the 68th. The prisoner was acquitted. Subsequently, however, the lord-lieutenant had him dismissed from the service.

One other act of horrible atrocity I shall give, as it is the first recorded act of savagery after the starting of the Orange Society. It occurred immediately after the "Battle of the Diamond," and in its vicinity, and was supposed to have been planned at the first meeting of the fraternity. The story of the terrible deed is told by a Protestant writer, as the text will show: On the night of September 22, 1795 (some two hours before midnight), a party of Orangemen, most of them half drunk, and "headed by a well-known and infamous character from Portdown," proceeded to the house of Priest McMeekin. All the family were in bed save the old priest, who was seated in a room opening onto the roadway, piously engaged in reading his office. The Orange party purposed effecting a surprise. The leaders stole noiselessly to the window. Seeing the old man engaged as ascribed, one of the foremost, with an oath, "d——d the Popish w——," and raised his gun to his shoulder to fire. A companion, whose intentions were not so humane, insisted that it

Would Spoil Sport

to "do him right off at once," but the gun went off and wounded the poor old man in the arm. In went the foremost through the window, the rest of the gang smashing the doors, and thus gaining admission to the house, the only occupants of which were Priest McMeekin, his niece, her son, and an old woman servant. A dozen of them rushed up stairs to secure the affrighted inmates, who were in bed, while the others secured the old priest, now wounded and fainting from loss of blood. They placed him upon his knees, and threatened to cut him up, joint by joint, if he did not tell them at once where he kept "that damned wafer that he frightened the devil with." Of course, he did

not impart the required information. True to their promise they brutally chopped off the fingers of his right hand. Again the question was asked, but no answer. They were then proceeding to do likewise with the fingers of the other hand. Up to this time they had not noticed that the poor old man held firmly his left hand within his breast. This was now noticed, and they at once tore open his vest, pulling from beneath it the blessed sacrament which he had there concealed. Horrible to relate, it was subjected to the vilest and most sacrilegious treatment, spat upon and trampled. During all this time the ruffians overhead had been all but equally as busy as their companions below. His niece, a fine, intellectual, young widowed woman, was brutally and shamefully dragged from her bed. Her screams attracting her son, he ran to her aid. He was detained and compelled to look on at the accomplishment of a crime, the bare mention of which freezes up the blood — so foul and brutal as to make, if it were possible, even the father of evil turn aside in shameful disgust. The horrors of that night's transactions might now, surely, have been completed. Not so. For the fiend of lust is not so appeased. It will murder what it has destroyed. The young woman now half-dead, was dragged just as she was to the room below, together with the boy and the servant, and here the next act of the tragedy was commenced. In presence of the good and pious priest, the brutal work of ravishing was repeated. The priest was then subjected to an outrage of the most diabolical kind. The boy had then his two eyes put out in the presence of his almost insensible mother. Her sufferings and her shame were, perhaps, fortunately soon put an end to, for those midnight Orange murderers having divested her of all her garments, stabbed her, and afterward brutally mutilated her. The priest was then hanged from one of the rafters of his humble cabin, but the old servant managed to escape with the now blind child, and in the course of her flight, as she turned to take a parting look at a spot which was to her a quiet and a happy home in her old days, she saw flames rising into the sky. By thus setting fire to the house, those assassins thought to destroy all evidence of their crime. The old woman died in her hiding-place in the course of a few days, and the poor blind child, whose chief offence was that he "assisted at the Popish Mass," wandered about the country a maniac, and was lost sight of in the rebellion of '98, having possibly fallen a victim to the brutal Orange yeomanry. One of those who took part in this horrible outrage afterward confessed it, and said that he had been forced to join in it against his will. But no prosecution followed. The ringleader was arrested, and discharged two days after.

I shall not inflict upon the reader of these historical events any more proofs of the

Loathsome and Shocking Acts

of Orangeism; they were numerous then, and have continued to be so down to the present day. The very able correspondent of the *Boston Herald*, J. J. Clancy, M. P., in his communication of August 9, gives a clear exposition of the recent Orange riots in the *Herald's* issue of August 24. He says, alluding to the Orangemen: "With weapons they turn out day after day, at almost every hour of the day and night,

in cool blood as well as in hot blood, and in the assertion of their divine right to be lords and masters over 4,500,000 of the people in Ireland, assail with murderous intent every man, woman, and child whom they know not to be of the Orange persuasion."

The Orange bombast and shibboleth of "loyalty to the crown" received a severe rebuke from Mr. Gladstone during the recent debates in Parliament on the Home Rule Bill, when he taunted the fanatic Johnson of Ballykilbeg with the fact that the Orange fraternity conspired to prevent Queen Victoria from ascending the throne. The late able Premier remembered history, and was not deceived by the specious declamations of loyalty on the part of the Orange M. P's. Mr. Gladstone's words were laden with meaning thoroughly understood by the Parnellite members, but possibly not as well comprehended by the majority of the British M. P's or the public that it reached through the press. I shall briefly relate the incident referred to by Mr. Gladstone.

William IV. (third son of George III.), who died June 20, 1837, had no children who could have succeeded to the throne, and the crown was therefore in descent due to the daughter of his brother (fourth son of George), the Duke of Kent. This was the Princess Alexandrina Victoria (the present Queen), born at Kensington Palace on May 24, 1819. Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, eldest surviving brother of William IV., who succeeded to the Crown of Hanover, and the least popular of the sons of George III., for many years preceding his brother's death conspired, through the medium of the Orange Society, of which he was grand master, to usurp the English throne, to the exclusion of the present Queen, who was the rightful heir. Justin McCarthy, in his "History of Our Own Times," says of the Duke of Cumberland: "He was believed by many persons to have had something more than an indirect or passive, or innocent share in the Orange plot, discovered and exposed by Joseph Hume in 1835, for setting aside the claims of the young Princess Victoria, and putting himself on the throne. His manners were rude, overbearing, and sometimes even brutal. He had personal habits which seemed rather fitted for the days of Tiberius, or for the court of Peter the Great, than for the time and sphere to which he belonged. The Duke of Wellington whom he hated, told Mr. Greville that he once asked George IV. why the Duke of Cumberland was so unpopular, and the King replied: "Because there never was a father well with his son, or husband with his wife, or lover with his mistress, or friend with his friend, that he did not try to make mischief between them." Some of the popular reports about this man justly characterized him as profligate, selfish, overbearing and quarrelsome; also deceitful and treacherous. He reigned supreme around the throne, as the eldest brother of the King, and thus fulminated his schemes against the heir to the throne. It was notorious that Cumberland as grand master of the Orange society

Extended Its Ramifications

into the army and navy, and had its emissaries sent to the colonies to corrupt the army on foreign stations and win them over to his treasonable projects, and Lord Brougham, writing to Earl Grey, referring to

Cumberland, uses these significant words: "In fact, he wants to start for the regency under the Orange colors." When the plot was exploded by Hume that the Orangemen intended to place Ernest on the throne, a parliamentary investigation was ordered. From their exhaustive report, establishing the truth of the foregoing, I take the following extract: "Your committee further submit whether an institution presided over by a brother of his majesty, having peers and members of parliament as office bearers, having lodges extended to almost every part of the United Kingdom, and also to the colonies, should be allowed to continue, particularly when lodges are established in so large a portion of the army at home and abroad, having apparently the countenance of a field marshal at their head." The report was delivered in September, 1835, and recommended the suppression of the society. If the fiend incarnate in *propria persona* offered his services to this abominable fraternity to oppose the Pope, they would be gladly accepted.

Were space allowed me, I should like to give to the public some of the inside workings of the lodges, and the oracular absurdities of improved oaths, toasts and tests. The following specimen of the tests and toasts of the loyal brethren will suffice:

Question. Where are you? *Answer.* At the house of bondage.

Q. Where are you going? *A.* To the promised land.

Q. Stand past yourself? *A.* Through the Red Sea.

Q. What is your haste? *A.* I am afraid.

Don't be afraid, for the man who sought your life is dead.

Q. Will you hold it or have it? *A.* I will hold it.

This test was subsequently amended into a litany of the most preposterous absurdities. Listen, ye gods!

Question. What's that in your hand? *Answer.* A secret to you.

Q. From whence come you? *A.* From the land of bondage.

Q. Whither goest thou? *A.* To the land of promise.

Q. Have you got a password? *A.* I have.

Q. Will you give it to me? *A.* I did not get it so.

Q. Will you halve it or letter it? *A.* I will halve it.

Q. March? *A.* Delzo, through the Red Sea.

Q. What Red Sea? *A.* The wall of the Red Sea.

Q. I am afraid! *A.* Of what?

Q. The secrets of the Orangemen being discovered. *A.* Fear not for he that sought your life is dead.

Q. Have you got a grand word? *A.* I have the grand, I am that I am.

Q. Did you hear the crack? *A.* I did.

Q. What crack did you hear? *A.* A crack from the hill of fire.

Q. Can you write your name? *A.* I can.

Q. With what sort of a pen? *A.* With the spear of life, or Aaron's rod, that blossoms, and bears almonds in one night.

Q. With what sort of ink? *A.* Papist blood.

And now to finish this peculiar and perhaps interesting subject, I will give

A Couple of the Toasts

so frequently and hilariously drunk on the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne. Sir Jonah Barrington, who was intimately acquainted with many of the brotherhood, is, I consider, an authority. In his "Personal Sketches" he gives the following as the charter toast of them all. The ancient and unparalleled sentiment runs thus:

"The glorious, pious and immortal memory of the great and good King William — not forgetting Oliver Cromwell, who assisted in redeeming us from popery, slavery, arbitrary power, brass money and wooden shoes. May he never want a Williamite to kick the —— of a Jacobite, and a —— for the Bishop of Cork. And he that won't drink this, whether he be priest, bishop, deacon, bellows-blower, gravedigger or any other of the fraternity of the clergy, may the north wind blow him to the south, and the west wind blow him to the east. May he have a dark night, a lee shore, a rank storm and a leaky vessel to carry him over the river Styx. May the dog Cerberus make a meal of his r—— p, and Pluto a snuff box of his skull, and may the devil jump down his throat with a red-hot barrow, with every pin tearing out a gut, and blow him with a clean carcass to hell. Amen."

In later days he says some "low, enthusiastic Orangeman" in out-of-the-way districts made an "improvement" upon this, rounding the conclusion somewhat in this fashion: "May he be rammed, crammed and jammed into the great gun of Athlone and blown on to the hob of hell, where he'll be kept roasting for all eternity, the devil basting him with melted bishops and his imps pelting him with priests."

The lodge prayers of the pious brotherhood I am satisfied to leave to the consideration of the power to whom they justly belong.

DENIS B. CASHMAN, in *Boston Daily Herald.*

UNANSWERED PRAYERS. — The great doctor of the church, St. Augustine, says that there are three kinds of people who pray and are not heard, and three ways in which they pray. First, those who pray in a bad state of mind — that is, a state of mortal sin. There is nothing which turns God from man so much as sin. Man, after being regenerated by baptism, should always have his soul in a state of purity, instead of which he very often has it in a state of sin — thus compelling Almighty God to leave him and go far from him. Therefore, when we pray we should always be in a state of grace. Secondly, those who pray in an unfit manner, with a heart full of distractions and a mind overwhelming with the turmoils and affairs of this wicked world. They may be on their knees, they may be in the temple of the Almighty, but their heart is not there. When this is the case, they cannot be heard; neither can God grant them their prayers. Lastly, those who ask for things which they should not, viz., things of the world, or those which would be injurious to us.

The Irish Ivy.

O Land of Yesterday — and of To-morrow!
Whose blossoms breathe the air
Of Paradise! O land of mirth and sorrow,
How sweet this wreath you wear!

Ivy of Ireland, clasp the exile's mother,
(Lo, her deep eyes are wet!)
The tears of ages surely shall not smother
Her faith in something yet.

In their last look, her young men see you, clinging
To some last, lonely height,
Waving farewells, while ghostly lips are singing
Their old world out of sight.

Then, oh! the withered women, with their wailing,
There at the parting pier!
And, oh! that phantom ship forever sailing
With souls beloved here!

How tenderly your roots ring round the fingers
(And is there hope in dust?)
Of Irish chieftains and of Irish singers,
Though sword and harp may rust.

Mourner at grave and ruin! Whispering warder
Of every place forlorn;
Night-listener at a vanished world's dumb border,
And first to shine at morn!

Ivy of Ireland! had I words to fashion
Clear as your drops of dew —
Were I a poet, with a poet's passion,
I'd sing a song for you!

Mrs. Piatt.

A Beautiful Catholic Octoroon. — Congressman O'Harra, of North Carolina, is a member of the coterie of educated colored men in Washington. He and his wife are Catholics, and attend St. Augustine's church. Mrs. O'Harra is one of the loveliest ladies in Washington, and were it not for the slight trace of negro blood in her veins she would be a leader of white society. Like Mrs. Bruce, who is also beautiful, she is a highly educated and accomplished woman, speaks French, plays Beethoven, paints plaques, and is up in art and literature to a degree that would make some of her white sisters blush for envy.

A Retrospect of American History.

Events of the Past, Present and Conjectures on the Future Treated. Facts Worth Knowing.

At the beginning of this country, or rather when the people of the United States, after a long and bloody conflict, threw off the chains of tyranny which held them to the most despotic government on the face of the earth, we had such eminent soldiers and statesmen as Washington, Franklin, Hancock, Lafayette, Putnam, Warren, Jefferson, Hamilton, Gallatin, and numerous others, whose deeds of valor and patriotism have left names which will forever remain true synonyms of all that is grand, noble and exalted. When these men departed and their places were made vacant on account of old age, retirement and death, what was done? Could the places which they filled be left vacant? Well do we know that they were filled by men who were also from that school of broad and lofty principles, and the ship taken command of by skilful pilots and steered smoothly along until the country rose and became, as it is to-day, the foremost nation in the world.

When the earlier saviours of our country departed, the reins of government were taken up in the National House of Congress by Jefferson, Adams, Bayard and other able statesmen. Coming down several years, and passing several administrations, we find in Congress such distinguished names as Clay and Webster, Lincoln and Douglass,and others, who have left a reputation for integrity and honor which their followers need never blush at, and which every one, both in their publicand private lives would do well to imitate. After Buchanan, the honest and much-abused old gentleman took his seat, the plottings of the Southerners were beginning to be formed. With traitors in his cabinet and Congress, it was hard for him to do more than he did. That he was a loyal citizen, who loved and revered his country, there is no doubt. As his term drew to a close, it became clear that a sectional conflict was impending.

Abraham Lincoln's administration was not a very peaceful one, and one which only a cool-headed man like Lincoln could manage, assisted as he was by such statesmen and soldiers as Seward, Stanton, Chase, Welles, Smith and Blair in the cabinet, Scott and McClellan, Grant, Farragut and Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock and Butler, together with hosts of other heroes on the battle-field, whose memories will be forever kept sacred for their deeds of valor to save their country as their forefathers did in the Revolution.

On the 9th of April, 1865, at Appomattox Court-House, Lee surrendered his army to Grant, on terms honorable to both parties. This surrender was soon followed by the other Confederate generals. Jefferson Davis was captured in Georgia, disguised in woman's clothing. The Civil War was then ended. It had lasted four years; cost during the last year more than three million dollars a day, and left the United

States with a debt of two billion seven hundred million dollars. It had also cost more than half a million lives, including both sides. It had abolished slavery however, a most important result, and what few anticipated. In addition it established the principle, that the United States was a nation one and inseparable. It also proved that the courage and patriotism of the American people were still as great as in the Revolution. The devotion of the women on both sides rendered very valuable services as nurses, etc. There was great joy over the greater part of the nation when the news of Lee's surrender was made known, and the weary war had ended. Five days after this news the country was turned from joy into mourning at the news of the death of Lincoln. He was shot by an assassin named Wilkes Booth while sitting in a box in a theatre at Washington. A similar attempt was made on the lives of Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, and on all the leading members of the government. The funeral honors paid to Lincoln have seldom been surpassed in grandeur and, perhaps, never equalled in popular grief. The colored people, especially, felt that they had lost their redeemer. Vice-President Andrew Johnson at once took Mr. Lincoln's place.

Congress had passed acts restoring the seceded States to their places in the Union, on condition that they would annul their acts of secession, declare void all debts incurred for the rebellion, and take up the amendment abolishing slavery. Johnson was opposed to these conditions, and held that the seceded States had the right to come back at any time. He, therefore, vetoed several of these measures, and though they were passed over his veto, it caused considerable hostility between him and Congress. Finally, the House of Representatives demanded his removal from office. For the first time in the history of our government, a President of the United States was put on trial before the Senate, with the chief justice presiding. Such a trial requires a vote of two-thirds of the Senate for conviction, and as one vote was wanting, Johnson was not removed. He was not elected President again, however. During Lincoln's and Johnson's terms many important events happened. A great war had been fought and ended; slavery had been abolished, and three States had been added to the Union. Johnson was probably the worst President we ever had. Had Lincoln died ere he did, and Johnson been in his place during the war, it is safe to surmise that things would have turned out much differently than they did, and a separation of the Union been perfected.

It is very true that little love ever existed between Johnson and Grant, and the former certainly must have felt greatly disappointed when he was obliged to turn over his office to Grant. After several attempts at disposing of Grant, Johnson finally had to give up his artful scheming, and the country knows the result.

It has been said of Grant that he was a better soldier than statesman. This, unquestionably, is true. Had Grant refused to yield to the wants of so many politicians, his eight years' record in the White House would have emblazoned the pages of history as brightly as his magnificent record on the battle-field in defence of his country will — as long as the country lasts.

The disgrace which the war planted on our history is not the only event of recent years which causes a true American to regret, for who can ever forget the great fraud enacted by the Republican party in 1876?

Rutherford B. Hayes was declared President to succeed Grant. When the election had taken place it seemed certain that of the 369 electoral votes, 184 would be cast for Mr. Tilden, being one less than a majority; 172 were equally sure for Hayes; but there were thirteen electors, in respect to whose election there were grave charges. Of these, eight were from Louisiana, four from Florida, and one from Oregon; from which States there were two sets of electors, each claiming to have been duly chosen. If only one of these votes should be counted for Tilden, he would have a majority, and would consequently become President. In order to secure the election of Hayes, all of these thirteen votes had to be counted for him. Singularly enough, neither the Constitution nor any existing law provided for such an emergency; and as the Republicans had a majority in the Senate and the Democrats in the House, it was certain that the two branches of Congress would not agree upon any bill which would give the disputed votes to their opponents. A bill was then passed creating a special electoral commission of fifteen, for counting the vote. It consisted of five Senators, five Representatives, and five Judges of the Supreme Court. This commission by a majority of one, decided that the disputed votes should be all counted for Hayes, giving him a majority of one vote, and he was accordingly declared elected. The popular vote cast was as follows: Tilden, 4,284,885; Hayes, 4,033,950. Tilden's majority over Hayes, 250,935.

Hayes' administration went along pretty smoothly, he having chosen very able men for his advisers. Nothing remarkable was accomplished, however.

Had Hayes declared before the country that Tilden was elected, as he well knew he was, and nothing, therefore, could induce him to accept the office, he would have been at once pronounced the greatest hero since the days of Washington. The principle was lacking, however, and to-day he is known as the ex-Fraudulent President. He had the greatest opportunity ever offered a man in this country; but he threw it away. Had he declined, it is very possible, and not at all improbable, that he would receive the next nomination, not as a dark horse, but with a beautiful record made in a day, and been elected by a large vote. His vocation at present is that of an obscure farmer in the rural districts of Ohio. As for Wheeler, who was elected Vice-President with Hayes, nothing has ever been heard of him, either while occupying Mr. Hendrick's position or since he stepped out.

Tilden's bearing was considered very manly and honorable. He was sixty-three years of age, and possessed a large fortune. Taking these things into consideration, together with his gigantic duties while governor of New York, in ridding that State of the Tweed ring and other corruptible parties, it probably did not affect him as much as it would others, had they been in his place. The account of this great fraud is one of the blackest blots in our history. Many persons of prominence took an active part in putting Hayes into the White House,

and they will not be forgotten as those who assassinated the Constitution of the United States; and whatever presidential aspirations they may have, will never be realized beyond the dreams of imagination. A book entitled "A Political Crime" has been published, which gives a very accurate account of the manner in which this great fraud was brought about and effected.

"Great Oaks from Little Acorns Grow."

The year 1880 witnessed Garfield's preferment to two of the highest official positions in the gift of the American people. In January he was elected by the Ohio Legislature, Senator for the term beginning March 4, 1881, to succeed Hon. Allen G. Thurman. On the 8th of June, in the Chicago Convention, he was nominated, and on the 4th of November was elected to the Presidency of the United States. Had Garfield been defeated for the Presidency, he would have been sworn in as a United States Senator on the same day he was President, and Winfield Scott Hancock been our President.

The life of James Abram Garfield is the fullest exemplification of the possibilities of American citizenship on record. He began life in the Ohio forest, poor as the poorest, and by his own exertions, abilities, and character, he has made his way upward to the highest place. His road has led him by the log-house district school, chopping fallow, tow-path, academy, and college, to the Ohio Senate, the army, the House of Representatives and Senatorial election, and to the Chief Magistracy of the nation.

Garfield had been in the White House but a few months when he was shot by Charles J. Guiteau in a railroad station in Washington. The assassin fired two bullets which had their terrible effect, and Garfield after suffering several months was removed to a cottage in Elberon, Long Branch, where he breathed his last, surrounded by his family and physicians. It was in Garfield's time that the dead-lock occurred in the Senate. Garfield had appointed one Robertson as Collector of Customs in New York, and his appointment was opposed by Conkling and Platt, who held that they were the Senators from the Empire State and had the right to select the man. Whether they were right or wrong is a matter of opinion. They left the Senate and went home for a vindication of their actions, but were defeated by the State legislature. No sooner had the news of Garfield's death sounded than Chester A. Arthur took the oath of office under trying circumstances, for there is always a class who are quick to give an adverse opinion, and there were not a few who labored under the delusion that Arthur had something to do in the removal of Garfield; but any sensible person would not give the least credence to any such fabrication.

Many people believed that Arthur would prove a failure. Arthur himself knew the general opinion then prevailing, but took hold of things in a clever way, and very pleasantly surprised the people by giving them a good, clean administration. Arthur's record in the New York Custom House was not up to the mark, and he was removed from that position by Hayes. How singular, a man to be thrown out of an inferior position and placed in such a high one shortly afterwards.

Arthur had many supporters in the way of delegates at the Chicago Convention of 1884, but fell a few votes short of receiving what he richly deserved — the nomination. Had Arthur been nominated it is pretty certain that he would have succeeded himself. His record in the White House was excellent, and his personal career was much loftier than that of Blaine, the choice of the convention. Arthur's actions were very manly throughout. He was of the first to send congratulations to Blaine, and treated Cleveland, on his entry into Washington, in a very excellent and gentlemanly manner.

When the Democrats came to select a man on whom to bestow great honors at their last convention, they had such statesmen among them as Thurman, Hendricks, McDonald, Bayard, Randall and Butler, men who would have proved worthy successors to Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln. Instead, however, they took one who had been little heard of until recently, and whose name was not known at the convention held four years previous, a man lacking the experience that the statesmen mentioned had. Grover Cleveland was chosen on the second ballot, and the illustrious and departed Hendricks put at the end of the ticket, the very man who had been elected to the office eight years previous with Tilden. Had the latter consented to the use of his name in 1884 he would certainly have received the nomination.

Just as I was approaching the completion of this sketch the sad news of Tilden's death sounded over the country, and his life eulogized by the public and press of this and foreign countries. It is needless to dwell at any length on this national calamity. How strange it would have been had the "old ticket" been nominated in 1884. If elected both President and Vice-President would have died in office, and the country been governed by a Republican. Who the latter would have been is hard to say; but it is probable it would have been either Logan, Sherman or Edmunds, three men who for years have been conspicuously before the country when a nominee for President was wanted by the Republicans. It is doubtful if Logan would have refused the election of Vice-President of the Senate if Tilden were President, for the latter's advanced age and physical condition seemed to warrant for him a sudden death at almost any time. To-day, Tilden is lamented in every section and by every faith, while Hayes lives in forgetfulness and Wheeler is a forgotten name. A cartoon was published a short while ago in an illustrated paper, representing Samuel J. Tilden passing through a cemetery, and with a merry twinkle of his eye he looks at the graves of Grant, Hendricks, Hancock, John Kelly, Garfield, McClellan, Thaddeus Stevens, Horatio Seymour, David Davis, and others, and remarks, "And yet they were so afraid I wouldn't last out." But, alas! Tilden is now among that list. Well might it be said of him that he was

"One of Nature's Noblemen."

Tilden was the last Democratic candidate for President living, the other three, McClellan, Seymour and Hancock having died within the last year, and not one is now in the land of the living. Fremont, Hayes and Blaine are the only survivors among the men who have

carried the Republican standard in a national campaign. Of ex-Presidents of the Republic only two remain — Hayes and Arthur. Hayes was elected by the electoral commission, and Arthur was elected Vice-President by the electoral college. Great men die from day to day; but the republic still lives, and the principles upon which it was founded go on forever.

Mr. Hendricks was chosen as delegate at large to the last Democratic National Convention. On his entry into the convention hall, he was loudly cheered by the assembled delegates. His chances for first place on the ticket seemed very favorable; but when balloting came, his State went almost solidly for McDonald. On the second ballot Hendricks received 45½, the Indiana delegation turning solidly for him. It was on this ballot that Cleveland was nominated, while the convention made a futile stampede to the support of Hendricks. This latter effort failing he was, amid tremendous enthusiasm and the wildest excitement, nominated as Vice-President by acclamation. Had Cleveland failed receiving the nomination when he did, on the second ballot, it would either have been Hendricks or Thurman, with the chances in favor of the latter. On the entrance of Hon. Allen G. Thurman,

"The Noblest Roman of Them All,"

into the convention, the cheering lasted nearly half a hour. The Ohio delegates went to Chicago instructed to vote for Governor Hoadley, through the manipulation of the machine politicians, although Judge Thurman was the choice of the rank and file of the party. Had the delegates been instructed for Thurman, he would probably have received the nomination. General Butler's trip to Chicago was replete with tremendous demonstrations at every station where the cars stopped, and on arriving at the end of his destination was escorted by thousands of working men to his headquarters. His chances of receiving the nomination seemed very good at the start, but they soon faded and dropped out of sight. He was given a great reception also on his entry in the convention. Had the Democrats adhered to some of his proposals, they would have been better off than they are to-day. They are now, especially in this State, beginning to think that Butler was not so much out of the way after all, but will not give in openly, however.

It was also favorable to Cleveland that the agitation in his behalf rose only a short time before the convention met. It was certain that New York would go solidly for Mr. Tilden. Until the latter gentleman very emphatically declined accepting the nomination, if tendered him, did the great boom for Governor Cleveland develop into gigantic proportions. There was not time left then for the people to grow weary of his name. There was a general feeling that some candidate must be named who could carry New York, and the fact that Cleveland carried it, in 1882, created a strong belief that he could do so again. Fortunately again for Cleveland the Independents, or Mugwumps as they have been styled, immediately after the nomination of Mr. Blaine, held meetings in New York, Boston, and New Haven, at which they declared against Blaine, and made it pretty evident that they would

support Cleveland if nominated. When the State of New York was reached Mr. Daniel Manning arose and said that his State presented the name of Grover Cleveland, and desired to be heard through Hon. D. N. Lockwood, of Buffalo. Mr. Lockwood is the gentleman who nominated Mr. Cleveland for Sheriff of Erie County in 1870, for Mayor of Buffalo in 1881, and for Governor of New York in 1882. Probably no other case has occurred in our history of a man's being nominated four different times for four different offices by the same man. The "Mugwumps," aided by the stupid old minister who pronounced that famous alliteration,

"Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion,"

St. John and the Mugwump press succeeded in defeating James G. Blaine, and putting Grover Cleveland, with the strength of his own party, into the White House; thus giving the Democrats a President after twenty-five years' waiting.

Cleveland selected for his cabinet men who, like himself, with a few exceptions, were little known before the country at large. The most of them had done but very little to recommend themselves to such high positions. The cabinet, as it stands to-day, consists of Bayard, Manning, Whitney, Vilas, Endicott, Lamar, and Garland. How do these names compare with Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Marcy, Stanton, Black, and Everett? If Cleveland wanted stronger men than he secured he could have had them in the persons of Thurman, Randall, McDonald, McClellan, Abbott, and many others who have made national reputations by their integrity and honor. Cleveland's diplomatic appointments were not up to the wishes of his party; especially might it be said of E. J. Phelps, of Vermont, who was sent to succeed James Russell Lowell. There is little difference between either of these men; and if a man of the Wendell Phillips type, for instance, was found and sent to the court of St. James, this country would not be obliged to receive the snubs she often does, and American citizens in that country could demand and would receive better protection. Massachusetts presented the names of Abbott, Gaston, Prince, Collins, and others, expecting that one of them, at least, would receive recognition from the President, but they did not, however. What is true of this State, I believe is true of the whole country. I believe in the motto of Andrew Jackson: "To the victors belong the spoils." Hendricks was snubbed by Cleveland, who seemed very cautious of him, probably from the fact that Hendricks was an abler man than he — a fact which cannot be denied. After the death of Hendricks, which occurred very suddenly at his home at Indianapolis, the Republicans of the Senate elected John Sherman Vice-President, and should Cleveland die before his time expires, we shall have a Republican to succeed him. This is something never before heard of, and something which should be remedied at once.

The great cry for many years was to give the Democrats a chance. They elected one man in 1876, but failed to have him seated in his office; they elected Grover Cleveland, and what has he done? That is the question. In the Old Bay State, Democrats have been requested

to take a back seat. In 1884, when the Democrats were looking for a candidate for governor, they took the name of Wm. C. Endicott. Endicott accepted the nomination, though with the assurance that he would not take part in the campaign. As is well known he was beaten; but when Mr. Cleveland came to bestow honors on Massachusetts he put them on the shoulders of Wm. C. Endicott, and the latter gentleman again displayed his generosity by accepting the same. Wm. C. Endicott is a Democrat in name only, not by nature, and by no means is he the sample or counterpart of a Massachusetts Democrat. Again, the Democrats of this State presented the name of Mr. Peter Butler to succeed Roland Worthington as collector of the port of Boston. He was backed for the position with the names of distinguished persons throughout the State. Endicott, however, urged the President to appoint Mr. Leverett Saltonstall, his cousin, for the place. After long suspense the appointment of Mr. Endicott's cousin was made.

At the present time it is the opinion of a great many that Blaine will again be the standard bearer of the Republican party in 1888. In that event it is very probable that Cleveland will be nominated again, the delegates laboring under the delusion that, like carrying New York, he beat Blaine once, and will do so again. Logan certainly will not accept second place on the ticket, and poor Hendricks is far from the land of the living, so that two candidates for second place will have to be found. The search will not prove difficult, however, as

"The Woods are Full of Them."

If Blaine is nominated again, I think Thurman is the only man who can beat him; with Cleveland he has a better chance for success. The conventions are a good way off yet, and different candidates are likely to bloom up in the meantime. It is about time the Democrats took a man from another State besides New York, even though she does throw the largest electoral vote. Massachusetts will not be found wanting if called upon for a citizen to occupy the White House.

In this sketch I have only penned down different events in the history of our country which have recently occurred to me. Certain it is that these different statesmen mentioned were and are not the only great men who have occupied a position before the public. Every point mentioned would take up volumes, but this story must end some time. Perhaps it will be resumed again.

WILLIAM F. DONOVAN.

JOHN BULL has been figuring up the expenses of his little picnic in Egypt and the Soudan, and finds that he has paid, for the hire of merchant steamers and transports alone, in the years 1883, '84, and '85, considerably more than ten millions of dollars, not to mention the cost of the regular navy vessels employed, or the three army expeditions that were successively wasted on the sands of the desert. For all of which he has nothing to show but a series of disastrous and disgraceful defeats.

Brother Bonaventure.

Dost thou because of evil doers fret,
Or say thou livest in degenerate days,
When one, whom many trusted, falls and slays
Himself, and dims our brightest jewel yet,—
The honest name his fathers toiled to get?
Small wonder that all hearts of sad amaze
Are full,— but courage! the same page displays
Matter for tears of proud and fond regret.
A brave young soul, beneath the whelming wave
In saving others' lives, laid down his own.
One murmured prayer, one upward look he gave,
Then sank, each colder heart and feebler will
To put to shame. None greater love hath shown;
The age of golden deeds is with us still.

M. G. M.

General Sherman and the Minister.

While General Sherman was chatting with a reporter the other day, the conversation turned upon the religious element of the South during the war. The old General smiled grimly and said: "That reminds me of an interesting interview I had with a clergyman when I entered Memphis. I found business entirely suspended. The stores were closed, the public schools were shut up, and no churches were open on Sunday. I stood it a few days, and then I issued a general order requiring all stores to be opened, the public schools to be resumed, and the usual religious exercises to be held in the churches on Sunday. The day after the order was promulgated, I was waited upon at my headquarters by a clergyman, who announced himself as Rev. Mr.——, of the Episcopal Church of that city. He was got up in the highest style of clerical garb, and his face wore the expression of a predetermined martyr. I said: 'Sit down, I am glad to see you. What do you want? What can I do for you?' He answered: 'General, I have seen your order about opening the churches on Sunday, and I am a good deal embarrassed to know how to obey, or how to state my objection.' I replied: 'There is no embarrassment in obeying an order, and as for your objections, I don't care to hear them. You obey the order, and never mind your objections.' He replied: 'But, General, you are aware that since our unhappy Civil War commenced the ritual of the Episcopalian Church South has undergone a material change.' 'Has it?' said I. 'I have not noticed it.' He said: 'We are now directed by our church to pray for Honorable Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederate States, and, of course, I am ecclesiastically compelled

to obey the directions of the church,' and he looked at me with the expression of a martyr about to be taken to the stake and burned alive. I regarded him a moment and then said: 'Oh, never mind, pray for Davis, pray for him just as hard as you can. He needs every prayer you can get off; but, my friend, I am dreadfully afraid praying won't do him any good; he has gone up.' He looked curiously at me and then said: 'Will you require me to pray for Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States?'—'By no means, my dear fellow,' said I. 'Let him alone. He don't need any prayers. Abraham Lincoln is just as sure of salvation as any man that has ever died, or ever will die.' Next Sunday morning it occurred to me I would go to this church of his and see how he got on. Services had just begun when I went in, but I took my seat where I could have a good view of him and he of me. He saw me before I got half way down the aisle. He went on with the service, and when he arrived at the point of conflict between the Episcopal Church South and the order of Sherman, with one eye on the prayer book and the other eye on me, he prayed for 'all in authority over us,' left out Davis and Lincoln alone. I had no more trouble with the Episcopal Church after that."

Musical Mice and Spiders.

MONSIEUR DE ———, captain of the regiment of Navarre, being confined six months in prison for having spoken too freely to Monsieur de Louvois, begged leave of the governor to grant him permission to send for his lute to soften his confinement. He was greatly astonished after four days to see at the time of his playing the mice come out of their holes and the spiders descend from their webs, who came and formed a circle round him to hear with attention. This at first so much surprised him that he stood still without motion, when, having ceased to play, all those insects retired quietly into their lodgings. Such an assembly made the officer fall into reflections upon what the ancients have told us of Orpheus, Arion, and Amphion. He assured me that he remained six days without playing, having with difficulty recovered from his astonishment, not to mention a natural aversion he had for these sort of insects. Nevertheless, he began afresh to give a concert to these animals, who seemed to come every day in greater numbers, as if they had invited others, so that in process of time he found a hundred of them about him. In order to rid himself of them, he desired one of the jailers to give him a cat, which he shut up sometimes in a cage when he chose to have this company, and let her loose when he had a mind to dismiss them; making it thus a kind of comedy which alleviated his imprisonment. Most persons doubted the truth of this story, but it was confirmed six months ago by M ——, intendant at the Duchy of V——, a man of merit and probity, who played upon several instruments to the utmost excellence. He said that being at

——, he went up into his chamber to refresh himself after a walk, and took up a violin to amuse himself till supper time, setting a light upon the table before him. He had not played a quarter of an hour before he saw several spiders descend from the ceiling, who came and ranged themselves round about the table to hear him play, at which he was greatly surprised; but this did not interrupt him, being willing to see the end of so singular an occurrence. They remained upon the table very attentively until somebody came to tell him supper was ready, when, having ceased to play, these insects remounted to their webs, to which he would suffer no injury to be done. It was a diversion with which he often entertained himself out of curiosity.

Two New Dioceses.

VERY REV. PATRICK A. LUDDEN has been appointed bishop of the newly-formed diocese of Syracuse, N. Y. Father Ludden has been for some years vicar-general and administrator of the diocese of Albany, having charge of its affairs in the absence of the bishop. For five or six years past he has also had charge of St. Peter's Church, Troy, one of the largest churches in the diocese. Before his appointment to be vicar-general he was rector of the cathedral, succeeding Bishop Wadhams, of Ogdensburgh. Most of his life has been spent in the cathedral.

The new diocese will comprise the counties of Onondaga, Oneida, Broome, Chenango, Madison, Oswego, and Cortland. Utica is at its eastern limit. The episcopal residence will be in Syracuse, and the bishop-elect will have authority to choose any Catholic church of that city as his cathedral.

Bishop Ludden is a cousin of the late Father Ludden, of Florence, of Father Anthony Ludden, of Little Falls, and of Father James M. Ludden, formerly of Utica, and now pastor of St. John's Church, Albany. He is in the prime of life, and about fifty-two years of age. He was born in Ireland, coming to this country when he was eighteen years old. He was educated for the priesthood, and ordained in 1864 at the Grand Seminary in Montreal. The first station given him was at the Albany cathedral, where he remained sixteen years, except a few months, when he served as pastor of the church at Malone. Until 1872 he was attached to the cathedral as chancellor, and he succeeded Rev. Father Wadhams, on his appointment as bishop of the diocese of Ogdensburg, in the positions of rector of the cathedral and vicar-general of the Albany diocese, he still holding the last-named office. In May, 1880, Bishop Ludden became the pastor of St. Peter's Church, Troy, and his work has been exceptionally successful. Of his work in that city a local contemporary says: "During his six years' service a new marble altar, the most expensive in the diocese, and costly memorial windows have been placed in the church, the edifice and the former school building have been supplied with steam-heating apparatus, and a new

schoolhouse, costing $40,000, has been erected. There have also been other instances of progressive spirit, and the church and parish have steadily prospered both in a religious and a financial sense. As a pulpit exponent of plain truths, and an advocate in and out of the sanctuary of the principles of law and order, Bishop Ludden will long be remembered in Troy."

The appointment is announced of the Very Rev. Lawrence Scanlan, of Salt Lake City, Utah, as a titular Bishop, and as Vicar-Apostolic of Utah. Hitherto the territory of Utah has been temporarily placed under the administration of the Archbishop of San Francisco, but the growth of the church in that territory and the increasing importance of its spiritual wants, has prompted the Holy See to place its spiritual jurisdiction in the hands of a priest whose zeal, prudence and enterprise have been the motive power in placing the church in Utah upon a broad and solid foundation. Salt Lake City, which we presume will be the Episcopal seat of the new See, is well provided with Catholic institutions, all of which owe their origin and completion to the forethought and business tact of the newly-nominated Bishop. St. Mary Magdalen's Church is a spacious and handsome edifice; St. Mary's Academy is a magnificent structure attended by twenty-six Sisters of the Holy Cross; the Hospital of the Holy Cross shelters nearly a hundred patients and is attended by a dozen Sisters of the same Order. The Sisters also conduct a school of small children, where orphans and half orphans are received and cared for. Nor are the boys neglected, as Father Scanlan has erected a magnificent building for a boys' school and it has just been put into use with a very large attendance.

Thus the new See begins its diocesan career under favorable circumstances, and we hope to see the church therein exert a powerful influence in weaning the majority of the people from the baneful and beastly practices of Mormonism, and thus remove from the escutcheon of the United States the foulest blot that mars its beauty.

Forrest and the Lions.

When Edwin Forrest was playing at the Old Bowery Theatre in New York City, his piece was followed by an exhibition of lions by their trainer, Herr Driesbach. During their stay there, Forrest remarked one day that he had never experienced the emotion caused by fright — that he was never scared in his life. Driesbach heard the remark and one evening took Forrest home with him. They entered a house, and after passing through long and devious dark passages, Driesbach opened a door and said: "This way, Mr. Forrest." As Forrest entered the door was slammed behind him. Forrest felt something touch his leg in the darkness, and reaching down his hand touched what he thought was a cat's back, which he gently stroked. A rasping growl greeted the motion, and he saw two fiery eye-balls

glaring at him. "Are you afraid, Mr. Forrest?" asked the lion tamer, who was invisible in the darkness. Forrest replied, "Not a bit," when the lion tamer said something and the growl deepened, and the back began to arch. Forrest held out for a few minutes, when he exclaimed, "Now, let me out you infernal scoundrel, or I'll break every bone in your body." The lion king kept him there, and he did not dare to move a finger, while the lion kept rubbing against his leg. Forrest finally promised a champagne supper if Driesbach would take him out, which was done and the bet immediately paid.

The Henn Family.

The Distinguished Irish Ancestors of the Owner and Skipper of the Galatea.

LIEUTENANT HENN, the owner of the yacht *Galatea*, is known from Labrador to Lima as an Englishman. The gentleman is no more an Englishman than he is a New Zealander. His family is Irish—Munster Irish, too. Like many others, they adopted special callings as a sort of hereditary preference. For generations the Henns of Clare, Ireland, had a scion in the law. As early as March, 1673, Henry Hone (as the name was then written) was a Justice of the Irish Court of Common Pleas. The Henns came from Paradise, county Clare. Beside the judge referred to, a Chief Baron Hone was on the Irish bench in 1686. Another was one of the judges of the king's bench in 1767. He resigned in 1790. His son, William Henn—no longer Hone—became a Master in Chancery. This office was conferred upon his son in 1822. The latter's mother was a sister of Sir Jackson Lovett, Bart., of Buckinghamshire, England. His brother Jonathan was the most distinguished of all, and may be called a contemporary, having only died in 1874. Lieutenant Henn is the grandson of the famous Irish barrister who defended O'Connell in 1843, and prosecuted John Mitchel in 1848.

Jonathan Henn went to school with the late Duke of Leinster, Lord William Fitzgerald, and Judge Crampton, to Rev. William Austin at Lucan, county Dublin. Subsequently he entered Trinity College. He was an incorrigible punster. Some one asked him a question of Latin grammar. He replied that he "had studied the Eton grammar, and *eaten* grammar was soon forgotten." During two years at the bar he had not "made as much as would pay to powder his wig." A Galway attorney went to his lodgings early in the morning with a brief. The servant showed the way to Mr. Henn's sitting-room, adjoining his bedroom; but Mr. Henn had not left his bed. He had been aroused from a deep sleep and told that an attorney wished to see him. Thinking it a practical joke, and smarting from continuous ill luck, he declined to get up, and petulantly told the servant to "tell the attorney to go and be d——d, and take his brief to the d——l." The angry attorney left in a huff, and lost no time in placing his business in the hands of a more amiable barrister. Mr. Henn lost his first chance at the Connaught Circuit, and never recovered it.

When his brother William became Master in Chancery, in 1824, he exchanged from the Connaught to the Munster Circuit. He rapidly rose in his profession afterward because his brother William was very popular with the attorneys, and was a man of the most courteous manners. They were not lost on the brother when he came among them.

Some funny things have been handed down by Jonah Barrington anent him. Once in his presence a wag proposed the riddle: "Why should the captain of a ship never be at a loss for an egg?" The riddle was a new one to all present. Henn was the only person present who could guess it: "Because he can always lay to" (lay two). He was asked how he came to answer that. He promptly replied: "Who had a better right to guess it than a *Henn?*"

He was once counsel for a Mr. Leader, of York, whose case he so strongly portrayed before the jury that the plaintiff shed tears. On being asked what had occurred to make him cry, "Oh," he said, "though I knew I was wronged, I did not know to what extent I was injured until Mr. Henn stated my case."

O'Connell's friends in 1843 were so impressed with the importance of securing the services of Jonathan Henn, that he was at once retained. The "Liberator" came within an hour of losing him. The government, fully aware of his value, were at first inclined to refuse granting him the license, which, as one of her Majesty's counsel, was necessary should be granted, but ultimately yielded. His splendid address on the occasion was long a favorite theme with O'Connell's friends.

On a very important occasion the government was ahead of the defendant. It was in the spring of 1848, when the late John Mitchel was tried. Mr. Henn appeared for the Crown. The glorious old man, eloquent Robert Holmes, the husband of the only sister of immortal Robert Emmet, defended Mitchel. With his transparent countenance, stuff gown, and horsehair wig, he delivered the famous speech which concluded: "He, Mitchel, may be statutably guilty, but he is not morally guilty." This was in his eighty-sixth year, when he was the father of the Irish bar.

Mr. Henn's speech in reply was a model speech for a Crown prosecutor, and elicited from Sir Colman O'Loghlin, one of Mitchel's counsel, the indorsement, "Munster forever." The law wags said that the judge spoke to *evidence*, but Jonathan Henn *charged* the jury.

He made many puns on his name. When, late in life, he was asked "if he took much walking exercise," "I did formerly," he replied, "but now I am *a sitting Henn.*"

A nephew of his is the present County Judge of Galway, and the owner of the *Galatea* is his grandson, we believe, or son. Anyway, we know he will uphold the honors of the family; and should he win any laurels while in our waters, he will not find fault when called English, because under England's flag he competes for fame; but when his stout yacht enters the Shannon, on her way to the estuary of the Fergus, there will not be a prouder heart in an Irish bosom than in that of William Henn's; and when he shows his trophies may he hear some one exclaim, while clapping him on the back, "Munster forever."

R. F. FARRELL, in *N. Y. Star*.

Canada to Overrun New England.

In a recent issue of the *Toronto Mail* appears what is in some ways a most interesting communication on the subject of "French-Canadian Fecundity." The writer uses as his text an obituary notice from one of the leading French-Canadian organs of Lower Canada, from which we learn of the decease, or to quote more accurately, "the falling sweetly asleep in the Lord" of a certain Madame Marianne Leveillée, at the age of ninety-one years, who, having "given to the parish where she departed this life an example of *all* the Christian virtues, leaves to society 519 children and grand-children, of whom 46 are of the fourth generation, 380 of the third generation, 83 of the second and nine of the first." These details, we are told, are not given as being "out of the usual course of events," but merely as a matter of interest to the Christian world at large."

The writer, however, proceeds to draw attention to some significant facts and probabilities which in his opinion underlie this record of female usefulness. He begins, somewhat unkindly and ungenerously we think, by picturing the "wonderment in Yankee households" which would arise if a Vermont grandmother were so far to forget herself and what was due from her as to leave to posterity "a baker's dozen of descendants, including even the offspring of her divorced daughters" (a somewhat vague, but cruel stab), and then, in comparison, once more reverts to the respected "French-Canadian grandmere" who fell sweetly asleep surrounded by her 519 children and grandchildren who subsequently "completely filled the parish church and made up a respectable funeral." The sight of 519 sorrowing relatives around the bed of the moribund matriarch must indeed have been a touching and impressive sight.

We then, without further preface or warning, come to the very pith and matter of this most interesting communication. We are told (would that we could spare our New England readers the shock which must perforce ensue) that it is easy by "geometrical progression, to figure out how long at this rate it will take New France to conquer New England," and the writer himself, brutally callous and careless of our feelings, boldly states that in fifty years at the most the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut will be "Canadienized," that is to say, overrun by a people of the same race and religion as the deceased Lady of Yamaska (Mme. Leveillée), and speaking the same tongue as her descendants in the Province of Quebec, fifty years being in his opinion long enough "for the hardy race of the North to pour forth its frozen loins into the country circumjacent to it on the south, a population which will assuredly displace the (present) decadent and less persistent type of humanity." And now, for to be cruel is sometimes to be kind, we have plainly and openly laid before our New England brethren the dread future which awaits them, our only aim and wish being that if it is not yet too late

they may take what steps and precautions are possible and be prepared to resist with their last breath if necessary this threatened invasion by the "hardy race of the North." History, as we all know, repeats itself, and deeds of honor at which even the ancient wholesale trespassers, the Goths and Huns, would have blushed, may yet, if we are not prepared, be recorded in the pages of our country's history.

New York Tribune.

A Historic Flag.

DURING the first year of the late war a brigade of Irishmen called the Irish Legion was formed at Nashville, Tenn., as a part of the Confederate army. The ladies of Nashville presented the Legion with a handsome silk flag, on one side of which was a field of green bearing the Irish wolf-dog and the sunburst, surmounted by a scroll bearing the words, "Sons of Erin, go where glory awaits you." On the other side were the stars and bars of the Confederacy. On September 16, 1861, it was presented amid imposing ceremonies. Governor Isham Harris made the presentation speech; and when the inspiring motto upon its side floated on the breeze, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. The troops threw up their hats and shouted themselves hoarse with promises to defend the banner with their lives.

The Irish Legion formed part of the garrison at Fort Donelson, and were in Pillow's Division. The flag was carried in the advance when the Division tried to cut its way out of the fort past the right wing of the Union army, on February 15, 1862. Three times it was taken and recaptured, but finally it fell into the hands of the command of Colonel, now General Logan. The flag, subsequently presented by Nashville to Colonel Smith, was captured at the same time. The Tennessee Tenth, with their commander, Colonel R. W. McGovern, were taken prisoners and confined at Chicago with Colonel Mulligan's "Irish Brigade" guarding them. Colonel McGavock was sent North a prisoner of war to Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor. Colonel Logan and his men prized the green trophy highly. As a token of the esteem in which the Illinois Thirty-first Regiment held them, and in recognition of their gallantry at Bull Run, Colonel Logan sent it North with a request that it be presented in his name to the Sixty-ninth Regiment of New York. Major James Bagley, then in command, received it. He afterwards became its custodian.

At a "camp fire" of Corcoran Post, G. A. R., on July 22, a committee consisting of Generals Wm. De Lacey, Andrew J. Fleming, John McCabe, Captains Stewart Donnelly, and Wm. George Hart, was appointed to call upon James Kirker Bagley, son of Colonel James Bagley, formerly the commander of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, to request him to entrust the flag to the custody of the Post. The committee called on Mr. Bagley at his home, No. 9 Prospect Place, and General De Lacey briefly alluded to the object of the visit. The

trophy would be highly cherished, he said, and a handsome case provided for it. Major Hart explained that it was the intention of the Post to hold a meeting at the Academy of Music. It was suggested that in view of the interesting history connected with the flag, it would be appropriate if General John A. Logan could accept an invitation to receive it on the part of the Post from the hands of Mr. Bagley.

Mr. Bagley assured the committee that he felt the Post was the proper custodian of the trophy, and that he would be pleased to fall in with any arrangements they might make. This flag is said to be the only one of its description brought North through the fortune of battle.

Mr. McCarthy and the Late Rebellion.

He was one of the staff of the *Morning Star*, the only one of the London papers which, during the American Civil War, took the side of the Union. While the *Times* and all the other Tory and Whig organs of England were writing up the cause of the rebels and vilifying and denouncing the administration at Washington, Justin McCarthy in the columns of the *Star* was splendidly defending the Patriot-President Lincoln and the brave men of the North, who were struggling to save from destruction the great Republic which England so much hated and feared. Well may the people of America accord an enthusiastic welcome to Justin McCarthy. In the hour of their country's peril his brilliant talents were energetically devoted to their service, while all around him — the government, and the statesmen, and the politicians, and the press of England — were hoping and working hard for the downfall of America. In 1868 Mr. McCarthy resigned his post on the *Star* and paid a visit to the United States. His reception was a most cordial one. Referring to this visit and to his eminence as a journalist and general writer, "The Cabinet of Irish Literature," in a sketch of Mr. McCarthy, has the following: —

"Here [in America] he found a public ready to welcome him; for he was well known, both through his own writings and as the conductor of a journal [the *Star*] that had been unswerving in its friendship to the United States. His pen was eagerly sought for; but though he wrote a good deal, he chiefly employed himself in lecturing, and performed the remarkable feat of visiting nearly every town in the Union. On his return to England, Mr. McCarthy was offered an engagement as leader-writer on the *Daily News*. Mr. McCarthy has had a sufficiently active life as a mere journalist; but he has found time besides to write a number of works which have made his name familiar throughout the world. His first novel, 'The Waterdale Neighbors,' was published in 1867. To this have succeeded 'My Enemy's Daughter' (1869), 'Lady Judith' (1871), 'A Fair Saxon' (1873) — a work in which we may mention the Anglo-Irish difficulty is discussed in a very good-tempered, and, indeed, it may be said, charming fashion, for the disputants are a beautiful English woman and an Irish lover; 'Linley Rochford' (1874), 'Dear Lady Disdain' (1875), 'Miss Misanthrope' (1877), and 'Donna Quixote' (1880). The qualities which distinguish all those works are a graceful, elegant, transparent style; keen insight into character, and a satire which, though it can occasionally be sharp, is never absolutely cruel."

An Appeal for Ireland.

MR. PARNELL has addressed the following letter to President Fitzgerald of the Irish National League in America:—

"The rejection of the tenants' relief bill, the scarcely veiled threats of the Irish secretary, and the alarming increase in the number of evictions, clearly indicate the commencement of a combined movement of extermination against the tenant-farmers of Ireland by the English Government and the Irish landlords.

"I lose no time in advising you of the imminence of a crisis and of peril which has seldom been equalled even in the troubled history of Ireland. I know that it will be the highest duty and the most honorable task which can engage the attention of my countrymen in free America to do what in them lies to frustrate the attempt of those who would assassinate our nation, and to alleviate the sufferings of those who, unhappily, must be the numerous victims of the social war which has been preached by the rich and powerful government of England against our people.

"In sending us that moral and material assistance which has never been wanting, has never been stinted from your side of the Atlantic, you will perform two most important and valuable functions: you will encourage the weak to resist and bear oppression; you will also lessen and alleviate those feelings of despair in the minds of the evicted which so often and so unhappily stimulated those victims to have recourse to the wild spirit of revenge.

"In doing so, you will assist in preserving for our movement that peaceable character which has enabled it to win its most recent and almost crowning triumph, while you will be strengthening it to bear oppression, and encourage our people until the final goal of legislative independence has been won."

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* says that Mr. Parnell's cablegram to President Fitzgerald of the Irish National League in America is virtually an appeal to the Irish at home and abroad. "From the British Government," adds the paper, "nothing can be expected by the Irish people, who may, however, have everything by their own endurance, backed by the help of their exiled countrymen. There must be no disorder, though; no wild insanity; no acts estranging the world's sympathy. Where the landlords give proof that they are fair-minded, let them be met by fair dealing."

THE DANISH CATHOLICS are about to celebrate the eighth Centenary of the Martyrdom of the Danish King, St Canute. This martyred Sovereign is the St. Louis of Denmark, representing, like that monarch, all the virtues of a great ruler. Married to Adela, the daughter of the Count Robert of Flanders, and by her the father of Charles the Good, he was assassinated, while prostrate in prayer before the altar, by the emissaries of his brother Olaf, before starting on an expedition to help the English against the Normans.

THE HOLY FATHER not only gives permission, but heartily approves of the scheme of the Rev. John C. Drumgoole to build a church in honor of St. Joachim and St. Anne, at Mount Loretto, Staten Island, N. Y., to be modelled after the Church of St. Andre delle Valle, in Rome. This ancient church was built in honor of St. Andrew. The Church of St. Joachim and St. Anne will be a memorial one of the reign of Pope Leo XIII.

Justin McCarthy, M. P.

THE Vice-President of the Irish Parliamentary Party, Mr. Justin McCarthy, is a native of Cork, where he was born in 1830. He comes of a family noted for their classical scholarship, and made his studies at the school of a famous Cork teacher, named Goulding, leaving it with a thorough foundation in the classics. He taught himself shorthand, and became a reporter on the Cork *Examiner*, his first important work being to report the Clonmel trials of Smith O'Brien and his companions in the 1848 movement. During his connection with the *Examiner*, Mr. McCarthy, in connection with the lamented Joe Brenan and a number of patriotic young men of the city, organized the Cork Historical Society, the members of which body distinguished themselves by enthusiastic association with the Young Ireland movement of 1848. In 1853 Mr. McCarthy went to Liverpool, where he obtained an engagement on the reporting and subsequently on the editorial staff of the *Northern Times*. His next move was to London. In that city his talents were quickly recognized. He was engaged as parliamentary reporter for the *Morning Star*, the organ of the British Reform League, founded by John Bright and Richard Cobden. From the reporter's room Mr. McCarthy was promoted to the post of foreign editor, and in 1864 he was made editor-in-chief of the *Star*. In 1868 Mr. McCarthy resigned his post on the *Star*, and paid a visit to the United States. His reception was a most cordial one. His pen was eagerly sought for; but, though he wrote a good deal in the *Galaxy* and the *Independent*, he chiefly employed himself in lecturing, and performed the remarkable feat of visiting nearly every city in the Union. On his return to England he was offered an engagement as leader writer on the *Daily News*. Mr. McCarthy has had a sufficiently active life as a journalist; but he has found time besides to write a number of works which have made his name familiar throughout the world. His first novel, "The Waterdale Neighbors," was published in 1867. To this have succeeded "My Enemy's Daughter" (1869), "Lady Judith" (1871), "A Fair Saxon" (1873), "Linley Rochford" (1874), "Dear Lady Disdain" (1875), "Miss

Misanthrope" (1877), and "Donna Quixote" (1880), "The Right Honourable: A Romance of Society and Politics," by Justin McCarthy, M. P., and Mrs. Campbell-Praed. The qualities which distinguish all those works are a graceful, elegant, transparent style; keen insight into character, and a satire which, though it can occasionally be sharp, is never absolutely cruel. Mr. McCarthy's most successful work is "A History of Our Own Times," considered a model of what contemporaneous history ought to be, and which has passed through several editions, both here and in England.

Mr. McCarthy was first elected to parliament in 1879, when he was returned unopposed for Longford County. At the general elections of 1880, 1885, and 1886, he was elected unopposed for the same county. Besides being chosen for Longford, he was a candidate for Derry at the two elections of 1885 and 1886. On the last occasion, a few months ago, the contest was a very close one. The Loyalist candidate, C. E. Lewis, was counted in by a bare majority of three. A petition has been lodged against the return of Lewis, on the ground that several of the votes recorded for him were the votes of minors; also that votes were given for Lewis in the names of men known to be dead. The general opinion is, that the trial of the petition will result in a judgment against Lewis, in which case Mr. McCarthy would be declared duly elected, or a new election would be ordered. Should Mr. McCarthy be declared the member for Derry, or in the event of his return at a new election, he will vacate his seat for Longford, which, of course, will be at once filled by a Nationalist.

In 1855 Mr. McCarthy married Miss Allman, a member of a well-known Irish family, who died some years ago, leaving one daughter and a son, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, M. P. for Newry, who has been following so splendidly in his father's footsteps. To her encouragement and energy Mr. McCarthy ascribes no small measure of his literary success. His advent into Irish politics speaks highly of the opinion he entertained of the Irish leader, as well as for his own foresight. Prior to 1878 he had appreciated that the hour had come for Ireland's legislative independence, but he wanted the man. In Butt or Shaw he could not recognize that man, but in Parnell he saw the leader his ideal fancy had pictured, and he at once resolved to follow him, through thick and thin, until victory crowned their efforts. From the time when he was one of seven in the lobby, against four or five hundred, his allegiance never wavered, and he never evaded his turn during the "all night sittings." Mr. Parnell himself paid a striking compliment to him in his account of how, eight years ago, he first met Mr. McCarthy at a small Irish meeting at the Westminster Palace Hotel, at a turning-point in Irish politics, and in a season of great discouragement, when the question was, "How best to help our country." "We put Justin McCarthy in the chair," said the Irish leader, "because he was not a politician in the ordinary sense, but a cool, calm thinker. I remember how he gave encouragement to our small ranks. I was not mistaken in recognizing in his language that day, nor since, his truth and sincerity. He had the belief, he had the high literary and social position. These he bravely risked; indeed for a time he was boycotted. Boy-

cotting did not originate in Ireland, but in London society. He then joined us as a Member of Parliament for Longford; and he has since taken a great part in our work — indeed, so much so that he is tired of being in an English Parliament and wishes to become a member of a Dublin one. For eight years he has been one against whose honesty and ability no man can utter a syllable. Ah! what triumphs those eight years have brought him! He is literally and distinctly an Irishman, and he is a most true exponent of home rule and our nationality.

Undoubtedly Mr. McCarthy is one of the cleverest men of our times, and he will receive a royal welcome at the hands of his admiring fellow-countrymen and our citizens generally during his visit to the United States and the Dominion of Canada.

Mr. McCarthy's Mission to America.

At a banquet given in his honor in Liverpool by the Young Ireland Society of that town a few days before his departure for America, Mr. McCarthy spoke as follows on his mission to the United States: —

"I am going to the United States, but not upon any political mission. I had heard, however, that educated Americans did not believe in home rule. I shall try to find them out, and on my return be able to give a list of them in a very small compass. No one knows more than I do how much the cause owes to the patriotism and devotion of the sons of Ireland in all parts of the world, and especially in the States, a feeling engendered by the conviction that our cause is the cause of civilization, enlightenment, progress, and humanity, and that it could not, under God's providence, possibly fail of success."

Mr. McCarthy's observation about the feeling of educated Americans as to home rule refers to the ridiculous statement made some time ago by Matthew Arnold, an Englishman who visited America lately, that he found educated Americans "of weight" not favoring the Irish National demand.

Gladstone or Lord Randolph.

The members of the New York municipal council of the Irish National League presented a beautifully illumined address of welcome to Justin McCarthy at the Hoffman House. It was inscribed on vellum, and was surmounted by a representation of the old Irish House of Parliament. The address refers in complimentary terms to Mr. McCarthy's patriotic services in Ireland's cause, and his zeal for her suffering people; also to his achievements in literary work. In his reply, Mr. McCarthy, after thanking them for their memorial, alluded to the work of the Irish parliamentary party, and said it was grateful for the sympathy and aid of the Irish-Americans who had assisted their brothers on the other side of the water more than their own brothers had aided them. They must not count the result of the division in Mr. Gladstone's home rule measure as a defeat, but rather think of it as a decided victory, seeing the great increase to their ranks in so few years. They were not far from gaining their end. He did not know if Mr. Gladstone would give it to them or not. At all events, they would

have him with them, and if he was unable to bring it about then, he thought Lord Randolph Churchill would be their champion, and in that case he would carry the House of Lords with him.

McCarthy's Address at the Academy of Music.

A great audience filled the Academy of Music, New York, on the evening of the 4th of October, to hear Justin McCarthy's address for the benefit of the Charleston earthquake sufferers. Among those on the platform were: Henry George, General Sickles, Patrick Ford, ex-Postmaster James, Levi P. Morton and a number of Catholic clergymen. Mayor Grace introduced the speaker, who was received with great applause. Mr. McCarthy introduced his topic by alluding to the sufferers of the Charleston convulsion, and then talked of Ireland and its people.

He asked if the Irish people were different from other nations in asking for what was justly due them — their rights. All they asked, he said, was that the Irish, within their own seas, should govern their national affairs. These demands they had been making century after century in vain, and it could not be said that they had ever allowed their claims to lapse, for they had worked with energy, and repeated them again and again, and would continue their agitation until they obtained their just demands.

He alluded to the statements that Irishmen were incapable of self-government, and mentioned New York as an example of their ability. He was sure that they had not shown themselves deficient in the government of Australia, and said that the Irish contingent in Parliament had made their mark. He referred to the rapid increase of Parnell's followers since 1878, and mentioned briefly their successful fight against coercive measures.

The speaker then talked of Lord Hartington's opposition to the Irish cause, saying that he did not believe he had carried many members of Parliament with him. He said that Mr. Chamberlain had been inconsistent in his policy, saying that he had compared the government of Ireland to that of Russia in Poland, and then came a change of his views. He was over anxious for the leadership of the Liberal party.

The lecturer spoke of Lord Churchill as being very clever but full of tricks. He had, like a monkey, jumped from branch to branch of the political tree; but, said the speaker, if he can aid Lord Carnarvon to educate the brightest Tories up to the level of home rule, Churchill would be their ally again, and there was every probability that he would have the honor of giving them what they desired.

He, however, preferred that it should come from Gladstone; but from whichever side it came, they would gladly receive it. In that national Irish parliament there would be no class nor sect. They would want every Irishman to help, be he Ulster Orangeman or not, to recognize the fact that Ireland was their country as well as that of the home rulers. He believed in the near coming of home rule, and he believed that home rule, once secured, would make of Ireland what she never was allowed to be in the past — one great nation composed of different classes or different sects, but of various groups of men having only one common object at heart — the welfare and progress of their country.

McCarthy in Boston.

The distinguished gentleman arrived in Boston on the 9th of October, and lectured at the Boston Theatre on the evening of the 10th to an immense audience, filling the large building in all its parts. The lecturer was introduced by Mayor O'Brien in some complimentary remarks. After which Mr. McCarthy addressed the audience for upwards of an hour. He was cheered by the audience, the ladies participating by the waving of handkerchiefs.

On Monday evening a banquet was given Mr. McCarthy at the Parker House, at which Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly presided. It was decidedly one of the best occasions held in Boston for many years. Mr. McCarthy was the only invited guest. His address was replete with bursts of eloquence. The speeches on the occasion were of a high order of merit. Mr. McCarthy is lecturing most every evening. He has engagements to last all winter and spring.

Five Hundred Thousand Women.

Gladstone's Arraignment of Ireland's Foes — A Deputation of Ladies Received by the Ex-Premier.

LONDON, October 4. — Mr. Gladstone and his wife to-day received Mrs. T. D. Sullivan, wife of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and the deputation of Irish ladies appointed to present the ex-premier with a mammoth petition in favor of home rule. Hawarden castle presented an animated appearance, and the scene was full of interest. Prominent visitors from all parts of the country were present, and they seemed as much charmed with the picturesque grounds surrounding the castle as with Mr. Gladstone's noble speech.

September 21 had been appointed as the date of the reception ; but it had to be postponed because of the serious illness of Mrs. Henry Drew, Mr. Gladstone's daughter, who is now almost recovered.

Accompanying the deputation of Irish ladies were deputations representing the municipal councils of Cork, Limerick, Waterford, and Clonmel.

Hawarden was perfectly alive with visitors who were accorded the freedom of the lawn during the formal ceremony. Mr. Gladstone, Mrs. Gladstone, and all their children, met the deputation as they entered the grounds and conducted them into the library.

When Mr. Gladstone, with his family, emerged from the house to receive the deputations he was greated with hearty and prolonged cheering by the multitude of visitors on the grounds. Arrived in the library, Mrs. Sullivan read the address of the Irish women.

The Mayor of Cork, the Mayor of Limerick, the Mayor of Waterford and the Mayor of Clonmel then presented Mr. Gladstone with the freedom of their respective cities, and thanked him for his chiv-

alrous and splendid efforts to restore Ireland's parliament, expressing the hope that he would soon visit Ireland to receive from the Irish people, at their homes, the thanks they all felt towards him.

Mr. Gladstone's Speech.

When Mr. Gladstone replied his voice was somewhat husky. He said he believed that the deputations and the Nationalist members of the House of Commons truly represented the Irish as a people.

"At my age, however," Mr. Gladstone said in reference to the request that he visit Ireland, "the question of visiting Ireland is beset with uncertainties. Whatever may be my condition, whether of bodily presence or absence from among them, the Irish people will always largely share my interest and my affection."

Mr. Gladstone added that he must deny the statement that he had renounced his former attitude by supporting the proposal to restore the Irish parliament. He said also that he was thankful for the share he took in passing such Irish measures as had been made laws during his public career. He continued: "The whole character of the Irish controversy has altered. We do not now contemplate the dreadful alternatives our fathers faced a century ago, nor the alternative Wellington faced when he said he proposed Catholic emancipation as the alternative to civil war. It was necessary that the late government's Irish proposals should have been put forward in accord with the desires of the Irish nation and also to make it clear that the proposals stood within the limits of imperial honor, safety and welfare. These aims were completely attained, and they have been sustained by the singular mildness and temperance of expression which have so far characterized the conduct of Irishmen at every stage of the agitation till now. (Cheers.)

"The cause represented by these honorable deputations is the cause of order, of peace, of loyalty. It is the hope of conducting to the settlement of this great question which has helped me in my present position in political affairs. I am quite prepared to withdraw from public life, if I could believe that it were better for Ireland; but I am unable to arrive at this conclusion.

There is a Stain upon England.

"England's interest is as much involved as Ireland. On the lowest grounds of civil and military economy it is England's interest to change in some way the present civil government in Ireland — which costs the British taxpayer yearly sixteen shillings per head of the population — while the civil government in England and Scotland costs yearly but eight shillings per head of the population.

"On far higher grounds England ought to concede Ireland's request. England's character is concerned. There is a stain upon England in respect to her relations toward Ireland. I deny that the term separation, which our opponents unscrupulously use to describe the meaning of the late government's proposals, is correctly applied in the case. The promoters of the bill never thought of separation. We courted a careful comparison of Grattan's Parliament with the parliament the bill proposed. The sphere within which Ireland desires free action, which is especially the sphere of local government, would have been attained under our bill better far than it was possessed under the Grattan Parliament.

"The present government encourages Irish land occupiers to believe that the judicial rents will be reduced. That is embodied in the appointment of the present land commission; also in the Marquis of Salisbury's speech at the commencement of the parliamentary session, in what he said concerning judicial rents. I do not accept his statement to any great extent regarding the legislation which he said his government proposed for the next session. I reserve judgment also on the wonderful encyclopedia delivered on Saturday by Lord Randolph Churchill, whose performances are less known than his promises.

"I am unable to gather from either of these statements a declaration of fresh concessions. I do not wish to close the possibility for a future *modus vivendi*, but I am unable to gather that anything remains to be done in that direction. It would still be wise to reconsider the pecuniary terms the late government's bill proposed. Full justice to Ireland requires careful investigation of her financial history before we reach a conclusion as to what should be accorded her.

"I hope that Ireland's triumph will come with promptitude, with cheerfulness, and with joy; and I hope that there will be no intervening period of gloom."

The Montgomery Light Guard Celebration.

THE uniformed veteran corps of the Montgomery Light Guard celebrated the twenty-second anniversary of the company on the 4th of October. Interest was added to the day's celebration by the fact that the veterans, for the first time, turned out in a new and handsome uniform. Headed by the Cadet band and escorted by Company E, Ninth Infantry, Captain Ford commanding, the veterans, numbering over fifty uniformed and as many more ununiformed members, commanded by Captain Thomas F. Doherty, Lieutenants M. H. Enwright and William A. Collins, marched through the principal streets to the Common. As the commands passed the City Hall they were reviewed by the Mayor. After reaching the Common a short rest was had, and then the line was formed and a dress parade, witnessed by a host of spectators, took place. A short march to the armory closed the outdoor celebration.

After the work of the day the members assembled at 6 o'clock in John A. Andrew Hall to partake of the annual banquet. The hall was decorated with flags and bunting, and the word "welcome" in rear of the commander's chair. Plates were laid for two hundred and fifty persons, and they were all filled. At the head table were seated Captain Doherty, His Honor Mayor O'Brien, Hon. P. A. Collins, Department Commander Tobin, General M. T. Donahoe, Sheriff O'Brien, Major MacNamara, Patrick Donahoe, Thomas B. Fitz, Captain Timothy Hurley, Majors Bogan and Grady of the Ninth; Captain Ford, Company E, Ninth; Roger Scannell, Quartermaster Nugent, Ninth, and others.

After the supper Captain Doherty called the meeting to order and after a cordial welcome to all introduced the Mayor, who was received with six hearty cheers and loud applause. His honor paid a tribute to the corps, and also to Captain Hurley, saying: "If local self-government prevailed we might advance him a little higher."

Patrick Donahoe was next called on as the man who fifty years ago received General Jackson in this city. He responded by singing a song of the Irish Brigade in the service of France.

Hon. P. A. Collins was next called on and given a rousing reception. In his remarks to the toast "the United States," he said: "This is the country for a free man to live in, and the only one a man can live in free. There are republics, and there have been republics, but this is the only one where there is a semblance of self-government. France is nowhere to be compared with ours. This government was founded on the principles of the old Massachusetts town meeting, the purest democracy ever known, and there is no spot on this planet so good to live in as this good old city with Hugh O'Brien as Mayor. There was a time when we could not be trusted; but now the merchants and business men are satisfied that O'Brien is one of the best mayors we have ever had. But we must be tolerant of each other's opinions,

and so act to do the greatest good for the greatest number. The masses are better than the individual, and we are better men and better citizens when the foundation of our public affairs is laid upon morality, integrity, and justice to every man. As we have fought and conquered injustice, let us be just and charitable toward each other."

Lieutenant Kelly of the Meagher Guards of Providence, R. I., being called upon, made a brief speech of thanks, and hastened to catch a train for home.

Other speeches were made in reference to toasts by Commander Richard F. Tobin of the Grand Army, Chaplain Lee of the Ninth Regiment, President Jenkins of the Common Council, Major D. J. MacNamara, General Michael Donohoe, Sheriff O'Brien, Major P. J. Grady, Ninth Regiment; Richard Healy of Worcester, Mark McIntyre of New Bedford, Captain Ford of the active company, Lieutenant Conway of the Twenty-eighth "Faugh-a-ballagh" Regiment. Captain Timothy A. Hurley, Roger Scannell, and Comrade George H. Patch. The press was responded to by Colonel George H. Eland of the *Post*, and William Lockwood of the *Herald*. Mr. Martin Hurley gave, in an effective manner, a recitation called "An Incident of '98." Capt. J. M. Dowling rendered the "Bold Soldier Boy," in his usual happy style.

Quartermaster Nugent of the Ninth sang in a capital manner "The Old Leather Breeches." The occasion was one of great enthusiasm, and one that reflects great credit on the faithful work of the committee, and adds to the reputation of the command.

Irish Landlords in Exile.

A CORRESPONDENT to the *Dublin Freeman* from Lausanne, Switzerland, says: The Irish colony here is principally, if not exclusively, composed of Irish landlords or Irish ex-landlords and their families. They are for the most part in rather straitened circumstances, and live here, where board and lodgings are cheaper than in the British Isles, because they can no longer afford to dawdle away their existence in the luxury of perfumed salons, or loll in carriages at home. I am assured that there are Irish ex-landlords passing rich on three franks a day in third-class boarding-houses in Lausanne and Geneva. There is a certain Ulster Lord residing temporarily here with his lady and a small family of thirteen children, mostly girls, who has had to struggle against adverse circumstances since the Land Commission lowered his rentals. The same may be said of another Hibernian who is married to a Swiss lady and resides in Berne. He owns some property in Ireland; but has been an absentee for so many years, and has heard so many heart-rending, hair-stand-on-an-end narratives of the sufferings of his class in that unfortunate island, that he is resolved, never again to "visit the glimpse" of Erin. I have also discovered that there are a few Irish ladies resident here who are married to scions of the old Swiss nobility having exchanged their Irish estates as dowries in return for blue-blooded husbands and parchment titles.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

MOTHER AND SON.

HUNGRY and tired and worn,
Just the age of my Willie,
Dirty and tattered and torn —
Ah, well, I am growing silly!
What does it matter to me
If a beggar boy be weary?
I am craving hopelessly
For the face of my own, own dearie.

Come in, poor boy, and sit down.
Where are thy father and mother?
Dead! and thou'st walked from town,
Begging from one and another;
Hoping for work and bread,
With feet all blistered and bleeding;
And so thy mother is dead,
Thy troubles no longer heeding!

She is not thinking of thee,
Happy herself in heaven —
Just so coldly from me
He went, my boy of eleven.
Spite of my cries and tears,
Spite of my grief and madness,
All through these cruel years
Silent is he in his gladness.

What? — in their glory there
Thou think'st that they still may love us?
We are not shut out from their care
By the bright blue sky above us?
God bless thee, boy, for thy faith,
God bless thee for thy pity;
To make me at peace with death
Thou hast walked a long way from the city!

See, hidden away in a drawer,
Here is my darling's clothing;
When he could wear it no more,
I put it aside in loathing.
Yet oft in a tender dream,
But half in my woe believing,
I have wept o'er each fold and seam
In a frenzy of loving and grieving.

But thou shalt wear them now;
Thou shalt travel and weep no longer,
And the smile on thy youthful brow
Shall make me better and stronger;
And, looking down on me,
Mayhap, thy mother in heaven
Will turn, for dear sake of thee,
And love him, my boy of eleven!

ROSA MULHOLLAND in Vagrant Verses.

THE BOY.— Give him tools, and let him find out for himself whether he has got any mechanical taste or not. Do not discourage him, as parents are apt to do, by saying: "Oh, it is no use for you to try to do anything with tools. I never had any taste that way, and, of course, you have not." If a boy finds he can make a few articles with his hand, it tends to make him rely on himself. And the planning that is necessary for the execution of the work is a discipline and an education of great value to him. The future welfare and happiness of the boy depends on the surroundings of his youth When he arrives at that period in his life when he is obliged to chose what profession or what line of business to follow, it is highly important that he should take no false step.

"DE PROFUNDIS."

A Story for the Month of the Holy Souls.

"Now, verily, I believe the autumn has already followed the summer, mother," said Gerald Osmond, as he rushed, without ceremony, into the morning-room where his mother was seated at her desk.

"Well, that is not unusual, my dear, is it?" was Mrs. Osmond's quiet reply.

"Oh, of course not, mother; but that does not make it more pleasant," returned Gerald. "To lose the summer was bad enough, but now to think that the autumn also has gone, and the dreary winter is upon us, is *too* disheartening, you know, mother," and the boy threw himself into a chair as Mrs. Osmond laughingly remarked, "If I did not know you so well, Gerald, I might be tempted to believe that you would never be happy again, because the seasons take their accustomed course; but well I know that on the very first appearance of frost, summer and autumn will both be forgotten, and you will be examining every pool and lake to try their sustaining powers. Oh, Gerald, Gerald, what an inconstant heart!"

"Not inconstant, mother, but faithful to the opinion of the poet, who holds that what *is* is best," laughed Gerald, now completely consoled; "and that reminds me, mother, I do wish, as the winter has thus chosen to surprise us, it would hurry itself on a bit, and give us the ice and the snow. It is only this uncertain, threatening sort of weather that I find fault with."

"*I* like November," said Agnes, Gerald's sister, who had not before spoken, "because it is the only month of the year during which I go to Mass every, every morning."

"What do you mean by that phrase, every, every, Aggie? Perhaps if we solved the riddle, mother-mine, we should reduce it to that rule which causes a double negative to become an affirmative, and so find that her ladyship does not go to week-day Mass at all during November."

Mrs. Osmond smiled, while her daughter without hesitation replied. "However you may analyze my sentence, Gerald, its meaning remains the same. You see, mamma, I must explain myself more clearly, boys *are* so thick-headed. Well, Gerald, this is what I mean: Sometimes, in the summer and autumn months, when the clock strikes six, I feel tired, or hot, or sleepy, or,—or something, and I cannot make up my mind to set out on that long walk before breakfast; but during November, I feel none of these things; something impels me to rise promptly, dress and hurry off. I could not bear to have some poor soul disappointed of the Mass, which is, perhaps, to release it from its prison."

Mrs. Osmond had been unusually impressed by the early death of her husband, which had occurred suddenly, at a time when his worldly prospects were most promising, and when friends were prophesying for him an ascent to the summit of success. As he was a rising barrister,

these prophecies were very likely to be fulfilled in his regard, and Mr. Osmond anticipating his prosperity, had just purchased a large house and made some important changes in his domestic affairs, when, almost without warning, he was called out of life. It was no wonder the awful event filled with sorrow and desolation the hitherto happy household, and completely overwhelmed the poor widow. For some days so utter was her mental, as well as her bodily prostration, that the friends of the family were alarmed, and began to fear that the two little children would soon be doubly orphaned. But sight of her smiling unconscious babes had the hoped-for effect of arousing Mrs. Osmond from the lethargy into which her husband's loss had plunged her. She listened to the voice of those around her, and the mother's love triumphed over mere natural weakness. By a strong effort, she threw off the torpor which seemed to have warped her energy, and clasping the children in her arms, she wept long and freely. From that time forth Mrs. Osmond cherished a most practical devotion for the souls in purgatory, and made it the business of her life to train her children according to her own pious ideas in this respect. They were taught both by precept and example to practise a great charity towards these "poor prisoners of the King," to hear Mass frequently for their benefit, and even to cause the Holy Sacrifice to be celebrated from time to time, especially on the first Monday of each month for the relief of the suffering souls. For this purpose, the pious mother accustomed her children to deprive themselves of some pleasure, or gratification, an article of dress, a toy or book, as the case might be, and to present the money thus saved as an *honorarium* for the soul in the greatest need.

To Agnes such sacrifices caused no difficulty whatever, for, as she herself humorously observed, her privation became a gratification. The thought that by helping the poor souls for whom the sacred heart was so eagerly yearning, she, a little girl, was enabled to confer a favor upon God Himself, made her generous heart thrill with joy to its inmost depths. With Gerald, however, this was not the case. A boy's nature is not so easily moulded as that of a girl, and Gerald had many uses, indeed, for his pocket-money, besides spending it so "very piously," as was his customary and favorite remark. Nevertheless, the boy did his part ungrudgingly, and very cheerfully, too, when his monthly allowance was whole and complete in his purse. It was only after some eight days, when his small fortune was quickly growing "beautifully less" that Gerald made any show of unwillingness as to further encroachments being made on his store, and averred that he would prefer being deprived of "that new cricket cap" or "the racket, or, in fact, anything," Gerald would continue, "rather than of the little bit of money I have left."

At this juncture, Agnes would usually cast a hasty glance at her brother's face, and then at that of their mother, and then Gerald would magnanimously offer to give whatever *silver* Agnes should find, at the same time extending to her a very plethoric purse indeed, judged, at least, by its bulk. Eagerly would Agnes search through numerous coppers of every denomination, but no silver would repay her for her

trouble. Then would Gerald grow serious, and twining his arms around his mother, assure her that he really meant "to do without the racket and the cap, though all the fellows have got new ones, real beauties, mother," the boy would remark, "and you can make use of the money they would cost, that will be all the same, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that I am not a hard miser after all. Am I now, little mother?"

Could the mother refuse the word of approval, and the fond caress which her boy's loving heart demanded? She always accepted his proposal, and reserved the money for the purpose so dear to her. Mrs. Osmond thus sought and found consolation in the exercise of a devotion which evinced, at the same time, the most zealous charity on behalf of that precious soul, which had been so hastily summoned before the judgment seat, and sowed in her children's hearts the germs of a pious compassion, which was to bear rich fruit both in time and in eternity. Thus happily life passed until Gerald had attained the age of eighteen.

His sister being two years his junior, naturally looked up to him as one upon whom she could rely in every circumstance, and his reliance on the one side, and protective assuring affection on the other were a source of much comfort to the widowed mother, especially when the blow fell which shattered that frail structure called human happiness, and caused the Osmonds to feel indeed that they had not here a "*lasting city.*"

One morning the news of a bank having stopped payment flew like a lightning flash through the city, bringing misery to numberless happy homes, withering the hearts and hopes of responsible men, and dashing from their lips the cup of prosperity which some had only just grasped after years of labor and self-denial.

It is a daily occurrence, creating a sensation this hour and entirely forgotten on the morrow by all but those whose worldly prospects are buried in the ruins of the fallen structure. Some well known and apparently solvent concern suddenly becomes bankrupt; and who can tell the heart-burnings and despair caused to many a world-weary toiler who may henceforth plod all alone and uncared for till life's journey will be ended?

Such is the value of earthly riches in the eyes of man that he forgets in his shortsightedness that He, the giver of all things, chose poverty and sorrow when joy was set before him!

In this case the Osmonds shared the general ruin. All was lost; irretrievably lost; and the widowed mother looked on her children in mute despair. . . .

At first some hope was held out that, in technical phraseology, "things could be made straight"; but as day after day passed by, and affairs became more complicated, it was arranged that instead of the shareholders being indemnified, it was necessary that they should meet a "call"; and this arrangement extinguished Mrs. Osmond's last hope of tiding over the catastrophe.

To comply with this ruinous demand, it was necessary that the Osmonds should leave the cherished home which had so long sheltered

them — the last proof of love given by him whose incessant thought and solicitude was for the greater comfort of those for whom he so cheerfully labored, and this severance seemed to be the last drop which filled Mrs. Osmond's cup to overflowing.

For months the little family struggled on, first depriving themselves of this small comfort, then of that, then of one article of luxury, then of another; at length, the anxiety told on Mrs. Osmond's delicate frame, and she became seriously ill.

Again and again her strong will to be up and doing for her children's sake, enabled her to ward off the fatal termination which was so often expected by those who witnessed her violent and painful attacks. She would, indeed, rally for a time, and the few friends she had left — for Mrs. Osmond had been made to feel most keenly the truth, "that the poor make no *new* friends" — went on hoping that she would in time conquer the malady, and rouse herself to action; but, alas! being necessarily deprived of those comforts and remedies to which she was so accustomed, she could no longer rally, and it was in the midst of the decay of nature, the beautiful melancholy autumn, that the dread death summons came.

The wind wailed for very sorrow, as it were, through the naked boughs, the sky had that sodden look which it sometimes puts on when the autumn is unusually bleak.

Agnes and Gerald had remained indoors during the morning; indeed, they seldom left their mother's side, and while she appeared to sleep, they built for themselves, poor young things, fanciful castles in the air.

"You see I am getting to be quite a man now, Aggie," Gerald said, in a whisper, "and shall, of course, easily get something to do, once we get settled a bit. It was just as well, you see, that I did not go back to school last term."

Agnes knew and felt that he could not have returned, but she, too, felt hopeful, and was quite ready to endorse all that Gerald said.

The weak voice of their mother brought them quickly to her side.

"Children," she said anxiously, "I do not hear your voices. I hope there are no tears."

"Tears! no, mother, dear, why should we shed them?" returned Gerald, softly. "We were whispering our plans into each other's ears, lest we might disturb you, and now you must hurry and get well, until you are quite able to enter into all our schemes of work and help us out with them."

"We want a prompter, you know, little mother, and we *can't* do without you."

"I see, my darlings," responded the mother in a changed voice; "but you must learn to depend on a stronger power than mine, and place all your confidence in Him who has said, 'Though father and mother forsake thee, yet will not I forsake thee.'"

"But, darling mother, you are not going to forsake us," said Agnes, soothingly. After a painful pause, the invalid feebly continued:

"Children, I want you to do me a favor."

"A *favor* for *you*, mother?" they said reproachfully.

"Yes, my darlings, because I know you would prefer remaining with me; but you both look quite pale from confinement to the house, so you cannot do better than pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and remind our dear Lord of the poor suffering souls, for whom we can now do so little. On your way you may call to the presbytery and say that I should like to see Father Alwin at his convenience."

Did the mother know that the end was so near, or was the truth mercifully hidden from her, that she might be spared the sorrow of beholding with her own eyes the hearts of her children rent by this cruel bereavement? He alone, the Searcher of all hearts, can tell!

Gerald and Agnes walked slowly all the way talking over their plans for the future. How happy they were going to be! What comforts were they not about to provide for their invalid mother! One would think, indeed, that they had but to hold out their hands and allow the good things of earth to be placed within their grasp. Yet they did not intend to act as mendicants in the overflowing, generous republic where they intended to cast their lot.

"Oh, no, I shall work," Gerald said proudly; "neither shall any menial occupation sully our father's name. You see, Aggie, I have not yet quite decided the exact position I shall take. You know I have a certificate for metaphysics, and I was the only one in my class who won a prize for logic last term, and —"

"Yes, of course, dear Gerald, and I can paint so well, you know," Agnes eagerly interrupted. "Madame Danelle seemed to think there would be no difficulty in procuring the sale of my miniatures."

"Of course not," Gerald decisively replied, and then they were silent, for the presbytery was reached, and they entered and saw Father Alwin, who spoke kindly and cheerfully to them, recommending them to get all the fresh air they could, promising them to visit their mother at once, and remain with her until their return, on condition that they would prolong their walk and set aside all anxiety for the time being.

Thus in deference to the repeated wish, the brother and sister continued their walk, and owing to the absorbing character of the conversation, which engrossed their attention, they prolonged it much farther than they had intended on setting out. Yet their absence was brief, but, brief as it was, during it a great change was effected in their lowly home.

Alas, alas! When they returned, Father Alwin still remained, but his face wore a different expression, indeed, to that which it had when they had parted from him one short hour before. The good priest had faithfully kept his watch, though now, indeed, to meet the eager glance of the poor orphans, there remained but the worn, inanimate frame of the brave and loving mother who, for their sakes only, had striven with sorrow, privation, and death itself.

Mrs. Osmond's soul had winged its way from earth, and stood already before its Judge! She had gone to receive her reward. She had entered into her eternal rest!

WISHING, of all employments, is the worst.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

WHILE in the harbor of Valparaiso, aboard the sloop-of-war *Virago*, one of our midshipmen touched me on the shoulder and informed me that Lieutenant Bardolph wanted to see me.

"I have heard that you were something of a naturalist, Starbuck," said the officer, smiling.

"No, sir," I replied, "no naturalist, although I take interest in——"

"Oh, well, never mind," quoth the lieutenant. "You have seen our diving-bell?"

I answered yes, when the lieutenant informed me that he wanted me to go down under the sea with our boatswain, Randolph, formerly a pearl-diver, to look for a curious fish which, on the day previous, had been pierced and killed with a pike. In form, the fish resembled a serpent, was about thirty inches in length, and had upon both sides of its neck a pair of singular appendages, something like wings. Its most striking peculiarity, however, was one eye, of a greenish color, situated on the top of its head. On being struck with the pike the creature had rolled over, apparantly dying, and then dived out of sight.

"I think," continued the lieutenant, "that such a curiosity is worth obtaining, and I have picked you out to go with Randolph, believing that you are interested in natural history. Besides, I will pay you a guinea if you will go."

I bowed acquiescence, and went away to make preparations. The diving-bell was soon on deck, ready to be hoisted and swung over the side. The instrument was a little damaged, but neither Randolph nor I anticipated danger. We were presently in our places, singing out "All right!" when the bell began to descend.

Down, down, down — lower and lower. We glanced around us on all sides, but as yet saw nothing of the strange fish. Curious-looking specimens of the finny tribe, however, greeted us in many directions.

Now we hung suspended in mid-sea. The air had become somewhat impure, so we opened the stop cock and let it out, feeling a moment after a fresh supply sent down to us through the India-rubber pipe or hose secured into the top of the bell. Randolph was about touching the signal cord to intimate our desire to be lowered still further, when we felt a sudden jerk, felt the bell going down faster than we had anticipated, and to our horror, realized that the rope by which the instrument was suspended had parted from the hook to which it was attached.

Away went the pipe at the same moment, and we only saved ourselves from instant destruction by stopping up the aperture thus left in the top with a handkerchief. Otherwise, the water beneath, no longer meeting the resistance of the air, that element escaping must have filled the bell in a brief space.

We heard the water roaring and gurgling around us as we descended; our descent, however, became each moment slower, until

finally the resistance of the confined air in the bell kept us suspended about two feet above the bottom of the sea.

The air of our floating prison had by this time become almost unbearable, not only from its being densely compressed, but also from long confinement.

Terror-stricken, we glanced at each other. The eyes of Randolph protruded from his head, looked bloodshot and tinged with a strange green color, while his dusky skin seemed to shrink like shrivelled parchment. The most startling change in his appearance was the sudden apparently superannuated look of his visage. A man of fifty, he seemed at least thirty years older.

Presently his teeth began to rattle in his head, his form was bent almost double; he threw his arms around him in agony as if clutching at something.

How horribly useless his pantomime seemed to me! He wanted fresh air — to clutch at air! What a mockery!

"Starbuck!" he presently gasped, "I — I wouldn't know you. You look to be fifty. You and I are dying. God have mercy on us! What shall we do?"

I could only stare at him, stupid with despair. The air in the bell became more and more stifling. The boatswain flew to my side and squeezed me in mad agony, until my bones felt as if they would crack.

"Air, air, air!" he shrieked in my ear.

I endeavored to speak, but only a hoarse rattling in my throat obeyed my will. My brain began to whirl. I gasped hard for breath. A terrible oppression was upon my lungs. The boatswain had now released me. I staggered against the side of our prison; my senses gradually seemed deserting me.

Through one of the glass cases in the instrument, Randolph now pointed out to me a huge shark, which, with red, gloating eyes, peered down upon us, as if anticipating our fate, and considering how it should get at us.

Gradually, however, the eyes of the monster seemed to my confused sight, to my whirling brain, to mingle with the water; to vanish in a dark red, misty cloud, that floated up all around the bell. My head now felt as if it would burst; it sank upon my shoulder. Terribly oppressed, I fell upon my knees, and would have fallen altogether but for the boatswain, who now held me.

"Star — Star — buck, dying!" were the words faintly reverberating upon my brain. Then all began to grow dark around me, and I knew that I was losing consciousness. My name was again shrieked in my ear. With a superhuman effort I half raised myself and looked around me, feeling like one groping in the dark. Bewildered, full of the most agonizing pain, I became aware that something was swaying up and down before my sight — up and down in the red mist cloud mingling with the water. I made another effort — a great effort — to comprehend what it was, this swaying thing, and at last did so; understood that it was a hook attached to the end of a rope, lowered us from the *Virago*, so far above.

"Starbuck!" gasped the boatswain, "stand by to hook it on the nside."

I just managed to hear the words, and they strengthened me with wild hope, although I was still so bewildered that I could scarcely now see the swaying hook. The boatswain's arm was before my eyes. With one powerful blow of his huge fist, dealt with the remains of his great strength, he shivered the lens.

There was a great roaring sound like thunder. It was the upward rushing of the water into the bell as the air escaped. There was no time to lose. I thrust my arm through the aperture and drew in the hook, quickly attaching it to the top of the inside of the instrument. The next moment the water came bubbling over the heads of the boatswain and myself, and that was the last I remembered of what transpired in the bell.

When I recovered my senses I found myself in the steerage, with the ship's doctor bending over me.

"A narrow escape," were his first words.

"Where is Randolph?" I exclaimed.

"Here," answered a feeble voice, and rising, I beheld the boatswain in a bunk under me.

"He had a narrower escape than you had," said the doctor. "The thumb of his right hand was bitten off by a shark, which made a spring for it just as we pulled you into the cutter, after the diving-bell was hauled to the surface."

The shark, I doubted not, was the same one I had seen on the outside of the bell while under water.

"You may both feel very thankful for your safety," continued the doctor; "and, by the way, here is your guinea," putting a gold piece into my hand, and giving another to the boatswain, "which the lieutenant charged me to give you on your recovery."

But Randolph and I thought the guinea a hard-earned one, although we had not succeeded in finding the wonderful fish.

BOYS' BLUNDERS.

A SCHOOLBOY habit of placing upon a question some literal meaning other than intended by the examiner, often leads to answers as curious as unexpected. Thus an inspector, testing a class upon their knowledge of the succession of the kings of Israel, asked the boy whose turn it had come to be questioned:

"And who came after Solomon?"

"The Queen of Sheba, sir," answered the youngster.

Being asked what were the chief ends of a man, another boy replied:

"His head and feet."

A third, questioned as to where Jacob was going when he was ten years old, replied that he "was going on for eleven."

One specially unimaginative juvenile, called upon to say what the Red Sea was famous for, replied:

"Red herrings!"

But perhaps the most startling answer of this kind was that of the boy who, when asked what was meant by an unclean spirit responded:

"A dirty devil, sir,"

To the type of answers here in view belong that of the little girl, daughter of a watchmaker, who, having repeated that she "renounced the devil and all his works," and being asked, "What do you understand by all his works?" answered:

"His insides."

Something akin to this was an answer given by a boy whose father was a strong teetotaler, and upon whom it would appear home influence had made a stronger impression than school lessons.

"Do you know the meaning of syntax?" he was asked.

"Yes," he answered; "sin tax is the duty upon spirits."

As little anticipated, probably, was the answer made to another inspector who asked, "What is a hovel?" and was met with the reply:

"What you live in."

Another peculiarity of the schoolboy mind is to put things negatively. As, for example, a boy was asked to write a short essay on pins by way of an exercise in composition, and produced the following:

"Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women and children — in fact, whole families."

"How so?" asked the puzzled inspector, on reading this.

"Why, by not swallowing them," was the immediate reply.

On the same line was the essay of another schoolboy on the subject of salt, which he described as "The stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put it on."

A BRAVE CAPUCHIN.

A FRENCH officer, who fought in the war between Germany and France in 1870, relates the following incident: "I had fought all day, and as night fell I received a bullet in the shoulder, as well as a wound from the bursting of a shell. The obscurity did not permit my men to see me fall. The earth was saturated with rain, and I lay in a furrow filled with water. Shortly before daylight a flash saluted my eyes, and opening my lids I saw a man, lantern in hand, leaning over me. He was a Capuchin, and was accompanied by two boys. 'My brother, you are wounded,' he said, 'and I will remove you from here before the Prussians return.' Giving the lantern to one of the boys, he raised me in his arms and walked forward. I began to distinguish things, and saw the ground strewn with dead. Posted at a little distance, the Prussians observed the Capuchin bearing away his heavy burden, and at once commenced to fire at him. At the whistling of the balls I feared the priest would be killed, and in a feeble voice begged of him to lay me down and fly from what appeared to be certain death. 'I am sent by God,' he responded; 'and we are all in his hands.'"

Useful Knowledge.

Don't go to bed by an open window. Don't sleep in the same undergarments that are worn during the day. Don't sleep in a room that is not well ventilated. Don't sit or sleep in a draft. Don't lie on the left side too much. Don't lie on the back, to keep from snoring. Don't try to get along with seven or eight hours' sleep out of twenty-four. Don't jump out of bed immediately on awaking in the morning. Don't forget to rub yourself well all over with a crash towel or hands before dressing. Don't forget to take a drink of pure water before breakfast. Don't take long walks when the stomach is entirely empty. Don't start to do a day's work without eating a good breakfast. Don't eat anything but well-cooked and nutritious foods. Don't eat what you don't want just to save it. Don't eat between meals, nor enough to cause uneasiness at meal time. Don't eat the smallest morsel unless hungry, if well. Don't try to keep up on coffee or alcoholic stimulants, when nature is calling you to sleep. Don't stand over hot-air registers. Don't inhale hot air, or fumes of any acids. Don't fill the gash with soot, sugar or anything else to arrest the hemorrhage when you cut yourself, but bring the parts together with strips of adhesive plaster. Don't wear thin hose or light-soled shoes in cold or wet weather. Don't strain your eyes by reading on an empty stomach or when ill. Don't ruin your eyes by reading or sewing at dusk, by a dim light, or flickering candle, or when very tired. Don't sing or "holler" when your throat is sore or you are hoarse. Don't drink ice-water when you are very warm, and never a glassful at a time, but simply sip it slowly. Don't take some other person's medicine because you are similarly afflicted. Don't bathe in less than two hours after eating. Don't eat in less than two hours after bathing. Don't call so frequently on your sick friend as to make your company and conversation a bore. Don't make a practice of relating scandal, or stories calculated to depress the spirits of the sick. Don't forget to cheer and gently amuse invalids when visiting them. Don't call on your sick friend and advise him to take some other medicine, get another doctor, eat more, eat less, sit up or talk him to death before you think of leaving. In walking or other exercises, learn to keep the mouth firmly closed, and to breathe entirely through the nose. You can walk as far again with less fatigue and without getting out of breath, than when you breathe through the mouth. Try it. The best three medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence and repose.

How to Cool a Cellar. — A great mistake is sometimes made in ventilating cellars and milk houses. The object of ventilation is to keep the cellars cool and dry, but this object often fails of being accomplished by a common mistake, and instead the cellar is made both warm and damp. A cool place should never be ventilated, unless the air admitted is cooler than the air within, or is at least as cool as that, or a very little warmer. The warmer the air, the more moisture it holds in suspension. Necessarily, the cooler the air, the more this moisture is condensed and precipitated. When a cool cellar is aired on a warm day, the entering air being in motion appears cool, but as it fill the cellar the cooler air with which it becomes mixed chills it, the moisture is condensed, and dew is deposited on the cold walls, and may often be seen running down them in streams. Then the cellar is damp, and soon becomes mouldy. To avoid this the windows should only be opened at night, and late — the last thing before retiring. There is no need to fear that the night air is unhealthful — it is as pure as the air of midday, and is really drier. The cool air enters the apartment during the night and circulates through it. The windows should be closed before sunrise in the morning, and kept closed and shaded through the day. If the air of the cellar is damp, it may be thoroughly dried by placing in it a peck of fresh lime in an open box. A peck of lime will absorb about seven pounds, or more than three quarts of water, and in this way a cellar or milk-room may soon be dried, even in the hottest weather.

If the wall about the stove has been smoked by the stove, cover the black patches with gum-shellac, and they will not strike through either paint or calcimine.

THE HUMORIST.

A MAN left a bony steed in the street, and coming back a short time afterwards discovered that a funny youth had placed a card against the fleshless ribs, bearing the inscription: "Oats wanted — inquire within."

A STRANGER passing a churchyard and seeing a hearse standing hard by, inquired who was dead. The sexton informed him. "What complaint?" asked the inquisitive one. Said the old man: "There is no complaint; everybody is satisfied."

"SAM, you are not honest. Why did you put all the good peaches on the top of the measure, and the little ones below?"—"Same reason, sah, dat makes the front of your house marble, and the back gate chiefly slop bar'l, sah."

"LOOK here. This piece of meat don't suit me. It's from the back of the animal's neck," said an Austin man to a German butcher. "Mine frien', all dot beef vot I sells is back of dot neck. Dere vos nodding but horns in front of dot neck."

A POLITICAL orator, speaking of a certain general whom he professed to admire, said that on the field of battle he was always found where the bullets were thickest. "Where was that?" asked one of the auditors. "In the ammunition waggon," said another.

A CYNICAL old bachelor, who firmly believes that all women have something to say on all subjects, recently asked a female friend: "Well, madam, what do you hold on this question of female sufferage?" To him the lady responded calmly: "Sir, I hold my tongue."

AN exasperating editor being threatened with a coat of tar and feathers, said in his next issue — "The people in this town may break into somebody's henroost and steal the feathers; but we know that they are too stingy to buy tar."

AN Irish agricultural journal advertises a new washing machine under the heading "Every man his own washerwoman," and in its culinary department says that "potatoes should always be boiled in cold water."

A STUDENT at the University of Texas is much addicted to writing verses. Not long since Gilhooly said to the young man: "You seem to be low-spirited today."—"Yes, and I have good cause for it. I proposed to Miss Fannie Blunker, and she rejected me."—"Did she give any reason," asked Gilhooly. "Yes; she said she would never marry a poet." "Well, perhaps she has never read any of your writings. Send her some of your verses, and that will convince her that her suspicions are unfounded. I can't imagine how the rumor got out that you were a poet."

I'M KILT SOMEWHERE. — A darky who was hit by a spent ball in one of the battles of the late war threw himself on the ground and bawled at the top of his voice. The surgeon, attracted by his clamor, came to his side and after examining him thoroughly could find no wound on him. "What ails you?" said the doctor. He kept on bawling and said between his shouts: "I don't know how or where I am hurt, but I am killed somewhere." This is the case with the army of pension seekers at the present day; with the difference, that these did not begin bawling for twenty-five years after "they were killed somewhere."

HOW SHE TALKED. — A little girl greeted her mother's return from a shopping expedition the other day with the news, "Mrs. A and Mrs. B called while you were gone."—"Did they? I hope you answered 'Quite well, I thank you,' when they asked how you were."—"No, mamma, I don't think I did."—"And didn't you kiss them nicely?" — "No, mamma, I didn't."—"Well (impatiently), what did you do, you ill-mannered little girl? I fear you quite disgraced your poor mother."—"Oh, no, mamma, I did not. I talked to them in the same dressy tone that you use when company comes."

THE grasshopper has, according to its size, 120 times the kicking power of an average man. It must be exciting times for the young grasshoppers which go courting and find the old man at home.

THE LAZIEST THING IN CREATION. — The sea, because it never gets out of its bed.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1886.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

How the Chicago Convention is Regarded in Ireland.

MR. DONAHOE asks me to write a few words as to the manner in which the events of the Chicago Convention are regarded in Ireland, and I do so with much pleasure.

Previous to the opening of the Convention, the remarks of the agents and writers of the anti-Irish English press led the world to anticipate the probable outbreak of feelings antagonistic to, or injurious to the policy which Mr. Parnell and his party have so successfully pursued up to the present. Any such results would have been more harmful to the cause of Ireland than any others which can possibly be imagined; but now, instead of any such conclusions being reported, we have the fact recorded that the happy termination of the deliberations of the convention proves that the policy of the present leader of the Irish people has won the almost unanimous support of the race in whose behalf he labors, and that the last dollar, as well as the last effort, if need be, of the Irish of America shall be given to him in order to carry on to victory the banner he has taken up.

This fact is of importance from two points of view. The strength of the American Irish is the weakness of England in dealing with the Irish question, and therefore the security of Ireland that her rights will be respected, while it is also to be remembered that, no matter how England may act in Ireland, she cannot possibly coerce or control those of the Irish race who dwell in the Republic. This is a point which English statesmen will do well to consider. No matter what effort they may make to coerce the people of our country, there will ever exist, beyond their grasp, careless of their power and fearless in action, many millions of brave, prosperous, and devoted Irishmen who will risk much to save their motherland from harm. These men are the strength of Ireland to-day, and they will be her surest bulwark in the future. England will have to care how she trenches upon feelings which are highly strung with anticipations of the coming of Irish freedom, and which will assuredly resent any attempt to defer indefinitely the restoration to Ireland of her ancient rights.

The American Irish have also to bear in mind that their action means the safety or danger of the men who face the enemy at home. The policy of Mr. Parnell is absolutely certain to secure the ultimate triumph of the cause of Ireland, if her people only remain thoroughly united in sustaining it. Rash words as well as rash actions in Ireland or America are to be condemned; but the expressions and proofs which are daily uttered and given of the complete unity of the scattered Irish race in determination to secure the rights of nationhood for their country are invaluable.

For these reasons, as well as for others, the Chicago Convention, with all its surroundings, was of enormous importance, and will do much to sustain those who, in the old land, may yet have many an arduous day to pass through, and labors and dangers enough to face. The Irish of America can, however, rest satisfied that, secure of their support, and strong by virtue of their sympathy, come weal or woe, come peace or trouble, there will be no faltering before the enemy, and no surrendering of Irish rights by the party which has done more towards securing the full admission of Irish freedom than any amongst all those who labored in the past for the sake of Erin.

Dublin, Sept. 9, 1886. W. F. DENNEHY.

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF VICTORY.—The corner-stone of the Church of Our Lady of Victory, for the French Catholics of Boston, was laid on the afternoon of Sunday, September 12. The Very Rev. Wm. Byrne, V. G., officiated, assisted by Father Audiffred, rector of the church; Father Reisdorf, assistant; Father Barry, of Hyde Park; Father Letterier, of Lyons, France, the Superior of the Marist Order; Father Norris, of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Roxbury; Father Thesieu, Provincial of the Marist Order in the United States; Father Allen and Father Alphonsus. The music was furnished by the cathedral choir. The Rev. R. J. Barry, rector of the Church of the Most Precious Blood, Hyde Park, preached an eloquent sermon in French. Over three thousand people witnessed the ceremonies. The new church will be of brick, 64 by 125 feet. It is expected that the basement will be ready for occupancy by November. It will have a seating capacity of about one thousand. The Marist Fathers have charge of this church. The French population of Boston is considerable, and would fill two or three churches the size of the one in course of erection were they to attend to their religious duties; but if they will not fill the new edifice, there are plenty of good Irish girls who will do so, and help to build the church besides.

ST. FIACRE is not only the patron saint of cab-drivers, his special protection is also claimed by gardeners.

LANDLORDS AND PAYMENT OF RENT. The archbishop of Dublin says that the landlord question is not one of politics nor religion, but purely commercial, and not peculiar to Ireland. He expresses his amazement at the folly of Irish landlords in not eagerly seizing on the offer made them by Mr. Gladstone. It is, of course, quite manifest that one main cause of Mr. Gladstone's defeat at the polls was the unwillingness of Englishmen, whether workingmen or capitalists, to run the risk, as they regarded it, of buying out the Irish landlords. Naturally they were influenced by the unprejudiced statement made a few months ago by the *Times* newspaper, on the high authority of Sir James Caird, that of the 660,000 holdings in Ireland, "the rental of 538,000 is practically irrecoverable by anybody, whether landlord, English Government, or Irish Government." It may be a pleasant thing for the landlords to gloat over, that Mr. Gladstone has been for the time defeated in his projects of Irish legislation. But they cannot long keep their eyes shut to the fact that he has been defeated mainly because he tried to stand between them and financial ruin. They have made their choice. So far, they do not seem to regret it. It remains to be seen what Mr. Chamberlain and his new allies are prepared to do for them. One thing, at all events, is clear, that the Irish people will not again consent to pledge themselves to the terms of a Land Purchase Bill so favorable to the landlords as was Mr. Gladstone's Bill which has now been shelved. We were pledged to the fulfilment of the terms imposed upon us by that bill. I can have no doubt that the national pledge thus given would have been fulfilled at any cost. No such pledge is likely to be given in the future. Indeed, it is plain that no English Ministry can ever again venture to make so generous an offer to the landlords of Ireland; no such pledge, then, will ever again be asked for. His Grace points out the action of Lord Fitzwilliam in granting fifty per cent. reduction of rents; and declares himself a believer in the near approach of home rule to Ireland.

VERY REV. P. A. LUDDEN, Vicar-General of the diocese of Albany, N. Y., has been appointed Bishop of the new see of Syracuse, N. Y., and the Very Rev. Laurence Scanlan, of Salt Lake City, Titular Bishop and Vicar-Apostolic of Utah Territory.

POLITICS.—*Colorado Catholic:* In the interest of good government, Catholics should take an active part in politics. We do not mean that Catholics should vote for candidates who happen to be Catholics, for Catholic politicians, as a rule, are no better than their neighbors. We want to see our people voting for the men who will best administer affairs, irrespective of religion or party. But should there pop up a head that is filled with bigotry and hatred of Catholics, as, for instance, a patriotic son of America, we want to see it hit, and hit hard. This is only following the law of self-preservation, and it is a law for Catholics as well as others.

THE FREE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN PARIS.—From the statistics which have been published respecting the free Catholic schools of the archdiocese of Paris, it is evident that the scholars attending the instruction imparted by the Christian Brothers are rapidly increasing in number. Last year the attendance in the primary schools was 851,593, and that in the maternal schools, 182,500. The present attendance in the primary schools is 877,404, and that in the maternal schools is 195,014. The respective totals are 1,034,093, and 1,072,419; showing an increase of 38,326 for the past year. These figures are a most effective refutation of the statement made by the Minister of Worship and Instruction in Parliament, to the effect that the number of pupils in these institutions were diminishing. They are also an encouragement to continued efforts by those who prefer to make some pecuniary sacrifice rather than allow their own children and those of their poorer neighbors to be brought up without a knowledge of religion.

SPEAK KINDLY.— A single bitter word may disquiet a whole family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest of hours.

BLINDNESS DUE TO DECAYED TEETH. A Swedish surgeon, having as a patient a young girl in whom he was unable to detect the slightest changes in the right eye, but who was completely blind on that side, observing considerable defects in the teeth, sent the patient to a dental surgeon, who found that all the upper and lower molars were completely decayed, and that in many of them the roots were decayed. He extracted the remains of the molars on the right side, and in four days' time the sight of the right eye began to return, and on the eleventh day after the extraction of the teeth, it had become quite normal. The diseased fangs on the other side were subsequently removed, lest they should cause a return of the ophthalmic affection.

A Grand Forthcoming Celebration.

HON. A. P. GORMAN, of Maryland, introduced into the late United States Senate a resolution looking to the "celebration in 1889, at Washington, of the centennial anniversary of the formation of the government under the constitution of the United States, and also of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America in 1892." There is a formulated plan in connection with these proposed celebrations, and its movers have embodied their views in a memorial which the Maryland Senator has had printed in the *Congressional Record.* From the *Record* we learn that the plan of the memorialists embraces "a permanent exposition of the three Americas," viz., North, Central, and South America, to be established at Washington, D.C., and to embrace a State and Territorial building, with equal space for each State and Territory, a grand American museum for the exhibits of the States of the three Americas, a hall for scientific conventions, congresses, etc., an art gallery, a patent building (all American international), zoological garden, and permanent separate buildings for each of our sister foreign American States, where each could in particular display individual resources, etc. It is suggested to inaugurate this permanent exposition at Washington on March 4, 1889, and to crown its completion in 1892 by the unveiling of a colossal statue to Columbus, in which ceremony should unite "the President of the United States, the presidents of the fifteen American sister republics, the emperor of Brazil, the governor-general of Canada, the king of Italy, and the Queen of Spain." Italy in reference to the birthplace of the illustrious discoverer, and Spain as the country under whose flag he discovered America. It is well to remember, however, that Columbus, as late researches, particularly the Abbe

Casanova's, prove, was a native of Calvi, Corsica, and not a Genoese, except in the sense that Corsica in the 15th century (from 14th to 18th) was a possession of Genoa. The family of Columbus, after his birth, emigrated to Genoa.

ONE FOR OUR ORATORS.— A venerable clergyman says that he once attended a meeting at which a man rose and said he intended to speak — that hitherto he had been prevented from speaking in public by his wife, but that she being dead he should speak with freedom. "He did so," added the clergyman, "and it was not long before every one in the audience mourned over the death of that wife as that of a personal friend's."

BROMIDIA. — The *American Medical Journal* says that in the decline of life, when exhausted nature repels the restorative influence of sleep, there is nothing so suitable to induce healthful repose as one half to one teaspoonful of bromidia, at bedtime. It may be taken for years in the same dose, with the same effect and without detriment.

SIR LYON PLAYFAIR, Speaker of the House of Commons during the most trying obstruction period, when the Irish members were expelled, has, nevertheless, to-day, a just comprehension of the Irish question. To a New York reporter he expressed his belief, upon landing here a few days ago, that home rule is simply a question of time and his confidence that it would be an accomplished fact in two years. "It was a very limited home rule that Gladstone asked," he said. "Hungary enjoys as much, and the Hungarians get along happily with Austria now. No people were ever allowed to govern themselves that they did not rise to the responsibility, and the Irish are fully competent to manage their own affairs. They will do it, too, before a great while."

ANARCHIST MADMEN. — An Italian doctor named Lambroso, who has been making a study of the characteristics of anarchists, has set up the theory that all revolutionists and advocates of the distribution of property suffer from disease of the brain. He recalls the fact that in the Paris conspiracy of 1871 four of its chiefs were discovered to be hereditary madmen, while four others had been previously under treatment for insanity. Among the rank and file of the insurgents nearly two thousand were found to be deranged. Dr. Lambroso's conjecture would certainly be a charitable way of accounting for deeds like those of the Chicago anarchists, which are as senseless as they are mischievous.

FALSE RUMORS. — The surest way to shake the confidence of Englishmen (says the *Western Watchman*) in a trusted leader is to start the report that he is about to become a Catholic. Parnell was on the very point of being received into the church a dozen times in as many weeks; and the story of Gladstone's impending conversion has been repeated with such persistence that he has been forced to deny the allegation in a public letter. The preachers originate these silly tales. No man knows how to handle the weapon of falsehood as well as a preacher.

THE Lord Mayor of Dublin being interviewed recently said: "I have no doubt whatever that home rule is absolutely certain. There may be a delay of three or four years, perhaps less, and it may not come in the precise shape of Gladstone's scheme, but I believe the measure will be equally large. Mr. Gladstone will be the hero of it if he lives, sharing the glory of it with Mr. Parnell. May God spare them."

MR. JUSTICE DAY, who, as our readers are aware, is a Catholic, has been appointed President of the Commission to inquire into the origin and progress of the Belfast riots. The name of Mr. Alfred Young, a Catholic barrister on the Oxford circuit, has been added to the list of the Commissioners. The Orangemen will not like this announcement.

THE JESUIT FATHERS at Shanghai have published four new works in Chinese which will constitute a very good acquisition to Catholic Chinese literature. The principal work is in four volumes, and contains the explanations of the Old Testament with illustrations. This and the explanations of the Gospel for every Sunday and festival, give the principal parts of the Holy Scriptures in Chinese with excellent explanatory notes.

THE British Parliament has been prorogued until November 11. It is thought, however, that it will not come together before February.

REV. IMMANUEL W. CASANOVIOZ, professor of Hebrew in the Presbyterian College at Bloomfield, N. J., was received into the church on the 3d inst. The conversion has given rise to no end of comment. As the professor is unmarried, it is thought he will study for the ministry.

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, Natchez, Miss., was consecrated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Janssens, on the 19th of September. Bishop Becker of Savannah preached on the occasion.

No Divorce.

THE Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., has reaffirmed the decree that no public official can pronounce a sentence of divorce where the marriage of the parties has been validly consecrated by the church. The promulgation of this decree at this time is to emphasize, in this age of lax divorce laws, the doctrine which has been laid down by the church for centuries in the matter of divorce. All Catholics understand that if they seek and obtain a divorce under the law, that the church would still hold them to an accountability of conscience, that, having once been married, they could not marry again during the lifetime of either party to the union. This does not apply to parties who have contracted marriage not validly consecrated by the church. By the term validly consecrated is meant marriage that has been contracted under all the conditions exacted by the church. Such a marriage, the church teaches, is a Sacrament, and indissoluble during the lifetime of both parties.

THE LATE REV. EDWARD MURPHY, S. J.— We are indebted to the *Catholic Knight* of Cleveland, Ohio, for the portrait of Father Murphy and to Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., of the *Irish Monthly* for the brief history of the deceased.

THE 10th of October was the anniversary of the birth of the great and good Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance. His memory is in benediction among thousands of those who took the pledge from him and kept it.

"THE hope of France," said Bishop Dupanloup, "is in its mothers." The hope of other countries as well.

BOSTON has done nobly for the sufferers by the earthquake in Charleston. Over $75,000 have been contributed.

IT IS stated that Bishop Keane, of Richmond, Va., has been elected Rector of the new Catholic University by the Board of Trustees.

A NEW THOROUGHFARE has been opened in Dublin, a street running between Dame Street and Christchurch Place, and forming a very important addition and improvement to the city. To construct this street the old steep and abrupt ascent of Cork Hill has been removed, and a free view of the fine old pile of Christ Church Cathedral is now to be had from Dame Street. The street is named Lord Edward Street in memory of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the leader of the revolutionary movement of '98, and not far away from it is the site of the old mansion where the Geraldines lived for years, while almost on a line with it, at some distance, is the house where Lord Edward was captured by Major Sirr, and received his death wounds. The new street may be said to be altogther of home manufacture, for the pavement has been made with sets from Mr. Parnell's quarries in Wicklow, and the cement used has been supplied by the Dublin Portland Cement Company. The thoroughfare was decorated with triumphal arches and banners, and a large assemblage, including the Lord Mayor, Corporation, and a crowd of citizens, witnessed the opening ceremony, while the bells of Christ Church Cathedral rang joyously out overhead. In his speech in reply to the address presented to him, the Lord Mayor expressed his great pleasure at seeing present on the occasion Lord Plunket, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Ryder, Sub-dean of Christ Church Cathedral, and mentioned incidentally that Dublin was to-day honoring the memory of a great Protestant Irish Patriot. Indeed the simple pleasure, genuinely and honestly shown by the Catholic Lord Mayor and his following

at the Protestant good-fellowship shown by the appearance among them of Dr. Plunket, affords a slight instance of the heartiness with which Irish Catholics welcome and will welcome every opportunity of working in harmony, public and private, with their fellow-countrymen who differ from them in religion. On the same day were opened the new swimming baths in connection with the public baths and wash-houses in Tara Street.

"WHAT A FOOL YOU ARE," said a man to Father Burke's mother, "to pay for your son's classical education, when, if you send him to the Queen's College he'll be educated for nothing, and may get a prize of twenty pounds."—"Twenty pounds!" exclaimed Mrs. Burke. "Not for ten thousand pounds would I allow him to cross the threshold of the college referred to. For the lessons I want him to be taught are that he shall know his duty to God, and his duty to me. And there he wouldn't be taught the one or the other."

THE SEA SERPENT is said to have appeared in the Connecticut River in sight of a town called Cromwell. Might it not be old Oliver himself who was popping up his head from the lower regions to have a peep at the town named after him?

AN IRISH SHIP AND AN IRISH CREW.—The British bark, *Lord Templeton*, which has been reported in marine circles as a four-masted ship, arrived at Baltimore lately. The disappointment caused by the *Lord Templeton* not being a four-masted ship, is mollified by the knowledge that she is the largest bark-rigged sailing vessel in the world. She was built at Belfast, Ireland, for the Irish Shipping Company (limited). Messrs. Thomas Dixon & Sons of Corporation Street, Belfast, are the managing owners. The hull is built entirely of steel, as are also the lower masts and topmasts, bowsprit, and jibboon. The standing rigging, brace runners, all fore-and-aft halyards and feet of square sails are of wire rope. The vessel's dimensions are 270 feet long, 40 feet beam, and 23 feet, 8½ inches, depth of hold. She registers 2,093 tons net, and has a cargo capacity of 3,200 tons. The bark brings to this port as the first cargo ever put into her, 2,500 tons of pig iron from Barrow, and 400 tons iron ore from Belfast. The *Lord Templeton* is essentially an Irish ship. She was constructed at an Irish ship-yard by Irish mechanics, and, with one exception, is manned by an Irish crew. She is named after an Irish landlord, who, however, is represented as one who never "evicts," and she is owned by Irish merchants. And last, but not least, from her mainmast head flies the Irish Ship Company's private flag, with a three-leaved shamrock outlined against a field of blue.

REMARKS ON LEGS.—Napoleon the First was bow-legged. Julius Cæsar's legs were very short. The left leg of Alexander the Great was badly out of plumb. The legs of Cicero, the great Roman orator, were ridiculously slender. Demosthenes had peculiar legs, which made his walk shuffling and stumbling. Hannibal, the great Carthagenian general, had enormous heels and was knock-kneed.

Progress and Justice in the Nineteenth Century.

THE Catholics of New Zealand provide, at their own sole expense, an excellent education for their own children. Yet such is the sense of *justice* and *policy* in the New Zealand Legislature that it compels these Catholics, after having manfully provided for their own children, to contribute largely towards the free and godless education of other people's children! This is tyranny, oppression, and plunder.—*New Zealand Tablet.*

This is the same in every State of this "glorious" Union! — DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

ORANGEISM UNMASKED.— We give in this issue the exposure of Orangeism by Mr. Denis B. Cashman, of the Boston Water Board. If any further evidence were needed of its terrible and fell spirit, here is a living case: —

A non-Catholic clergyman, Rev. Mr. Macaulay, of Castleblayney, Ireland, in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, gives very different testimony as to the character of the Orangemen. Mr. Macaulay, who is a Presbyterian minister, had, it appears, the temerity to denounce rackrenting and advocate Mr. Gladstone's home rule policy from the same platform as Catholic clergymen. For this he has been subjected to the most cruel persecution. He has been boycotted by members of his congregation, his church has been broken

into and damaged, and his wife and himself whilst driving along the highway have been furiously assailed by a mob. "They cursed me," says Mr. Macaulay, "and all belonging to me; they cursed the Pope and home rule; and used other forms of language too odious to print in a respectable paper like yours." The chief objects in the Orange Lodges seem to be to encourage the use of foul language and promote riots.

A FAREWELL BANQUET was given to Justin McCarthy in London, on Sept. 8th. Parnell spoke. He said that England wanted to make Irishmen English; but God made them Irish and he ventured to think it would take all the genius of Churchill and Salisbury to make them anything else.

COOK BOOKS FREE.—James E. Whittaker & Co., 174 State Street, Boston, N. E. agents for the A. M. C. Perfect Cereals, will send free on application a handsome cook book giving the preparation of a large number of excellent dishes.

Catholicism in China.

AN interesting interchange of letters has just taken place between the Australian Episcopate and the Chinese Bishops and Vicars-Apostolic. At the close of the Plenary Council, held in Sydney, Cardinal Moran and his brother bishops forwarded to the Chinese Prelates a letter, in which they expressed the warmest admiration at their surprising fortitude and constancy amidst trials and sufferings. Bishop Raimondi, of Hong-Kong, in replying, says: "Yes, we have suffered lately very severely, especially in the south of China, where the Province of Canton lies. It has been very fortunate for the missions that in our Vicariate we have this English colony, where, thanks to English liberality, we could take refuge in time of persecution. For a year no Catholic missionary was allowed to remain in the interior of the Province of Canton, and I was glad to be able to shelter here three bishops and sixty-five priests." All these missionaries have returned to their posts; but it is probable that in some instances their labors have been interrupted by the disturbances recently reported.

THE whole world has always till now considered the Franciscan Father John de Monte Corvino, as a pioneer of the Catholic Church, who came to China in 1288, and was Archbishop of Pekin, which at that time was called Cathay. He had been sent by His Holiness the Pope, from whom he received all power and spiritual jurisdiction. It was reserved however to the *Missionary*, a Presbyterian newspaper, to make the extraordinary discovery that he was a Protestant! *Risum teneatis amici;* and the reason is because he translated a part of the Bible into Chinese! Catholics, of course, never knew the Bible: the book dropped from heaven when Luther was born. — *Hong-Kong Catholic Register.*

SCHOOL SUPPLIES.—J. L. Hammett, 24 Cornhill, Boston, is now furnishing many of the principal parochial schools in this vicinity with supplies. Every article of furniture and apparatus needed in any department of instruction is to be found in this establishment from a slate pencil up to a teacher's desk. The blackboards furnished by this house have received the very highest endorsement from leading Catholic educators, and have furnished satisfaction wherever used. Full descriptive catalogues will be sent on application.

MR. JUSTICE MATHEW (nephew of the great Father Mathew) did a good thing the other day at Chester Assizes, England. Some poor Irishmen, who had come to England for harvest work, were indicted for (as alleged) stabbing some Englishmen. On the trial it was proved to have been in self-defence. The Englishmen had surrounded them, and crying out, "We'll give them home rule," attempted to do them grievous injury. The jury acquitted two, and the judge told the other two that they might go free, for that they had been greatly provoked.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT was given a banquet-reception at Lincoln, Neb., on September 8. Hon. C. H. Gore presided. Several letters of regret were read. Speeches were made by Mayor Burr, Hon. T. M. Marquette, M. A. Hartigan, Patrick Egan, President Fitzgerald, of the Irish National League; Hon. A. J. Sawyer, Hon. O. P. Mason, and Michael Davitt. The latter spoke in a very peace-

ful strain. Mr. Davitt has accepted an invitation to lecture in San Francisco for the benefit of the Church of St. Patrick, in Rome.

A HOLY BISHOP. — The Court appointed to investigate the cause looking to the beatification of Bishop Neumann, the fourth Bishop of Philadelphia, Pa., resumed its sessions on the first Monday of September, and will continue them every Monday, and oftener if necessary, until the investigation be completed. This Court is constituted as follows: Very Rev. Maurice A. Walsh; Very Rev. Nicholas Cantwell; Rev. Patrick R. O'Reilly; Rev. Joseph A. Wirth, C.SS.R.; Very Rev. P. A. Stanton, D.D., O.S.A.; Very Rev. John E. Fitzmaurice; Rev. N. Firle, C. SS.R.

LECTURES ON IRELAND. — The now celebrated lecturer, Mr. H. W. French, who is also known to many readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE as the able correspondent of the *Boston Herald* and other papers, who has recently written graphic letters from Ireland, will deliver two illustrated lectures in the Boston Theatre on "Ireland and the Irish" (two evenings), during the present month of October. Mr French's views of Ireland are the best ever shown on the platform, and his lectures have the warm approval of the Irish members of Parliament and many other well-known Irishmen.

DUBLIN CHARITIES. — St. Vincent's Hospital, the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, and the institution known by the name of The Brickfield Lane Night Refuge, have lately had their funds augmented through the charity of a well-known Dublin solicitor, Mr. Patrick Anna Smith, who died not long ago. He left property amounting to the bulk sum of £30,000 ($150,000) to be divided equally between these three charities. Of the hospitals it is unnecessary to say a word; but the Brickfield Lane Night Refuge is one of the best of the benevolent institutions in which this city abounds. There any destitute woman or girl will find shelter for the night, a simple, wholesome meal, and a good bed. If in the morning she explains her position and her wishes, endeavors will be made to procure her work or employment. A moment's thought will tell us how much sin and misery is prevented by this simple organization. Perhaps those who read these lines will pray for the soul of the charitable man who has given such liberal help to these three excellent institutions. With God's blessing a similar house will be in Boston before many years, or, perhaps, months.

PIANOS ON INSTALMENTS. — The Boston Piano Company, 18 Essex Street, Boston, manufacturers and dealers in first-class square and upright piano-fortes, also sells its goods upon the instalment plan. No advance is made upon the selling price under this system, and a guarantee is given with every piano. The firm is a strictly reliable one, and manufactures and deals in only first-class instruments. They employ none but the very best of skilled workmen, of long experience, some now in their employ having had over thirty years' experience in a single branch of the business. The firm also attends to the tuning and repairing of pianos, and keeps constantly on hand stools and covers of every description.

THE CHEVALIER VAN ELEWYCK, Chapel Master at Louvain, has discovered, after thirty-eight years of experiments, a method of recording music as it is being played on the organ or piano-forte. His mechanism, which should be useful to composers and improvisers on these instruments, has been successfully tested in Brussels, and will soon be tried at the rooms of M. Cavaille-Coll, in Paris.

WE might publish many letters like the following did space permit: —

OIL CITY, PA., Sept. 22, 1886.

DEAR SIR: Enclosed please find check for two dollars ($2.00), which I will thank you to place to my creditor as my subscription — now overdue — for your invaluable MAGAZINE. I will thank you also to continue sending me the MAGAZINE, as I now could not get along without it, and anxiously look forward to its coming each month, so I can spend a few pleasant hours devouring its contents, which are always such a source of pleasure, instruction, and entertainment.

Your MAGAZINE should be in the home of every Irishman and every Catholic in the United States, and parents should see to it, that their children perused its contents regularly; when, if the youth of

America were possessed of one drop of patriotic Irish blood, your noble and soul-inspiring sentiments, through the channels of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, would have a tendency to fire them with noblest purposes for God and Erin.

I beg of you to pardon my tardiness in remitting my subscription. It was merely indolence on my part; and promising to be more prompt in future, believe me to be

Yours truly,

E. J. MEAGHER.

PATRICK DONAHOE.

THE REV. DONALD MCKILLOP, S. J., belonging to the Austrian Jesuit Mission to the Aborigines of Northern Australia, has sailed for his distant mission, in company with two lay brothers. Among other passengers on board were four priests from the Missionary College at Drumcondra, near Dublin, and one from Maynooth, as well as two nuns; voluntary exiles, all for the spread of God's kingdom in Australia.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.—The Accident Insurance Co. of North America is one of the best and most substantial companies of its kind. The following letter shows its promptness in paying claims: —

N. T. HOUGHTON,
Agent of the Accident Insurance Co. of North America.

SIR: Enclosed find receipt for $30.00, which is in full for my claim upon your company under policy 85974. Please accept my thanks for your promptitude, which I before have had occasion to commend, and wishing you success in future, I am, sir,

Yours respectfully,

FREDERICK M. MONTIETH,

Fitchburg, Mass.

Mr. Montieth has received $132.85 in four claims under two policies, which have cost him $30 each, and were paid for on instalments. For pamphlets and circulars giving full information, write to N. T. Houghton, State Agent, 4 Post-Officer Square, Boston, Mass.

A LITTLE TEMPEST OVER A GREEN FLAG.—At St. John, N. B., on the 29th of September, the Waterford bark *Orient* arrived from Dublin. Soon after entering port an Irish flag was displayed at the peak. The appearance of this flag roused the loyal customs officials, and the matter was at once reported to the collector of customs. He promptly issued an edict that his minions should forthwith proceed to the vessel and order the objectionable piece of bunting down. This command was obeyed by the officials, but the first officer of the bark was in no hurry to comply with it, and quietly said he would see about it when his captain came on board. Sufficient time being allowed him in which to see his captain, and the flag being still floating, a second order was raised to tear it down unless the officers of the ship removed it. Finding the collector meant business, the mate of the *Orient* lowered the flag. The penalty for flying an improper flag on board an English-registered vessel is $2,500. Quite a crowd assembled around the vessel in hope of seeing a collision between the customs officials and the officers of the ship, but they were disappointed.

COME TO HIS SENSES.—There was a little crowing a week or so ago because a Catholic priest in Texas had joined the Baptist Church; but ere the echo of the jubilations had ceased, the news came that he had regained his senses and, as the *State* so elegantly expressed, has made "a double somersault." No sane man ever left the fold of the Catholic Church, for there is no other place on earth where all the purest cravings of the heart can be satisfied.

CHRISTMAS GIFT FREE.—D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, desiring to make all the little folks happy, have printed nearly a million copies of the delightful story "Tressy's Christmas," by the favorite author, Margaret Sidney, with two full-page illustrations, and will send a copy free to any child whose address is sent to them, with a two-cent stamp for mailing. All our young readers are invited to avail themselves of this munificent offer from the generous-hearted publishers of the children's favorite magazine, *Wide Awake*.

"THE test of a true Irishman is," Mr. Justin McCarthy said, in his farewell speech in London the other night, "Is he a home ruler? Irishmen," he continued, "did not ask to dissolve partnership with Great Britain; they only insisted on their right of governing themselves. Irishmen were tired and sick of being enemies of England, especially as English friends had so suddenly and nobly risen to a sense of their duty toward Ireland." This is not a hot-headed talk; but it will do more good than the fierce

cries of the "patriot" for Saxon blood, and a chance to twist the tail of the British lion, says the New York *Freeman's Journal.*

A VICTIM OF LANDLORDISM. — The Rev. Father Fahy, C. C., Dunneiry, county Galway, was arrested on a charge of having threatened Mr. Lewis, J. P., the landlord who instigated the recent inhuman evictions at Wood. Father Fahy was arraigned before a magistrate at Woodford, and pending the inquiry into a charge of using threatening language, he was required to enter into bonds to keep the peace and not to threaten. He protested his innocence of the main charge and refused to give bail. Not to do this would be to admit that he was guilty on the previous occasion. Should he consult his self-respect as a Christian minister or face persecution? He had to choose the latter or act a lie. On his refusal to give bail, he was summarily sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and was sent to Galway jail as a "first-class misdemeanant." His case recalls that of Father Sheehy, five years ago, which did the landlords and the government great harm. The government made a serious mistake in allowing the imprisonment of Father Fahy. The blunder is aggravated by the confession of the government that it was due to orders. The Woodford evictions were the beginning of a land war on a big scale. A score of actors there — resistants — were taken to the same Galway jail in which Father Fahy is confined. This led to a riot between the police, with fixed swords, and the towns-people, with missiles. The shops were closed, and the jail windows broken. One woman is dying of a sword-cut in the eye. Many others were wounded. In an interview Father Fahy said: "I never mentioned dynamite to Mr. Lewis. I never threatened him. I never urged the people to groan against him. I did not give bail, because such a compliance would have been a tacit admission that my defence was false; and if I made such a false defence I would prove myself unworthy of the priesthood."

MR. PARNELL'S LAND BILL was defeated in the House of Commons by a vote of 297 to 202. Mr. Parnell ably supported the bill in a speech, in which he was seconded by Gladstone and Morley. Mr. Gladstone said that while the bill as a whole did not suit his idea of what was required, he would vote for its second reading and have it amended in committee. The Tory and Unionist parties, the latter headed by Chamberlain, spoke strongly against the bill, and together they upheld the landlord's right to evict the tenants and fill the workhouses.

J. & R. LAMB, 59 Carmine Street, New York, are manufacturers of elegant crucifixes for personal wear, made of gold, silver, ivory and boxwood ranging in price from $6 to $200. This firm also manufactures and keeps in stock a large variety of prie-dieu for private use.

THE casualties, so far, in the Belfast riots are given as follows: Over 100 killed, 2,000 wounded, 500 men, women, and children being rendered cripples for life.

FINE SILK HATS.— Messrs. Lamson & Hubbard, corner Kingston and Bedford Streets, Boston, are to-day recognized as the leading hatters of the Hub, this firm manufacturing all its own silk and derby hats. It numbers among its patrons many of the reverend clergy of Boston and vicinity, as the firm makes the manufacture of clerical hats a specialty.

WANTED.

THE first volume of *Boston Pilot* (newspaper) dated January, 1837. It matters not whether it is bound or not. Apply to Patrick Donahoe, Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

IMPORTANT MEETING OF THE CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOPS. — There will be a memorable meeting of the Archbishops of the United States on October 27 in Baltimore, for the purpose of agreeing on an uniform policy with regard to certain doubtfully secret societies. There are certain Societies which are tolerated in some Catholic Dioceses, while in others the same Societies are under the ban of the local church authorities. One of the chief objects of the Baltimore meeting of the Archbishops is to adopt a policy with regard to these *doubtful Societies* which will apply equally in all dioceses in the United States. It is said the Knights of Labor is one of these organizations with

which the Archbishops will deal. The policy once agreed upon with regard to these Societies will be rigidly enforced

Convention of the I. C. B. U. at Lancaster, Pa.

OVER 140 delegates attended the recent convention of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union at Lancaster, Pa. The convention was opened with religious services at St. Mary's Church, and a brief address of welcome to the delegates was made by the rector, the Rev. Dr. McCullagh. The business session opened, Vice-President Wilhere occupied the chair. The following cablegram was read:

LONDON, Sept. 1.

To Martin I. J. Griffin, Sec., etc.

"God speed Convention and members."

KEILEY.

A letter from the Rt. Rev. Bishop Shanahan (since deceased), expressing regret for his inability to be present owing to ill-health, followed. Then President A. M. Keiley's formal leave-taking of his associates in the I. C. B. U. in the course of which he said: "The spectacle of a voluntary society, powerful and extensive, without oaths or pass-words, disbursing hundreds of thousands without default, marching on in open day, in the practice of princely charity, without a secret or a scandal, is one that must fill every Catholic heart with satisfaction — be he a member or not. Honored by priests and bishops and Sovereign Pontiffs, its highest honor is to have deserved their praise, to have vindicated its claim to their confidence and their blessing. That it may continue to tread with unfailing energy this path of blessed charity and of good repute, spreading the perfume of good deeds forever about it, is my most ardent and sincere wish."

The appointment of committees and reading of committees' reports came in due order. Secretary Martin I. J. Griffin stated that the Union now numbers 212 societies and 18,263 members; that during the year the societies reporting paid $74,964 for benefits, and that their treasuries contained $185,807. He reported contributions to the Irish Parliamentary Fund from the I. B. C. U. of $5,069.95. The special committee appointed to consider the Widow and Orphans' Fund recommended that the death benefit in Class B be raised to $500, and also to admit no one over fifty years of age after September 1, 1887. Adopted. A resolution of sympathy with the Charleston sufferers was followed by a collection, resulting in several hundred dollars, $100 of which was voted from the treasury of the I. C. B. U.

The Hon. Michael Glennon, Postmaster of Norfolk, Va., and editor of the *Norfolk Virginian*, was elected President, John A. Coyle, of Lancaster, Pa., first Vice-President, Maurice Coll, of Jeffersonville, second Vice-President; Secretary Martin I. Griffin was unanimously elected Secretary, and the Rev. Father Henry, of St. Louis, Treasurer. Members of the Executive Committee — Judge Dwyer, of Dayton, Ohio; Father MacDonald, of St. Louis; and J. J. Behan, of Kingston, Canada.

A resolution of thanks to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Shanahan for his expression of confidence in the Union, to the Rev. Dr. P. J. McCullagh, and to the Lancaster societies was unanimously adopted. The resolution of sympathy for Ireland, and eulogizing Gladstone and Parnell, was amended, on motion of Father Henry, to include a vote of thanks to the democracy of England, Scotland and Wales for their magnanimous support of home rule, and the resolution cabled to Messrs. Gladstone and Parnell.

Washington, D. C., was chosen for the holding of the next convention.

"No children in the world," says Father Burke, O. P., "are capable of a higher education than Irish children. None stand in so much need of a religious education, and none make a better use of it when they get it."

PRAY FOR THE DEAD. — It is said that at one time in certain cities of Southern Europe every Monday at midnight, a man in a black mantle issued from the parish church and proceeded through the city, carrying in his hand a wooden clapper which he sounded at every corner, crying in slow, monotonous tones: "Awake, ye who sleep, and pray for the souls of the departed!"

THE Charleston earthquake has had a curious effect on the apartment and tenement house system of New York. It is now nearly impossible to rent the upper stories of tall buildings for residence purposes, tenants fearing the effects of a possible earthquake. The loss in this class of rents in New York city already amounts to $100,000, it is said. It is time these dens were shaken up.

WHILE the Italian Garabaldians were celebrating the taking of Rome by "the candle-maker of New York," with drinking and socialistic picnics, the heroes of the Pope's army who are residents of New York were employed in commemorating the battle of Castle Finand by attending at a Solemn High Mass at St. Ann's Church in that city. The contrast between the two celebrations aptly marks the difference between the *Spoliators* and Defenders of Rome. The one fought for the devil, and the other for God and each honored their master in a fitting manner.

THE CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC, for 1887, is already on sale. The Messrs. Benziger Bros. are early in the market.

THE Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Carr, D. D., bishop of Galway and Kilmacduagh, Ireland, and a staunch Nationalist, has been appointed archbishop of Melbourne, Victoria, succeeding the late Most Rev. James A. Gould, also a native of Ireland.

THE *Boston Daily Advertiser* (Republican) advocates the re-election of Sheriff O'Brien and Court Clerks J. P. Manning, John Noble, and J. A. Willard, as faithful and efficient public servants.

FINE carpets at Joel Goldthwaite & Co., where their genial salesman, Mr. John Berran, will be on hand to receive all our friends wanting carpets, etc.

CARNEY HOSPITAL.—A grand festival, in aid of this very deserving object, will take place in the Mechanic Building on the 28th of October.

CARDINAL WISEMAN used to say the Rosary two or three times a day, even when he was dying. He gave the beads he was accustomed to use to the Sister of Mercy who nursed him in his last illness.

THE Catholic who, unless prevented by a serious obstacle, absents himself from Mass on Sunday or holyday of obligation, is guilty of a grievous sin. His omission is a grave disobedience to that church to which Christ has said: "He that hears you hears Me; and he that despises you despises Me." It is also a contempt of God's greatest mercy, and a very serious neglect of the means of salvation.

WOMEN always show by their actions that they enjoy going to church; men are less demonstrative.

MR. WM. J. WALSHE.—The well-known proprietor of the Lotus Club, Mr. William J. Walshe, has recently become manager of the International Hotel, Washington Street, near the Park Theatre, Boston, and intends making some radical improvements. Mr. Walshe, who is a Dublin man and proud to bear the name of the illustrious archbishop of Ireland's capital city, has many friends in and around the Hub. The popular hostelry, the International, is sure to become a noted success under his efficient management.

WOMEN jump at conclusions and generally hit; men reason things out logically and generally miss it.

SOME women can't pass a millinery store without looking in; some men can't pass a saloon without going in.

WHATEVER our place alotted to us by Providence, that is for us the post of duty. God estimates us not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.

FATHER TOM BURKE tells of a man that was eating a goose in Galway: "He first took off one wing and leg of one side; then he said: 'It is a pity to leave it out of proportion; I may as well eat the other side.'"

BOSTON has got a new postmaster at last, in the person of General Corse. He has a splendid war record, and is said to be every way competent for the position.

THERE is a touching incident recorded in connection with the Charleston earthquake. When the first shock came, the Catholics in one of the parishes rushed

to the church to throw themselves at the feet of the Eucharist of God. But the church seemed in danger of falling, so the priest would not allow them to enter, though he opened the church door so that the altar and tabernacle could be seen from the street. Thousands knelt in prayer around the sacred edifice, while the pastor passed along hearing confessions and giving absolution. What a beautiful evidence of faith in a supreme moment of peril! The experience at the other churches was similar to the one recorded above.

LAUNDRY MACHINES.— The labor-saving laundry machines manufactured by the Empire Laundry Machinery Co., No. 1 Pemberton Square, have already been introduced into a number of prominent Catholic Institutions all over the country, among which may be mentioned the great Catholic University of Notre Dame, Indiana, St. Vincent's Hospital under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, New York City, St. Mary's School, St. Louis, Mo., Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa., and the Catholic Protectory, at West Chester, N. Y. An immense amount of laundry work can be done at the cost of about one half the manual labor under the old way by the use of these machines. Directors of institutions should call at the Boston office and see them in operation, and be convinced of their superior advantage over the ancient and irksome way of cleansing clothes.

Daring Sacrilege.

NOTRE DAME, IND., October 7, 1886. Early yesterday morning, thieves broke into the Church of the University of Notre Dame and stole two crowns from the shrine of the Blessed Virgin. The larger was a magnificent piece of artistic metal work, presented to the university by thirty American ladies, among them being Mrs. Gen. Sherman. Five Parisian workmen were constantly employed during three months in making the crown, and twelve others for two weeks. It contained 23½ pounds of pure silver, and nearly two pounds of pure gold; sixty-four turquoises and sixty-six other precious stones, and sixty miniature paintings on porcelain decorated the embossed and hammered work. The smaller crown was an exquisite piece of workmanship, and a gift to Notre Dame from the Empress Eugenie. It was awarded the prize for jewelry work at the Paris Exposition of 1867. The thieves broke the crowns into pieces and ran away with their booty. They were followed, and the one who carried the spoils was captured, and is now in jail in the neighboring city of South Bend. The crowns are ruined beyond repair, and are a great loss from an artistic point of view.

WHEELER SYSTEM OF REFLECTORS.— These reflectors, by which it has been proved that 300 per cent. more light is made available, are specially adapted to churches, public halls, gymnasiums, reading rooms, etc. They utilize all the light possible, and distribute it where it is wanted, and are used with all methods of lighting, — electric, gas, and kerosene oil, requiring little or no change in present fixtures. They are of comparatively small cost, and are of most durable character. The Boston office of the Wheeler Co. is at 18 and 20 Washington Street, where the system can be seen and inspected. Descriptive catalogues sent on application.

A Good Suggestion.

THE *Catholic Visitor* of Richmond, Va., has this timely suggestion: Each year, on the recurrence of St. Patrick's Day, the question is asked, "How shall the day be celebrated?" and conventions assemble and the proposition is urged pro and con with great strenuousness. We take the liberty this early to make a suggestion which, if acceptable, would, in our opinion, redound greatly to the credit of our Irish citizens. It has been announced that a church is to be built in Rome and dedicated to the great apostle of Ireland, St. Patrick. It is well known that our Holy Father, Leo XIII., takes great interest in this work, and has expressed himself as assured of the hearty co-operation of the Irish all over the world. Now, we suggest that one of the features of next St. Patrick's Day shall be a collection taken up all over this country, in every parish, and the sum realized to be given the ordinary of the diocese, to be by him sent to the proper authorities in Rome. We imagine that the donation would not only be worthy of the Irish people, but also of immense assistance to the cause. Our sphere is, of course, limited in its extent, and hence we ask of our brothers of the press, if the idea should be acceptable, to give us their assistance, and we would then be certain that a grand success would be achieved. What say you, brothers?

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Pilot Publishing Co., Boston.

IN BOHEMIA. By John Boyle O'Reilly. Price, $1.

In these days of motiveless and bloodless verses, current in certain circles as poetry, it is refreshing to come on anything so full of thought and feeling, as the poem which gives the present volume its name, as "Wendell Phillips," "The Dead Singer," or "The City Streets." Other poems in which the patriot's fervor and the philosopher's insight agree well with the poet's music are, "Ireland in 1884," "The Three Queens," and "America." Here is a character analyzed in four lines:

Her hair was a waving bronze, and her eyes
Deep wells that might cover a brooding soul;
And who, till he weighed it, could ever surmise
That her heart was a cinder instead of a coal?

But here is a poem radiating straightly to many hearts as a shot radiates to many eyes:

A DEAD MAN.

The Trapper died — our hero — and we grieved;
In every heart in camp the sorrow stirred.
"His soul was red!" the Indian cried, bereaved;
"A white man, he!" the grim old Yankee's word.

So, brief and strong, each mourner gave his best —
How kind he was, how brave, how keen to track;
And as we laid him by the pines to rest,
A negro spoke, with tears: "His heart was black!"

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin. and St. Louis.

LITTLE MONTH OF THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

Those devoted to the suffering souls in Purgatory should get this little book and read the meditations for every day in the month of November.

Hubbard Bros., 10 Federal St., Boston.

THE GREAT IRISH STRUGGLE. By Hon. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., and R. M. McWade, Esq. Sold by subscription.

This is a magnificently-illustrated book of six hundred pages, giving, in the graphic language of one of the best-known members of the Irish parliamentary party, the story of England's injustice to Ireland. Written expressly for intelligent Americans, it places the tale of Irish oppression before the American people, who, above all other peoples, are most interested in the cause of human rights.

PAMPHLETS.

"THE French Refugee Trappists in the United States." Read before the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia, February 23, 1886, by Laurence Francis Flick.

This is a very interesting account of the struggles and sufferings of a colony of French Trappists who arrived in this country in 1803. The Historical Society is doing good work in bringing forward the almost forgotten history of the early Pioneers of the faith.

MORE ABOUT THE HUGUENOTS.—A review of Prof. William Gammel's lecture on "The Huguenots and the Edict of Nantes." By William Stang, priest of the diocese of Providence. An interesting pamphlet of forty-six pages in which Father Stang points out the misstatements of the professor. The subject is interesting to all, particularly the student of history.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"THE True Religion and its Dogmas," recently published by Messrs. Noonan & Co., is thus noticed by the *North-Western Chronicle*:—"'The True Religion' is a deserving book. The learned author has linked together the numerous subjects of dogmatic theology with skill and accuracy, and while going over a great deal of ground he nevertheless gives us a complete and interesting treatise. The whole net-work of Catholic doctrine from beginning to end is spread out and filled in with so much logic, precision and withal in a diction so concise that we marvel how a subject so vast could be treated with such brevity.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

REV. Père Didon, O. P., the celebrated Dominican, whose great work on Germany produced such a sensation in literary circles a few years ago, has for some time been engaged upon an important work, "The Life of Jesus," in which he will combat the pernicious theories and silly fancies which make up the only two popular volumes written by M. Renan, under the same title. The Rev. Father, who has already visited the Holy Land for the purpose of gathering materials for his work, intends shortly to go there again, with the same object.

THE third edition of Father Meehan's celebrated work, "The Fate and Fortunes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell," has just been issued in elegant form and finish by Messrs. Duffy, Wellington-Quay, Dublin. Important annotations and illustrative documents have been added—increasing the great value of the book as a work of reference, research, and sympathetic study of the Irish race.

THE Rev. Dr. Bernard O'Reilly has completed the important task which has engaged his attention for several months, "The Memoirs of Leo XIII." The work is written in English and French by the author. In its production Dr. O'Reilly has had access to the best sources, the persons surrounding the Holy Father, especially Mgr. Gabriele Boccali, auditor of the Palatine Prelates, supplying him with necessary information and documents. As previously announced, the work will be issued by Mr. Charles Webster, the publisher of Gen. Grant's memoirs.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co.

Vocal: "Andaloose," Bolero, words by Alfred Musset, music by Calixa Lavellee. "La Paloma," by Yradier. "Will My Love Return Again?" words and music by C. H. Hertz. "Excelsior," words by Longfellow, music by M. W. Balfe, arranged for Mixed Quartette by Wm. Gooch. "Jubilate Deo," by Leo R. Lewis.

Instrumental: "Staccoto Etude," by X. Shanvenka. "Rock of Ages," Transcription, by T. P. Ryder. "Welcome in the Woods," by G. Lange. "Donn In Dixie," Polka, by C. A. White. "Hypatia Waltz," by May Ostlere. "Flee as a Bird," Transcription, by T. P. Ryder. "Mayflower Grand Victory March," by C. D. Blake.

RED CLOVER BLOSSOMS are a positive cure for cancer, canker, rheumatism, dyspepsia, ulcers, erysipelas, and, in fact, all diseases arising from impure blood. Circulars and advice free at Mrs. E. P. Duffield's, 25 Winter Street, Room 24, Boston.

FATHER TOM BURKE used to give away every article of clothing he had except the suit he wore. When he was in Boston fifteen years ago, where he preached to some thirty-eight thousand people in Gilmore's Colisium for two hours, he was wet through with perspiration; and when he returned to the house of his friend, Patrick Donahoe, he had to borrow under clothing from one of Mr. Donahoe's sons. Shortly after, he was down in the parlors singing, telling anecdotes, etc. No such audience ever greeted an orator as on that occasion. It was shortly after that the great fire in Boston occurred, at which Mr. Donahoe's great block of buildings was destroyed. Father Burke came from New York to condole with Mr. Donahoe and family shortly after the disaster.

COL. JAMES P. BARR, editor and proprietor of the *Pittsburgh Post*, died September 14. He was of Irish extraction and a Catholic.

THE POPE'S PLEA.—Rome, October 4, 1886. The Pope, through the papal nuncio at Madrid, Spain, has asked the queen of Spain to pardon Gen. Villacampa, who led the recent revolt, and the other officers who were associated with him in the uprising, from the sentence of death. The request of the Pope has been granted by sentencing the rebels to imprisonment for life.

MICHAEL DAVITT has been resting for the good of his health at Monterey, and will spend two or three weeks yet on the Pacific coast. He will return to New York by the way of Oregon and the Yellowstone Park, and will be in Ireland again before Christmas.

BARRETAS FOR THE CLERGY.—Mme. Marlier, 72 Boylston Street, Boston, makes a specialty of the manufacture of barretas for the reverend clergy.

OUR sprightly contemporary, the *Catholic Examiner*, advocates the establishment of a Catholic Associated Press, and backs up the advocacy by subscribing one thousand dollars. Next?

SHERIFF O'BRIEN.—There seems to be no doubt that the present incumbent, Mr. O'Brien, will be re-elected sheriff of Suffolk County. A better man cannot be "scared up."

OBITUARY.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOP.

THE Right Rev. J. F. Shanahan, Bishop of the Diocese of Harrisburg, Pa., died on September 24th, from an acute attack of congestion of the brain. Bishop Shanahan was born at Silver Lake, Susquehanna County, July 17, 1834, and his career in the church has been one of great distinction. He was consecrated a bishop in July. 1868. The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in the Keystone State. There were five bishops and over one hundred clergy in attendance. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia pontificated and Bishop O'Hara of Scranton delivered the sermon.

CLERGYMEN.

ARCHDEACON KAVANAGH, parish priest of Kildare, county Kildare, Ire., and formerly president of St. Patrick's College at Carlow, was instantly killed on the 5th of October while celebrating Mass at his own altar by portions of it falling on him. The death of the Archdeacon will be lamented. He was one of the ablest priests in Ireland. The funeral took place on the 7th of October. Archbishop Croke was present at the services. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Dillon, James F. O'Brien, Kenny, Leahy, Redmond, Harrington, Patrick O'Brien and P. J. O'Brien, all members of Parliament.

THE Very Rev. F. H. Hanrahan O.S.F., of the Irish Franciscans in Waverly, Sydney, Australia, died recently. He was the pioneer Franciscan in the archdiocese of Sydney.

THE death is announced of the Rev. Nicholas Rigby, of St. Anne's, Ugthorpe, near Whitby, Yorks, probably the oldest Catholic priest in England, being ninety-five years of age. During his ministry there, extending over a period of sixty years, he was the means of erecting a magnificent pile of collegiate buildings and an exceedingly pretty church, which was opened by the late Cardinal Wiseman. Father Rigby in his early days was a prolific writer, an eloquent preacher, and a zealous worker.

SISTERS.

THERE has just passed away at Hare Island, Skibereen, a Sister of Mercy — Sister Stanislaus — whose death may truly be described as a martyrdom. The deceased was one of a number of devoted ladies, who, when Hare Island, owing to the prevalence of fever, was little better than a pest house, went to minister to the wants of the sick and dying. By word and example they taught the necessity of cleanliness, and through their exertions disease was stamped out. Sister Stanislaus in the discharge of her heroic task contracted a fever to which she succumbed. In the theatre of her labors she is mourned as one who displayed the noble qualities so excellently portrayed in Gerald Griffin's touching poem, "The Sisters of Charity."

THE venerable Mother Superior of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd at Green Bay, Wis., Mary St. Jerome, died there recently from the effects of a stroke of paralysis. She was a native of Brittany, and had been a member of the order for fifty-seven years. She took the veil at Bloie, France, and was raised to the rank of Mother Superior at Paen. On coming to this country, in 1855, she spent several years in Buffalo, six at Ottawa, Can., and six in Toronto, reaching Green Bay in 1882, where she labored up to the time of her death.

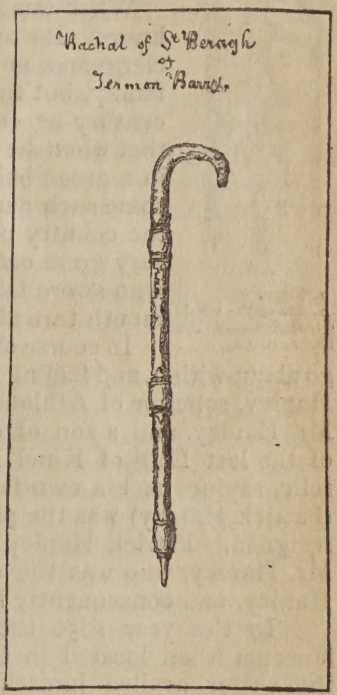
LAY PEOPLE.

ON September 7th, there died in the Workhouse of the North Dublin Union, a man named William Holland, at the advanced age of 105 years. He had been an inmate about four years, and was to the last in the full enjoyment of all his faculties. He was 17 years old at the time of the rebellion of '98 in which year he was a sailor. Up to the day of his death he smoked strong tobacco. Let the faculty put that in their pipe and smoke it.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XVI. BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1886. No. 6.

The Staff of St. Bearagh.



THIS staff is, perhaps, the most ancient of our primitive Irish Bachals now in existence and in a perfect state. It consists in the first place of a wooden staff, which I believe to be of yew, about the thickness of a walking-stick, and bent at one end so as to form the crook. Over the wood has been laid a thin coat of brass or bronze which does not quite join but was fastened by small brass nails to the wood. The open between the edges of the coat of brass is covered by a strap of the same material, mitred for the purpose of allowing it to be also fastened by nails to the staff. Possibly the workman was not acquainted with the soldering process, and consequently designed this strap for the purpose of closing the edge of the overlapping coat of bronze; or this strap may have been for the purpose of ornamentation.

The crook was covered by two pieces of bronze, the edges of which did not meet, but were closed by two bands, one on the upper opening and another on the under. These bands (on the crook) appear to have been of a different form from that on the shaft of the staff, as appears from the marks left by the nails which fastened them. The under band was finished, or, perhaps, it should be said begun by a circle, to which some ornament was evidently attached — a precious stone, possibly — but which is now lost. What kind of band closed the upper opening — whether it was flat like the under one or a raised crest or mane, as is very general in these relics — cannot be known, as no portion of it now remains to assist conjecture.

The relic is divided by three bosses into four parts, viz.: one to the

crook, two to the shaft, and one to the spike; the latter is hollow, and is supposed to have had something like a lid on it — possibly it was used as a reliquary. The fillets which finish the bosses have triangular-shaped projections something like those forming ancient crowns, resting on the staff. The ornamentation is of the plainest character, consisting only of incised strokes round the edges of the bosses, and along the covering strap on which, however, it takes a running form. The entire length of the relic is only two feet seven inches.

1. Strap.
2. Shows the wooden staff under the bronze coating.

As an episode in its history, it may be mentioned that this staff when first seen by the writer belonged to a gentleman named Hanley, *rectè* O'Hanley, formerly of Sliev Bawn* in the County Roscommon, in whose parlor in Dublin it lay for many years unnoticed, or at most a play-toy for his children; it was called the Garbarry.

What was meant by this name nobody in the family knew. Its owner mentioned that it had belonged to a clergyman or an abbot many years ago who was of his family, but that its age dated back to the sixth or seventh century he certainly was not aware. He further stated that when he was a boy he often saw it carried about in a green baize bag by a man named Coyne, Coyners, or some such name, who, for a small sum of money, allowed the country people (Roscommon) to swear upon it on any very great occasion; and the evils that happened to those who swore falsely were something horrible to hear — the mouth turned awry was the least.

In course of time its old keeper grew feeble and unable to go about with it, and feeling his end approach, brought or sent it to Patrick Hanley, solicitor of Athlone, who was an uncle of the above-mentioned Mr. Hanley, and a son of old Roger Hanley, the reputed descendant of the last Lord of Kinel Daffha, into whose hands he committed the relic, saying, as his own family would cease to exist with himself, he (Patrick Hanley) was the proper person into whose hands it should be resigned. Patrick Hanley gave it to his nephew, the above-mentioned Mr. Hanley, who was the eldest son of the eldest son of old Roger Hanley, and consequently head of the race.

In the year 1050 the Royal Irish Academy threw open their museum (then located in Grafton Street) to the general public, and the writer availed himself of the opportunity of looking over its unrivalled collection. While in the rooms he happened to hear the late Prof. O'Curry describing to a group of visitors the antiquity, etc., of some croziers which lay under a glass case. When the group had passed away he entered into conversation with Mr. O'Curry, mentioned the similarity between his friend's relic and those under the glass case, which, of course, engaged Mr. O'Curry's attention; but when its name of Garbarry was mentioned, he became really excited, said he knew all about it, that it was the pastoral staff of St. Beragh of Killglass, the patron saint of the O'Hanleys, that its name was derived from its

* Sliev Bawn — *rectè* Sliabh Baghnd, the mountain of Baghnd — a Firbolgian chief.

owner, or its shortness, or from both combined — Gear-Beragh, meaning short Beragh — and that it was the shortest Bachal in existence, being even in old days remarkable for that peculiarity. Mr. O'Curry also told me that he had traced it to Athlone some years before, but had there lost sight of it and feared it was lost.

At his request the writer had it deposited for some time in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy.

Some years afterwards its owner parted with it permanently to that body, which, to a certain extent is desirable; though if the relic is to be regarded as an heirloom it should be in the possession of the writer's son; Mr. Hanley's son having died unmarried, and he being the son of his eldest daughter.

In an account of this staff given by Dr. Petrie, A. D. 1850, to the Royal Irish Academy, he states on the authority of Colgan, that it was given by St. Dagan who was a celebrated artificer of bells, croziers, shrines, etc., to his disciple St. Bearagh, and that it was called in Irish "Bachul gear," *i. e.*, Baculus brevis, or the short staff.

St. Dagan flourished in the sixth century. St. Bearagh died in the early part of the seventh century; he was the founder of the seven churches of Termon Barry or Bearagh, and was the patron saint of the O'Hanleys, who, according to Dr. Petrie's statement on above occasion, were herenachs of Termon Barry, and who retained possession of the saint's staff.

Dr. O'Donovan in his notes to the Annals of the Four Masters, informs us that the coarb of St. Bearagh was MacCoilidh barbarized Cocks or Cox, and this name comes very close to that mentioned by Mr. Hanley as its last keeper.

Dr. Petrie read an extract from a MS. account of Roscommon drawn up in 1683 for Sir William Pelty by a Roman Catholic clergyman stating that the inhabitants of that period swore by this staff, and that nothing was so dreaded by them as taking a false oath upon it, and they related an instance of a person having done so, and whose mouth suddenly turned awry, as a punishment for his perjury. The person who kept the staff received a groat from every one who swore on it.

As the coarb of St. Bearagh was one of the officials whose presence gave legality to the inauguration of the Kings of Connaught, and as these Kings in the twelfth century became the Ard Righs or High-Kings of Ireland, there is nothing improbable in the belief that this venerable relic was present at one of the saddest and most remarkable ceremonies ever seen in Ireland during its chequered history,— the enthronement of its last native sovereign, the illfated Roderick O'Connor.

A writer in the *Dublin Penny Journal* for 1833-4 calls it the *Garvarry* and gives the following description of it which, however, is not quite correct, as it is much shorter than the generality of walking sticks, and there is no "ugly smush" on it, though it is not impossible that such might have been attached to the circle mentioned as under the crook instead of a precious stone. Such an ugly face is to be seen in this place on the Bachal supposed to have belonged to St. Rooh McBrie.

"Musha Jack dear, what sort of a thing is it at all?"

"The very moral of a walking staff, only longer and a crook of brass on the top, wid an ugly smush on it."

"An' they say," remarked a third, "that if a body swears in the wrong wid that about his neck, his face will be turned to the back of his head, God bless the mark." The writer also says that the man having sworn false, and his head remaining in its natural position, the fame of the Garvarry fell considerably.

Since above was written I have frequently heard relics such as Croziers, Bells, and even written Gospels called "Garvarrys" by the country people, particularly in the midland counties.

In the MSS. of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland preserved in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy the following reference to this relic is to be found. Tradition in Killglass has it that, notwithstanding the sanctity of St. Bearagh his brother Anliaigh, or Hanley, was cruel and barbarous, and had been cursed by St. Patrick, and that the curse hangs over the family still. Some said St. Bearagh was a Hanley; some, that he was a Cox (in Irish O or MacQuilley) and both families contended for the possession of the Gear-Bearagh, O'Hanley saying that the saint had left it to his ancestor who was his brother, and Cox contending that his ancestor was the successor of St. Bearagh. Eventually they used to hold it by turn, but latterly both thought little about it, and one or other of them gave it to a poor man named Hurraghoe, who used to kill the worms and the fairies, etc., with it, and he is said to have lent it to some person about six years ago, who sent it into Munster where it is at present (August, 1837) and has been for six years.

It was about this very time that the last coarb of St. Bearagh, finding his end approaching, and without heirs, returned it to the Hanley family as its proper possessors.

Augustinians in Ireland.

THE History of the Augustinians, like that of other religious orders in Ireland, is very interesting. Allemand says there was no order in Ireland which could compare with this, and that in all respects the Augustinians were as great in Ireland as the Benedictines were in England. The ruins of their ancient foundations are almost innumerable and strew the land from North to South and from East to West, and since Catholics began once more to breathe in this country, the order has given many distinguished men to the Church, great preachers, authors of controversial and devotional works of high repute, and bishops at home and abroad. The late Bishop of Saldes was a member of the Dublin community, and passed the last years of his life in his old convent. To the Catholics of the densely-populated district surrounding John's Lane the venerable Bishop singularly endeared himself. He was as assiduous in attending to the duties of the Confessional as the humblest member of the priesthood could be, and every morning, winter and summer, he celebrated Mass at five o'clock in the midst of a congregation of working people who thus, through the Bishop's charity, were able to be present at the Holy sacrifice before the labors of the day began.

Hibernia Invicta.

"UNCONQUERED yet," her banners bear:
The centuries strokes she has not borne,
All constant, when all seemed forlorn,
To yield now to a dumb despair.

Erect, she grasps the brands of truth;
Undaunted, virgin-calm she stands:
The tyrant ages run their sands
But dim not her eternal youth.

What though the day that dawned so fair
Is overcast with chilling gray;
For there will rise another day;
The sun of Justice still is there!

Her sons are lithe and keen and brave;
Her cause has caught the great world's heart:
Her children, whom the oceans part,
Are giving as they never gave.

And Britain's statesman's golden tongue
And lion heart have caught the spell
Of Erin's worth, and lo! the knell
Of Erin's serfdom he has rung.

Oh, martyr-people! constancy,
Though weary, hath its crown full sure,
And deathless gems its garniture.
Hold fast! the truth shall make you free.

GEORGE J. REID.

WHERE CHRIST WAS SCOURGED. — As is well known, the Holy Column to which our Divine Redeemer was bound during the Flagellation in the Prætorium of Pilate, was brought to Rome in 1223 by Cardinal John Colonna, who bestowed it upon his titular Church of Santa Prassede; and there it has up to the present time been venerated in the chapel of St. Zeno, in reality a spot by no means befitting so great and noteworthy a relic. Consequently, Don Lanfranco Gigli, one of the community of Vallombrosan monks serving that church, has conceived the idea of constructing a special chapel for the precious column, and the plan has been already drawn by the celebrated architect, Cavalier Andrea Busiri; the cost is calculated at $6,000, to meet which sum appeal is made to the devotion and charity of the faithful of the world at large.

Some Irish Saints.

PART II.

S. FACHAN, or Fachnan, bishop (14th of August), is patron of Ross and Kilfenora.

S. FECHIN, abbot of Fower (in Latin Fechinus, and in French Féquin); 20th of January, about 660. He is represented seeming to guard a field with horses struck down. A neighboring chief put his horses grazing on the abbey lands, and they died, but were restored to life when he made suitable apologies.

S. FENNEN (Finnan, *Finnenus*), abbot in Ireland or Wales; 23d of February, 565. His prayers obtained a shower of rocks, preventing the armed Saxons from penetrating into the Celts' valleys. It is also said that on a journey, having no vessels or ornaments for Mass, he complained to Heaven, who miraculously provided him with them.

S. FIACRE (in French also Féfre or Frèque; Latin, Fefrus, Fiacrius); 30th of August, 670. He is represented with a spade, for this reason: As much land was given him as he could enclose with a furrow made by his spade. The legend says that the furrow actually ran along in front of his spade; some even declare that his staff was enough, and that the trees flung themselves after the trail made by the hermit's cane. He was accused of magic in consequence. This may be found in the "Paris Missal," quarto, 1516; prose of S. Fiacre (*Lucernæ novæ specula*), fol. cxc:

"Ad vitam solitariam
Suspirans, exit patriam;
Faronem Meldis reperit,
Cui suum votum aperit.

"Hunc loco solitario
Locat in solo proprio,
Sic fit Joanni similis
Cultor deserti sterilis.

"Dum locum signat baculo,
Novo nemus miraculo
Tanquam cæsum dejicitur;
Humo (*ligno?*), non fossa cingitur.

Sic sancti viri meritum
Loci dilatat habitum (*ambitum?*).

Res innotescit feminæ,
Accusat ut de crimine.

"Damnat opus malefici,
Diffamat artem magici;
Præsentandus hic præsidi (*præsuli?*),
Lassus insedit lapidi.

"Lapis cedit, nec cæditur,
Petræ sedes insculpitur.
O feminæ nequitia,
Petræ major duritia!

"Orat ne loci limina
Immunis intret femina,
Hæc est causa cur feminæ
Arcentur ejus limine."

He is sometimes represented with a crown at his feet, to show that he contemned the honors of the world. He is also sometimes represented in a vegetable garden. A representation which was once very popular, explains why he was invoked against hemorrhoids, called (in French) *mal Saint-Fiacre*. According to the legend, the man of God, summoned by the bishop of Meaux (S. Faron), to whom he had been referred as a magician, sat down on a stone which served as a bench at the gate. It seemed to grow soft beneath him, so that it retained

the impress of his body. The sick used to sit there to obtain their cure. Hence the saint is often depicted sitting, with a sad countenance, on the stone, for S. Faron seemed to withdraw his confidence from him. He is also represented in company with the bishop and with the "Becnaude" (trifler), the woman who had accused him of sorcery.

He and S. Mathurin, being patrons of the manufacturers of tin pots and dishes in Paris, are represented together, with such articles near them. S. Mathurin is distinguished by a chasuble, which S. Fiacre never wears. He is patron of La Brie, Paris (at least for the old parish of S. Sulpice), also of gardeners, tin-workers, box-makers, hosiers, tilers; against hemorrhoids; of Bezons-sur-la-Seine; of braziers; boiler-makers and copper-beaters.

S. FIACHNA, or Fachan (Latin, Fachananus), bishop and patron of Kill-Fiachna; (14th of August.)

S. FINIAN, monk, and bishop of Meath; 23d of February, about 565. He is represented plunging a torch into water. A marsh (bog?) having been granted him to build his monastery on, he dried it up and made it habitable. Father Cahier says that in this there may be some reproduction of the symbolism of the ancient Greeks to denote Hercules' victory over the Lernian hydra. But he has hardly seen this representation adopted elsewhere with such meaning. He is patron of Clonard, also of Achonry. The saint is also called Finan, in Latin Finianus, Vinninus.

S. FINIAN-LOBHAR (the leper) appears in the calendar on the 16th of March.

S. FINBAR, or Barr (25th of September), bishop, is patron of Cork.

S. FINTAN (*Findanus*), of Rheinau or of Pfeffers (15th of November, about 878), is represented crossing the sea from the British Isles to Gaul on his cloak. Father Cahier says SS. Fintans are so numerous in Hibernian history, that he can't be expected to make a catalogue of them.

S. FINGAR (Fingaris, Guignerius, Guiner, or Eginer) is represented carrying his head. He was killed with several of his fellow-Irishmen in Armoric Cornwall; 14th of December, about 456. Father Albert Legrand, in his *Vie des Saints de la Bretagne*, distinguishes S. Guiner, bishop, from Prince Fingar, who accompanied him into France.

S. FLANAN, or Flannan (Flannanus), bishop (18th of December), is patron of Killaloe. This name is pronounced Flan-nawn, with the accent on the second syllable.

S. FLORENCE, bishop of Strasburg; 7th of November, about 693. He is represented with many animals surrounding him and looking deferential. He is held to be an Irishman who lived as a hermit in Austrasia in King Dagobert's day. He cultivated a little plot of ground near his hermitage, where the animals sometimes did damage until he gave them orders not to do so. After that they would gather near by, but would not dare cross the line he marked down for them. It is also related (and he is so represented) that he cured the daughter of the king of Austrasia, who was blind from her birth. He is also one of the saints of whom legend has it that he hung his cloak on a sunbeam.

S. FORANNAN is represented on a sheet of water. He was an Irish bishop, then monk and abbot of Vausor, in the country of Namur; 30th of April, 982. When he left Ireland to go to the continent, his only means of transportation was two pieces of wood arranged in the form of a cross. He is painted especially with a stole, his stole, like S. Hubert's, being a preservative against madness.

S. FRIDIAN, or Frigdian (Frediano), bishop of Lucca; 18th of March, 578. He moved a rock which is shown to this day. His parents had wanted to marry him off, but he left them to preach the gospel in Italy. He is also represented crossing a storm-swollen stream in a boat. He used to go each year to the tomb of S. Miniato, the martyr, and his companions. But on one occasion, finding the Arno enormously swollen, he had to use the greatest entreaties to make the boatmen risk the trip. But finally, at his word, they carried him over without the least trouble. In memory of this event, the Florentines erected a church to S. Frediano after his death on the very place where his devotion to their martyrs made him brave and overcame the fury of the waves. (Cf. Manni *Principj della religione Cristiana in Firenze*, p. 21)

S. FRIDOLIN, hermit and abbot of Seckingen in Brisgan; 6th of March, 538. He is represented with a corpse. As S. Stanislas of Cracow did later on, he led a dead man before the assembled lords to attest the donation of certain lands to his abbey, which had been contested by the heirs. This story will be found in the Benziger's "Home Almanac" for 1886. He is patron of Glaris, Seckingen, and Strasburg (?).

S. FEDLIMIN (Felin, Feidlimid, or Phelimy), bishop (9th of August), is patron of Kilmore.

S. GALL, abbot, disciple of S. Columban; 16th of October, 646. He is represented distributing alms; for in Burgundy, where he had miraculously cured the daughter of Duke Gunzo, who was possessed of the devil, he accepted the gold vases which the grateful lord gave him, only to distribute them immediately among the poor. Sometimes a pilgrim's staff is given him in pictures, to denote his long travels from Ireland even to Switzerland.

He founded an abbey which has given its name to one of the cantons of Switzerland. The seal of that abbey depicts a bear standing on its hind legs and receiving its food from the saint, who is seated, with his pastoral staff in his left hand. Elsewhere the bear carries wood on his shoulder for the monks, and the saint feeds him for his trouble. Father Cahier inclines to the belief that this is merely an emblem of the work done by the missionaries in erecting monasteries and preaching the gospel. He is patron of S. Gall and Ladenberg; also for hens, there seeming to be a pun from *gallus* and *gallina;* of Bobbio and of Tettnang.

S. GERMANUS the Scot (*i. e.*, Irishman), bishop and martyr; 2d of May, about 489. He is said to be the one represented in the porch of S. Riquier by a bishop, beside whom is a dragon with six heads, whose necks are surrounded by a stole. His statue at S. Germain-sur-Bresle, near Aumale, tramples on a dragon; and paintings on glass represent

him with a seven-headed monster. He preached in various countries, and was killed near Aumale by the pagans. These representations may be symbolic of Satan and the seven deadly sins which his preaching vanquished.

Elsewhere the author says this saint's title of bishop is not very well established. On the coast of lower Normandy legend has it that he crossed the channel on a wheel for want of a boat.

S. Ke, Kenan, Kynan, Cianan, Quay, or Qué (Latin, Quinicus or Colodocus), Irish hermit or even abbot who went to Brittany. It is said he was a bishop; 7th of October, 495. He is represented near a plough, to which seven deer are harnessed. He would not give up a deer pursued by a Celtic lord and taking refuge in his monastery. The chief then seized on seven oxen and a cow, all the cattle of the monastery, but next day seven deer came to take their places and make good the loss. He is also represented with a little bell in his hand, denoting an eremetical life, but giving rise to a marvellous legend. Again, he is represented near a miraculous fountain which he caused to spring up.

S. Kenny (Kanic, Canice; Latinized Kannicus), abbot; 11th of October, 599. From him came the name Kilkenny given to the monastery he founded. He is represented near a great fire, either because when in Italy he came safe and sound out of a burning furnace into which an impious prince had thrown him; or else, because of a fire which, destroying the saint's dwelling, respected his book and left it untouched.

In the *Officia . . SS. Hibernorum* (Paris, 1620), on the feast of S. Kenny, are found these two responses, after the fourth and the seventh lesson:

"Ingressus Italiam,
Rogum superavit;
Ut Chaldæus Abraham
Ur non suffocavit.

"Ignis habitaculum
Sancti concremavit,
Apertus periculum
Liber ignoravit."

S. Kilian, bishop; 8th of July, 689. He is represented with a sword or a poniard in his breast or in his hand. He was bishop of Wurzburg, and was assassinated by order of Gailana, wife of Gosbert, a prince of Franconia. The marriage was a sinful one, the saint denounced it, and the woman revenged herself, as Herodias did on S. John the Baptist. He is patron of Corbach, Wurzburg, and Franconia.

S. Kiaran, abbot, 9th of September, whose name is written and Latinized a variety of ways, is patron of Clonmacnoise.

S. Kiaran, bishop, 5th of March, 520, of whom the same may be said, is patron of Ossory. His legend hesitates between a stork and a cuckoo. A young nun, it says, was carried off from her convent by an Irish chief, and Kiaran came to demand her. The chief declared that he would give his prey up if he were awakened next day by a stork (or a cuckoo). It was the depth of winter, and the snow covered every roof except that of the house in which the saint was, yet the bird was at the chief's window in the morning, and in affright he kept his word.

S. LASERIAN, bishop, companion of S. Aidan mentioned before (18th of April), is patron of Leighlin.

S. LAURENCE O'TOOLE, bishop; 14th of November, 1181. He is represented with a vessel near him, and he kneeling in sight of a city where he sees a church. This refers to his journey to Normandy to move the heart of Henry II. According to some, too, he could not have favorable winds for his voyage until he had dedicated a church erected in honor of the Mother of God. He is patron of Dublin and of Eu, where he died.

S. LIEVIN (Livin), Irish bishop, apostle of Flanders and martyr; 12th of November, 659. Near Hauthem, in the province of Alost, a fountain is still visited which is said to have sprung up beneath the saint's pastoral staff. At his martyrdom he had his tongue torn out, and is so represented in art, holding in his hand the pincers with the tongue between their points.

S. LUGLE, an Irish bishop, honored as martyr; 23d of October, first years of the eighth century. He is represented holding in his hand a house on fire, apparently in memory of a fire he extinguished at Terouanne by making the sign of the cross. It is said that he preached the gospel to the city of Boulogne with his brother Luglian. Both were killed by ruffians near Lillers, and are honored as patrons at Montdidier. S. Luglian is said to have been an Irish prince.

S. MACARTIN, bishop, is patron of Clogher.

S. MACNISE, or Macnez (French, Magnisse; Latin, Macniseus, Macnesius, Macanisius), bishop, 3d of September, is patron of Connor.

S. MALACHY, bishop, is patron of Armagh, Connor, Down, and Clairvaux, the last-named being the place of his death.

SS. MARIN, bishop, and ANIAN, deacon, martyrs (15th of November, about 770), are represented together, and are honored in Bavaria, where it is said they were burned in an invasion of the barbarians. They came from Ireland to live unknown and to preach the faith to the inhabitants.

S. MARIN (Maurin or Martin), another Irish bishop, is represented with his deacon, S. Declan. They arrived in the diocese of Frisingia towards the end of the eighth century, to preach the gospel. (Rader, *Bavaria Sancta*, t. II.) Both are represented in pilgrim's costume.

S. MEL, or Mael (Meles), bishop, 6th of February, is patron of Ardagh.

S. MOCHUA, Moncain, or Muncain (Munchinus), bishop, is patron of Limerick. A deer, used to draw the plough, figures in his legend.

S. MURDACH, or Muredach, bishop, disciple of S. Patrick, 12th of August, is patron of Killala.

S. MOLUA, abbot, is, besides S. Flanan, patron of Killaloe.

S. NATHY, or Nathe (Latinized Natheus) 9th of August, bishop and patron of Achonry.

S. NESSAN, priest, 17th of March and 1st of December, is one of the patrons of Cork. Father Cahier adds that it is alleged that there was a bishop of Cork of the same name, and when the Bollandists come to the 1st of December they can settle the matter.

S. OTTERAN, bishop, 27th of October, is patron of Waterford.

S. PATRICK, bishop, 17th of March, 464, patron of Ireland. In DONAHOE'S for March notes on this great saint will be found. Father Cahier gives the following beside: He is represented with baptismal fonts near him, not only because of the conversion of Ireland, but because on the day of his baptism he restored sight to a man born blind who was carrying him. This was afterwards interpreted as a prophecy of the ministry which he was to exercise in opening the hearts' eyes of the Irish. It is also related that in baptizing a king of Ireland he inadvertently leaned the end of his crosier on the prince's foot; and as the pastoral staff ended in a sharp point, he soon discovered his mistake when he saw the neophyte's blood flow. So much faith was well deserving of a miracle, and the saint did not fail to work it by curing the foot which he had pierced. (P. de Natalib., III., 104.)

The saint is represented kneeling before a smoking cavern. This is an allusion to the famous "S. Patrick's Purgatory," on which a great deal has been written, and the history of which the reverend author does not care to discuss. A cave in Western Ulster had received that name. Pilgrims went there to anticipate their purgatory in this world, and S. Patrick was held to be the author of the practice. To complete the picturesque details it may be added that the Irish purgatory opened by a pit into the genuine purgatory. Father Cahier mentions Calderon de la Barca's *El Purgatorio de san Patricio* as a proof that this devotion was well known in Christendom. He might have added that Denis Florence McCarthy had rendered it into English verse. Elsewhere he says that perhaps Christopher Columbus had something similar in view when he wrote (from Jamaica, in 1503) that his discoveries might help to transfer souls from purgatory to paradise.

This purgatory is often represented by a well whose curb is capped with flames. This may be seen in a picture of Joseph Passeri's, whereon a little angel, near the saint, holds a medallion, on which this flaming pit is painted. He is patron of Ireland and of Murcia, too, because the battle of Los Alporchones was won on the 17th of March, 1452; also of Malaga.

S. PIRAIN (of Cornwall), Latin, *Piranus*, is probably, says the Father, the same as S. Kieran.

S. ROUIN (*Rodingus*) was abbot of Beaulieu in Argonne, after having been, it is said, a bishop in Ireland; 17th of September, 680. With his abbatial staff, as with a magnet, he drew gold pieces out of the water for a poor woman. It is also related that with the same staff he made a spring gush forth and fertilize the land.

S. RUMOLD, or Romband, bishop; 1st July, about 775. He is represented stricken down with blows of picks, spades, axes, or clubs, by workmen whom he employed in the erection of his church, and whom he blamed for their misconduct, or who wanted to take his money without having earned it. Father Cahier gives copies of Malines Seals of 1445 and the sixteenth century, on which the saint's martyrdom is depicted. On one he is represented glorified, trampling on his assassin.

He is also represented with a crown at his feet. The Father remarks that he is said to have been the son of an Irish king or chief.

"Hibernia," he says, "very much divided, undoubtedly, at an early date, was too ready to call all its petty princes kings; they were, after all, as much so as those of the Iliad or of the Odyssy as to the extent of their dominions." This reminds one of the comparison Mark Twain makes of the Arab sheiks with the kings whom Abraham overthrew. He is also represented resuscitating a drowned child. The Benedictines claim him as of their Order, but Father Cahier says he will not vouch for it.

Again, his body is represented found in the reeds by fishermen. Nevertheless, the writers of his life say that the corpse had been hidden by the assassins under a heap of leaves. But almost in the same place, and perhaps in consequence of a later circumstance, it is related that he was thrown into the river and pointed out to the boatmen by a miraculous light which signaled him.

S. SERAPION, martyr, of the Order of Mercy; 12th of December, about 1255. He was either Irish or Scotch, and one of the first disciples of S. Peter Nolasco. As he was treating for the redemption of Christian captives among the Moors, he did not fail to take the opportunity to revile Mohammedanism to maintain the faithful in the faith. The Moors fastened him to a S. Andrew's cross, to open his stomach and disembowel him. One of the pictures in the Spanish gallery of the Louvre, under Louis-Philippe, depicted this torture.

S. SEZNI was an Irish bishop who retired into Brittany; 19th of September, about 527. He is said to have brought a horse to life to save the unfortunate servant who had killed the animal, and whom his master was keeping in prison for punishment.

S. SHEANAN (in French Sane, in Latin Seznius) after being a bishop in Ireland became an abbot in Brittany. He is represented miraculously crossing the Shannon, where it forms an arm of the sea.

S. SILAUS, bishop, 10th of May, 1094, is painted accompanied by two angels, but the Bollandists give no reason for it. He is patron of Lucca and of midwives.

S. SYRIA, or Syra, virgin, is honored in the environs of Meaux; 25th of October, seventh century. She is said to have been a sister of S. Fiacre, and a nun under the guidance of S. Fare. She is invoked in Brie and Champagne, especially against nephritic colic and gravel, and she is represented with pebbles. Guillot quotes these verses concerning her:

"Regia campana es Syria terris
Cujus quisque piam percipit æger opem.

"Linquit arenosos, per te, gravis hernia renes;
Sanatur meritis fractio quæque tuis."

S. TIGERNACH is patron of Clogher.

S. VIRGIL, bishop and patron of Saltzburg; 27th of November, about 784. He is represented with a church in his hand, because he erected several churches either in the country around Saltzburg or in Carinthia. Our author says that his apostolate among the Carinthians seems to have been confined to sending them preachers chosen from amongst his companions. He will be remembered as Fheargail, who, by teaching the scientific doctrine of the antipodes, got himself into a

controversy with S. Boniface, apostle of the Germans. He is patron of Saltzburg and of Bavaria.

S. VIRON (or Wiron) a regionary bishop, who was born in Ireland but died in Belgium; 8th of May, about 710. He is represented confessing the Blessed Pepin of Landen or Pepin of Heristal. He built near Ruremonde, on the Odilienberg, an oratory where he was buried, and which was afterwards the nucleus of a monastery transferred in later days (1344) to the neighboring city.

S. VULGAN, whose name is also written Vilgan, Vylgaine, Wilgain (Latinized Wulganius, Vulganus, or Vulganius), regarded as a regionary bishop; 2d of November, about 680. He is represented with an angel near him, the legend saying that heavenly spirits induced him to leave his native land and go to preach the gospel in Artois. He is also represented as a hermit. He died in a solitude near Arras, after having preached in Morinie and Artois. He is patron of Lens in Artois, and against gravel and hernia.

S. WENDELIN, abbot; 20th of October, about 630. He is said to have been an Irishman or Scot and son of a prince. Leaving his native land he went into the service of a rich man near Treves as a shepherd converted him, and afterwards became a monk.

A fitting accompaniment to the above, better, perhaps, is the poem, "The Monks of Erin," by the Rev. Wm. P. Treacy, S. J.:

"The Irish monks, the Irish monks, their names are treasured still
In many a foreign valley, on many a foreign hill;
Their preaching, prayers, and fasting are still the peasant's themes
Around the coast of Cornwall and along old Flanders' streams;
Their lives austere and holy, and the wonders of their hands,
Still nourish faith and sanctity through fair Italia's lands;
The cross they bore in triumph still bright as ever shines
Above the domes of Austria, among the Tuscan vines.

"Sedulius the poet, and Columbkille the dove,
At Rome and Hy are honored and remembered still with love;
At Lucca, S. Frigidan, in a church ablaze with lights,
Is honored with pure worship 'mid the pomp of Roman rites;
Even still the British miners exult on Piran's feast,
And though they hate the Church of Rome, they venerate her priest;
The bells of sweet Tarentum, as they wake the matin air,
Still tell in tones of gladness that Cataldus' faith is there.

"Quaint Mechlin's noblest temple to an Irish monk is raised,
In every home in Mechlin S. Rumold's name is praised;
Virgilius, the gifted, in his glorious Saltzburg tomb,
Is honored by the silent prayer, and by the cannon's boom;
Old hymns are sung to Fridolin in the islands of the Rhine,
And the relics of Besançon's saint sleep in a silver shrine;
The voice that raised Crusaders by the Tagus, Rhone, and Po,
Seems ringing still o'er Malachy at the convent of Clairvaux.

"The Irish monks, the Irish monks, their spirit still survives
In the stainless Church of Ireland, and in her priesthoods' lives;
Their spirit still doth linger round Holycross and Kells —
Oh! Ireland's monks can know no death while gush our holy wells.
High Cashel's fane is standing, and, though in the spoiler's hand,
Like the captive ark of Judah, 'tis a blessing to our land,
For proudly it reminds us of the palmy days of yore
When kings were monks, and monks were kings, upon our Irish shore."

TH. XR. K.

John.

In beauty, not above criticism; in courage, undaunted; in love, most generous and most forgiving; in patience, rivalling Job; in constancy, unswerving; in humility, without an equal.

After the above enumeration of qualities, it should be superfluous to add that John is a dog. It would be ridiculous to expect so much in a man. He is, moreover, a Skye-terrier, well-born and well-bred. To announce to John's acquaintances that one was about to eulogize him, would be to incur and deserve some such reply as that made by the Spartan to a rhetorician who announced his intention to pronounce an eulogium on Hercules: "An eulogium on Hercules?" repeated the Spartan. "Who ever thought of blaming Hercules?" Our reply would be that we write, not for those who deny, but for those who never heard. There is no shifting of scenes in our little drama. The unities are preserved with almost Grecian strictness — the writer, however, as chorus, claiming the privilege of being occasionally discursive.

Scene.—A suburban summer residence in New England and in that most magnificent of seasons, autumn, "in that month of all months in the year," October; furthermore, the most perfect of Octobers. The stone-colored house is the only neutral bit in the landscape; all else is a glow of color. The fresh greensward recedes under flower bosses of solid brilliancy. A flower carpet, gayer than any loom of Turkey, Brussels, or France ever wove, lies under the clump of evergreens in a far corner of the estate. Tapestries of woodbine hang over balconies and porches and bay-windows; and the noble trees that stand, two and two, in stately pairs all about the place and up the avenue, are a torchlight procession, which sunshine, instead of quenching, fires to a still more dazzling blaze. It is that picturesque time when ladies throw gay wraps over the summer dresses they still wear; when the sky shakes out her violet mists to veil the too divine beauty of earth; that season of exquisite comfort, when one has open windows and open fires; that delicious season when fruit is brought to the table still warm with the sunshine in which it finished ripening five minutes before. Above all, it is that season when people who are at all sympathetic are inclined to silence.

Mrs. Marcia Clay was not at all sympathetic. She was simply herself, a frivolous woman, with a strong will, and a Chinese wall of selfishness and self-complacence built on all sides of her. The soft "Hush!" on the lips of the Indian summer, when the soul of Nature plumes her wings for flight, she heard not. The suspense, the regret, the melancholy, the fleeting rapture of the season she perceived not. To her it was merely the fall of the year, when people get ready for the winter, lay in coal, buy new clothes, and go back to town.

Flounced to the waist in rattling silk, her fair hair furbelowed all over her head, and, apparently, pounds of gold hanging from her ears, thrust through her cuffs, dangling at her belt, strung about her neck,

and fastened to the pin that held her collar, this lady sat in one of the pleasant parlors of her house, and talked as fast as her tongue could run.

The woman who listened was of another kind; one who might have come to something if she had been possessed of will and courage; but who, having a small opinion of herself, was only somebody by little spurts, which did no good, since they were always followed by unusual self-abasement. She was not without a despairing sense of this incongruity, and had more than once bewailed in her own mind the fact that she was neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, but inclined to each in turn; had little wings which, as she spread them, changed to little fins, which, as she moved them, became little feet, that, when she would have walked, collapsed utterly, and left her floundering — a woman without moral vertebræ, who had been all her life the prey of people in whom the moral vertebræ were in excess. She was nothing in particular, physically, either, being greyish, oldish, tallish, weakish, and dressed in that time-honored, thin, plain, black silk gown which is the infallible sign of genteel poverty, and which, at this instant, adorns the form that owns the arm that moves the hand that holds the pen that writes this history.

Mrs. Marcia Clay.—"It is very provoking, my dear, but it can't be helped. If I should intimate to him that our trunks are all packed to go to town, he would leave instantly. He is the most touchy of mortals. To be sure, I have invited him here again and again, but I expected him in summer-time, not when we were on the point of moving and had our very beds half made in the city. There's nothing for it but to unpack, and pretend to be delighted. Fortunately he amuses himself."

The uncertain person in the black silk gown ventured to suggest that Mr. Bently might accompany them to town, and was met with a little shriek which made her jump.

"Fancy him in my blue satin or pink satin chamber! Why, my dear, he smokes, and — *chews! chews*, dear! Between you and me, he is a bear in his habits, a positive bear. If you will believe me, I have seen him wear slipshod shoes and crumpled linen. You should see him at home, in his den. An inky dressing gown that he wipes his pens on, old slippers with holes in them, books piled all about, and dust that you could write your name in! In that state he sits and writes hour after hour."

Ah! Mrs. Clay & Co., who look at littleness through magnifying glasses, are blind to all true greatness; the sole of this man's slip-shod shoe is cleaner than your tongue. There is no dust on his thoughts; there are no holes in the fabrics his brain weaves; and when he writes, far-away lands that know you not, and kindred greatness nearer by, feel the electric spark that slips from his pen's point.

"What a shocking person he must be!" says Miss Uncertainty, meaning to please. "I don't wonder you won't have him in town."

"Goodness gracious, Miss Bird!" cried the lady, coloring up, "what can you be thinking of? Why, Mr. Bently is famous. He can afford to be eccentric. It is an honor to have him in one's house.

People have turned and looked at me when they heard that I am his cousin; and his name opens to me places that — well, everybody can't enter. Then it is a very fine thing to have a gentleman in one's parlors who can talk to those lions whom one doesn't known what to say to, and who can tell what one's pictures and bronzes and marbles mean, and translate from every language under the sun. I well remember a time when he won for me a perfect triumph over Mrs. Everett Adams. It was delicious. Mrs. Everett Adams is always picking up lions, especially learned and scientific ones; and, when Prof. Porson came here, she monopolized him at once. You cannot conceive how odiously she behaved, nor what airs she assumed. One heard nothing but Porson, Porson, till I was sick of the name; and it was impossible to go anywhere, to theatre, opera, or concert, without seeing her sail down to the most conspicuous place, after everybody was seated, with Prof. Porson in her train. Well, one evening she brought him to our house, just to plague me, and we had half a dozen, or so, persons to meet him. It was an evening of torment, my dear. The professor was in the clouds, with Mrs. Everett Adams fluttering behind him, like a tail after a kite, and all the rest were in raptures, except me — I was extinguished. The professor knew what every bronze and marble was, and who made it, and if it was an original or a copy; and, in short, everything I had seemed as common as possible. As a last desperate resort, I brought out some old books in foreign languages that poor, dear Clay had picked up. He was always collecting things of that sort. The professor turned them over with the tips of his fingers, and read a word here and there. Oh! he knew all about them. Yes; he had read them when he was a boy. But I had begun to suspect him. My poor husband used to say that, when a man will not own that there is anything he doesn't understand, root and branch, he was always sure that that man was an impostor. So I took up two of the books that I saw he had passed over, and asked him to translate a passage for me. They looked about as much like a printed language as the figures on my carpet do. To my joy he had to own that he couldn't. They were Chaldaic, he said, and he had made but little study in that language. Mrs. Adams glanced angrily at me, and I smiled. Just at that moment, as good luck would have it, the door opened, and in came cousin Bently. I flew to him with the books. Triumph, my dear! Never did I have such a rapturous moment. Cousin took the books in his slow way, put up his eye-glasses, looked them over in such a superior manner that really my hopes rose. They were Arabic, I've forgotten what about, and he read out some passages and translated them, all the company looking on. My dear, the Porson and Adams stock sank to less than one per cent. in an instant. The professor was red, and Mrs. Adams was pale. I could have hugged cousin Bently on the spot, though his boots were not blacked, and his collar was in a positively shocking state."

"How charming it must be to have him visit you!" says Miss Bird, wheeling about as the wind veered. Poor thing! She did not mean to be insincere. She merely wanted to say the right thing, and didn't care a fig about the matter, one way or the other.

"Charming!" repeated Mrs. Clay with emphasis. "It gives a *tone*. Besides, it draws some people one likes to know. You should see Madame de Soi, the most exclusive of women, flutter round him like a butterfly round a — round a — well, really, I am at a loss for the word. It is impossible to call cousin Bently a flower, unless one should make a pun about the seedy contents of his valise. I studied botany once, and I know a pun can be made of it. Madame knows no more and cares no more about his learning than a cat does, but she has tact, and does contrive to smile at the right time. I never could do that. When I smile, cousin Bently is sure to push out his under lip and stop talking. But she will look and listen with such rapture that you would positively think he was describing the dress the empress wore at the last ball; and sometimes she even says something that he will seem pleased with. That very evening of the Porson collapse she talked with him half an hour of *molecules*, whatever they are. I actually thought they were speaking of people. Fancy being called a molecule! Yes, cousin Bently is a great credit and a great convenience to me. Why, but for him I couldn't have gone to those stupid exclusive lectures of Mr. Vertebrare's, where I yawned myself to death among the very cream of society."

The lady paused for breath, and her companion, feeling obliged to say something, faltered out that she always feared those very clever persons.

"I should think you would after the experience you had with that dragon," replied Mrs. Clay, significantly.

Miss Bird colored, and was silent. "That dragon" was a rather difficult old lady, a Miss Clinton, with whom she had lived and suffered many years, and who had lately died.

"And so," Mrs. Clay summed up, "I have cousin Bently on my hands for a week or ten days, and must make the best of it. And" — suddenly lowering her voice — "speak of angels — ahem! Cousin Bently, allow me to make you acquainted with Miss Bird, an old schoolmate of mine."

Miss Bird rose with a frightened air, dropped her eyes, blushed deeply, half extended her hand, and half withdrew it again, and stammered out, "Good-morning, sir!" which was not a very felicitous greeting, the time of day being near sunset.

Mr. Bently acknowledged the introduction with rather a stately bow, gave the person before him a calm and exhaustive glance, protruded his under lip very slightly, without meaning to, and walked to the further end of the room.

"Why need people be such fools?" he muttered, half philosophical, half impatient. He had been, as all learned and even merely clever people must be, too much looked on as an ogre by the simple. It was rather provoking to see people shaking at his approach, as if he were going to compel them to talk Greek and calculus, or have their lives.

As the gentleman seated himself in an arm-chair before a delightful bay window, and facing the window, there was another addition to the company, and — enter our hero!

Reader, John!

A longish, curly-haired quadruped, with bright dark eyes full of merriment and kindliness, and teeth so beautifully white and even that it would be a privilege to be bitten by them. Of course, he has undergone those improvements which man finds it necessary to make on the old-fashioned plan of the Creator, and his clipped ears stand up pointed and pert, and his clipped tail is indeed less a tail than an epigram. But the bounding grace of his motions no scissors can curtail.

Do not imagine that John has entered the room properly, and stood still to be presented and described. Far from it. He bounced in through the window, as though shot from a mortar, and, while we have been writing this brief sketch of his person, has flown into the learned gentleman's arms, kissed him enthusiastically a dozen times, pawed his hair into fearful disorder, made believe bit his nose and hands, with the utmost care not to hurt him in the least, pulled one end of his cravat out of knot, and threatened to overturn him, chair and all, by drawing back and rushing at him again like a little blue and yellow battering ram. His manner was, indeed, so overpowering that Mr. Bently had half a mind to be vexed, and could not help being disconcerted. His affection for dogs was entirely Platonic, and he had a theory that bipeds and quadrupeds should have separate houses built for them; but this creature had struck him as being the most honest and sensible being in the house, and had, moreover, taken to him.

Miss Bird looked askance at the scene in the bay-window, and Mrs. Clay looked askance at Miss Bird, and wondered at her impudence and folly. Miss Bird had blushed and dropped her eyes when she was introduced to this gentleman, and she was now watching him out of the corners of her eyes. Bird was an old maid, with a moderate annuity; Mr. Bently was an old bachelor, with next to nothing besides brains and a name. Bird must be set to rights. So much the lady's actions told of her thoughts.

"I wish I dared send for Marian Willis here," she whispered confidentially, watching the effect of her words. "Nothing would please me better than to bring those two together again. But cousin Bently would suspect my drift, and, as likely as not, start off at once. Nothing annoys him so much as to see that any one is trying to get him married. Marian is in every way suitable, and between you and me, dear, I think they would both be glad to have a mediator, only they are too proud to own it. Everybody thought about ten years ago that they were engaged, and they certainly were in a fair way to be, when some lover's quarrel occurred, and they parted. You have never seen Miss Willis, have you?"

Yes; Miss Bird had seen her at Miss Melicent Yorke's wedding, and she was the grandest-looking lady there. She wore a black velvet dress, buttoned up high with diamonds, and not another jewel about her. She had a pink half-open camellia in her bosom, and a wide-open one in her hair. Clara Yorke said that the beautiful plainness of Miss Willis' toilet made everybody else look all tags and ends. She gave the bride a rare engraving of some picture of The Visitation, which Miss Melicent didn't half like, because the St. Elizabeth was on her knees, and because there was a crown carved in the frame just over

the Virgin's head. But the bridegroom had reconciled her to it, saying that motherhood is a crown to any woman. Mrs. Edith Yorke, Carl's wife, who is now abroad, was very fond of Miss Willis, and used to call her "Your Highness."

"Oh! their intimacy was because Mr. Carl Yorke was a Catholic," interposed Mrs. Clay, rather abruptly.

When Bird got talking of the Yorkes, she never knew when to stop; and the subject was not pleasant to her listener. Mrs. Clay had tried to be intimate with the family, and had signally failed. They were always kind and courteous, but there still seemed to be an invisible crystalline wall between them and her.

"Marian's religion is her one fault. It may be possible that she and cousin Bently disagreed about that, though it would be hard to find out what he believes, or if he believes anything. He defends every religion you attack, and attacks every religion you defend."

"But do you think she would marry him?" asked Bird, incredulously; and her glance toward the window became depreciatory and critical, instead of awful.

Mr. Bently, as a learned man, was to be regarded with fear and admiration; but as a bridegroom — that was another thing.

"Why, she is handsome and rich."

"What if she is?" asked the other, tartly. "It only makes her more suitable. But she is not rich, though she lives with a rich old uncle who may leave her something. She is in every way suitable to cousin Bently. He would never marry an inferior woman."

This last assertion Mrs. Clay made very positively, for the reason that she was mortally afraid it was not true. Her private opinion was that Mr. Bently must have been very lonely in his bachelor lodgings before he came to visit her, and that he might easily be induced to marry even Miss Bird, rather than live alone any longer.

Meantime, the object of their conversation, having put the vociferous John away, and induced him to lie at his feet, instead of pervading his neck and face, sat gazing out through the window. He certainly was not an eminently beautiful man, neither was he the pink of nicety in his dress, though he abhorred untidiness in others, particularly in women. His form was rather fine, but his features were too strong for grace, his hair was growing grey, and his teeth were discolored by his odious beloved tobacco. There was a something a little neglected in his appearance. Evidently he needed some one with authority to remind him, when occasion demanded, that his cravat was horribly awry, that he had forgotten to smooth his hair down since the last time he combed it up with his ten fingers, and that, really, that collar must come off. In fine, he needed an indulgent wife, who would look out for him constantly, but with discretion, never intruding the cravat and collar question into his sublime moments.

Was he conscious of something lacking his life, that his expression was less the gravity of the man of thought than the sadness of the lonely man? Something ailed him — physical sickness, no doubt, for his face was flushed and his eyes heavy — but some trouble of the mind also. He looked across the lawn, that was bounded by a dense

line of autumn-colored trees, with a sky of brilliant clearness arching over. Betwixt sapphire and jasper the low, purple dome of a mountain pushed up, making a background for a shining cross that might be suspended in air for any support visible to him who gazed on it. But he had seen that cross before, and his mind, leaping over the few intervening miles, followed down from its sunlighted tip and touched a slim grey tower and a vine-covered church, and, looking through the gay rose-window over the chancel, saw a tiny lambent flame floating in and fed by sacred oil of olives. Mentally he stood before the church door, saw the grove of beeches that hid it from the road, saw through those heavy boughs the green slope of a lawn near by and the mansion that crowned its summit. But in one respect the eyes of the seer were less true to the present than to the past, for they beheld roses, instead of autumn colors, wreathing pillar, porch, and balcony.

In this house Marian Willis lived. He sat and recollected all his intercourse with her, from the first pleasant dawn of friendly regard and sympathy, growing up to something brighter and closer, yet scarcely defined, to its sudden extinguishment. His acquaintance with her had been like a day that breaks in silent and cloudless light, and is shut in by a cold and smothering fog before its noon. What had been expressed to her of all that sweetness he found in her society? What to him of the pleasure she seemed to feel in his? Nothing that had other utterance than silent looks and actions. What had separated them? A mist, a fog, an impalpable, yet irresistible, power. Some tiny wedge had been inserted that gave a chance for pride to rush in and thrust their lives apart. There had been a slight reserve that grew to coldness and thence to alienation. Who does not know how those many littles make a mickle? Possibly a certain gallant officer, just home from the wars, with his arm in a sling, and a sabre-scar across his temple, had had something to do with the trouble. Certainly the last mental picture Mr. Bently had carried away from his last visit at Mr. Willis' was of this same officer walking in the garden with Marian Willis leaning on his sound arm, and listening to the tale of his adventures, as women always do and always will listen to soldiers who bring their wounds to illustrate their stories.

On that occasion Mr. Bently had returned to his cousin's house and behaved in what he considered a very reasonable manner. He locked himself into his chamber, let in all the light possible, placed himself before the mirror, and critically examined the reflection he saw there. There was no glorious sabre-wound across his temple, showing where he had once wrestled with death, and come off conqueror; but, instead, there were long, faint, horizontal lines beginning to show on his forehead — mementos of the silent combat with time, and of anxious quest in search of hidden truth. There were no crisp, fair and curls shining over his head; the brown hair was straight and short, here and there a white hair rewarded the search for it. The soldier's large violet eyes flashed like jewels; but these eyes in the mirror were no brighter than wintry skies, a calm, steady blue that a planet might look through, perhaps, but that were not used to lighting. The soldier was clad in a trim uniform that set off well a form of manly

grace, the stripe that glimmered down the leg, the band, like a lady's bracelet that bound the sleeve, the golden eagle outspread on either shoulder, all helping to make a gallant picture; the raiment reflected with pitiless fidelity by the mirror before him was decidedly neutral. No one could call it picturesque nor even elegant of its kind. It was simply calculated to escape censure.

Having made a full survey, and, as he thought, a fair comparison, this self-elected judge then pronounced sentence on the person whose reflection he gazed at.

"You are a fool!" he said, with a conviction too deep for bitterness. "What is there in you that a fair and charming woman could prefer? Bah! She prizes you as she does those vellum Platos and Homers that she admires because others do, but cannot read a word of. When she sinks into her arm-chair for that hour of rest before dressing for dinner, does she take with her a book of Greek or of logic? No; she reads the poet or the novelist. You have nothing to do with her more intimate life."

Thus had the scholar decided, gazing at his own reflection in the mirror, seeing there only the shell of the man, and that not at its best, at its worst, rather. The kindling of intelligence, the scintillating of sharp intellectual pursuit, the soft radiance which dawning love gave him when he was shone upon by the beloved object — those he saw not. He saw only a fool.

So far, so good. But he had not finished the work. A fool may be miserable, may be ruined by his folly, even while owning it. He must prove not only the vanity of hoping, but the vanity of loving. He must remove the halo from his idol's brow, not rudely, but with all the coolness and gentleness of reason. What, after all, were beauty and grace, a sweet voice and smile, and gracious speaking? He set himself to analyze them, physiologically, chemically, and morally. So the botanist analyzes a flower, when he has destroyed its ravishing perfume, and that exquisite combination which constituted its individuality — a combination which man can separate, but which only God can form — he points to the fragments, and says, "That is a rose!"

But suppose that, even while he speaks, those withering atoms should stir and brighten, the anthers should gather again their golden pollen, and hang themselves once more on each slender filament, the petals blush anew, and rustle into fragrant crowding circles, and a most rosy rose should rise triumphantly before him!

Some such experience had Mr. Bently when he had finished his work of demolition. Turning coldly away from the ruins of what had been so fair, he walked to the window to take breath, and saw there before him the living woman complete, her soul welding with immortal fire every characteristic and mood into a being irresistibly lovely, baffling and — disdainful. She stood in the garden where Mrs. Clay had purposely detained her beneath his window, and she stood there unwillingly. Only a social necessity had brought her to the house, and she had determined that she would not, if it could be helped, meet that gentleman who, from being a daily visitor of her own, had suffered three days to pass during which he had once or twice talked with her uncle over the gate, but had never approached her.

Since that hour when, looking from his window, he had seen her sail past without raising her eyes, Mr. Bently had been haunted at times by two antagonistic visions — the rose dissected, which he viewed with indifference, succeeded by the rose full-blown, triumphant in unassailable sweetness.

He thought it all over now as he sat looking out of Mrs. Clay's eastern bay-window. And having thought it over once, it began to go through his mind again, and still again. The various scenes passed, one by one, slowly, like persons in a procession, and he gazed at them from first to last; and there was the first again? He had had enough of it, but it would not stop. His head was aching, and feeling somewhat light besides. He pressed his forehead with his hands, and tried to think of something else, even if it were no more pleasant subject than the cold he must have taken to make him so sore from head to foot. But still that procession moved with accelerating speed. He spoke to John, tired and annoyed himself a little with the creature's antics, then leaned back in his chair, and let his brain whirl.

Certainly he was ill; but nothing else was certain. Whether to go or stay, to speak or remain silent, he could scarcely decide. When dinner was announced, instinct kept him conventional. He ate nothing, but he went through all the proper forms, with no more abstraction than might be attributed to his intellectual oddities. But dinner, with its inanities, over, he made haste to escape to his own room.

"Going out for a walk, cousin?" asked Mrs. Clay, as he passed her.

How the trivial question irritated him! He bowed, afraid to utter a word, lest it should be an offensive one. His nerves felt bare, his teeth on edge. Miss Bird looked more deeply than her friend had done, and in the one timid glance she gave the gentleman saw a painful trouble underneath his cool exterior.

"I hope he didn't hear what we were saying of him before dinner," she remarked apprehensively.

"No, indeed!" was the confident response. "He scarcely hears what you say to him, still less what is said of him."

Mr. Bently walked up stairs slowly, dreading to be alone, and shut himself into his room; and, when there, desolation settled upon him. It is not pleasant to be ill in one's own home, with loving and solicitous friends surrounding one with their cares, and taking every task from the weak hands; it is still less pleasant when, though friends are near, they are powerless to lift the burden which only those helpless hands can carry; but how far more miserable, how far more cruel than any other desolation on earth, is it when sickness falls upon one who must work, and the sick one is not only oppressed by the burden of duties unperformed, but is himself a burden, coldly and grudgingly tended, or tended not at all? Mr. Bently knew well the extent of his cousin's friendship, and the worth of her Chinese compliments, and he would far rather have fallen in the street, and been left to the tender mercies of strangers, than fall ill in her house.

Morning came, and it was breakfast-time, by no means an early hour. Mrs. Clay had put off the meal half an hour on her cousin's

account. "He has at least one polite habit — he does not rise early," she said. "But then he is as regular as a clock in his late hour." He was not prompt this morning, however, for they waited ten minutes after breakfast was on the table, and rang a second bell, and still their visitor did not appear.

Miss Bird suggested that he had looked unwell the evening before, and might be unable to come down.

"Really, how thoughtful you are!" Mrs. Clay said with cutting emphasis. "I had quite forgotten. Perhaps, my son, you will go up and see if Miss Bird is right."

"My son" objected to being made a messenger of. "If the old fellar wanted to sleep, let him sleep. Don't you say so, Clem?" Clementina always agreed with her brother; the two prevailed, and the "old fellar" was left to sleep, or toss and moan, or be consumed with fever and thirst, or otherwise entertain himself as he or fate should choose, while the family breakfasted at their leisure.

It is scarcely worth while to put Clementina and Arthur Clay in print. They are insignificant and, in a small way, disagreeable objects, and their like is often met with to the annoyance of many. The mental ignorance and lack of capacity which we lose sight of when they are overmantled by the loveliness of good-will, in such as these become contemptible by being placed on pedestals of presumption and ill-nature, and hateful when they are set as obstacles and stumbling-blocks in the way of souls who would fain walk and look upward.

Breakfast over, and no Mr. Bently appearing, Mrs. Clay felt called on to make inquiries, and, accordingly, dispatched a servant to her cousin's door, while she herself listened at the foot of the stairs. She heard a knock, but no reply, then a second knock, followed by the servant's voice, as if in answer to some one within.

"Paper under the door? Yes, sir?"

She was half way up the stairs by this time, and snatched the slip of paper which the man had found pushed out under Mr. Bently's door. "What in the world can be the matter? Where are my eye-glasses? Cousin Bently is such a frightful writer that, really —"

While the lady is adjusting her glasses, and her children and companion are gathering about her, we will read this document, for there will be no time afterwards. It is short, and is strongly scented with camphor:

"I am ill, and, it is possible, may have small-pox. It has been where I was a fortnight ago. Keep away from me and send for a doctor."

Confusion ensued. Screams resounded from the parlor; orders and counter-orders were given, only one fixed idea penetrating that chaos — to get away from the house as quickly as possibly. Carriages were got out, silver and valuables piled into them by Bird, who alone would go upstairs, and who was made to do everything, and in less than half an hour the whole family started for the city. The servants, all but the gardener, had already fled.

"But who is to take care of Mr. Bently?" Miss Bird asked, pausing at the carriage door.

"I shall give the gardener orders to get a doctor and nurse," Mrs. Clay said impatiently, fuming with selfish terror.

"But I'm not afraid," Bird hesitated. "I've been vaccinated. And it's hard to leave him alone."

"Nonsense!" cried the lady. "I shall allow nothing of the sort. It is not necessary, and, besides it is not proper. Do get in, if you are going to town. It really seems to me, Miss Bird, that you are altogether too much interested in Mr. Bently."

Then, at last, Bird perceived what was in the speaker's mind, and, as most women would in such circumstances, laid down her better impulses at the feet of meanness. Crushed and ashamed, and, at the same time, weakly and despairingly angry, she took her place in the carriage, and listened in silence to the lamentations and complaints of her companions.

"How could cousin Bently do such a thing? How could he come to me when he knew he had been so exposed?"

That Mr. Bently had only learned from the paper of the evening before to what he had been exposed, and had only thought during the night what might be the meaning of his illness, the lady did not inquire into.

At the garden gate stood James, the gardener. Mrs. Clay stopped long enough to give him hurried directions to get a doctor and nurse, and do all that was necessary for the invalid, then ordered the coachman to drive on.

"I hope John isn't with us," one of the young ones said presently. "He was round cousin Bently all day yesterday."

No; Miss Bird, recollecting that fact also, shut John into one of the chambers, and left him there. She ventured to hope that he would not be left to starve, but no one responded to her merciful wish.

The cause of all this terror and confusion had seen the departure of the family without being surprised at it. He had not undressed, but had lain on a sofa all night, and, when morning came, had written the warning which proved so effectual, and then sank into an arm-chair near the window, longing for air. He expected the family to keep away from him, and was neither sorry nor indignant that they had removed themselves still further. Of course, a doctor would be sent, and, of course, there was some one to take care of him. He sat and waited for that some one to enter. Perhaps it was James. He saw the gardener shut and fasten the gate after the carriage went out, and he heard the locking of the stable door. He waited, but no one came. Well, the house must be attended to first, and he would be patient, though thirst, and alternate fever and chills, and racking pains were tormenting him. He was annoyed, too, by John's efforts to escape from the next room, and would have gone to release the creature but for the fear of spreading contagion.

A distant door opened and shut; he heard a distant heavy step, and thanked God that relief and companionship were at hand. But the sounds ceased, and no one came near him. He saw James, the gardener, laden with packages, hurry down the avenue, and disappear into the public road, and a thrill of fear shot through him. The scene

outside swam before his eyes, and grew dark for a moment. Could it be that they had all gone away, and left him to die alone? No; he could not believe it! James had, perhaps, gone to bring the doctor. He would wait patiently, since wait he must.

There was no sound in the house where cousin Bently had been left, but the occasional whining and barking of the imprisoned John in the next room; no sound outside except when a carriage rolled swiftly by in the road. He saw no person coming. It was impossible to endure that thirst any longer. He went into the bathroom, and wet his hands and face, and drank of the tepid water there. His head reeled at sight of the stairs, and he did not dare to attempt to descend. Returning to his chamber, he fell on to the sofa, and, for the first time in his life, fainted; coming back to life again as though emerging from outer darkness, but not into light — into a sickening half-light, rather. So hours passed, and he knew without a doubt that he was utterly deserted, and that a lonely and terrible death threatened him.

Could he do nothing to avert it? He recollected that Mrs. Clay had a medicine closet in the bathroom. Possibly, if he could reach it, something might be found there to relieve, if not to cure, him. What mountains molehills can change into sometimes! This man, so strong and full of life but a day before, now lay and gave his whole mind to planning how he should save himself a few steps in going to the bathroom again, how he could avoid the stairs, lest he should fall, and whether he could this time cross the corridor to release that troublesome, whining dog. Whenever, weary and confused, he lost himself a moment in a half sleep, that whining and scratching assumed terrible proportions in his imagination, and became the fierce efforts of wild beasts to reach him. He started up now and then, with wide open eyes, to assure himself that he was not in a menagerie; to fix in his mind the picture of that airy chamber with its clear tints of green and amber, its open windows showing the long veranda outside, and the bright perspective of foliage and sky. But when his eyelids drooped again, and he sank back into half sleep and half fainting, back came the painful phantoms to torment him, till they were once more chased away for a time.

Toward evening he roused himself to make that difficult pilgrimage of fifty paces in search of healing and refreshment, bathed eagerly his face and head, and found his cousin's medicine closet. But when he had reached that his strength was nearly exhausted. He had only enough left to take down the laudanum bottle and get back to his room with it. Laudanum might dull his pain and quiet the excited nerves. Once more John must wait. He could not stop to release him.

The room in which the dog was confined had a window on the balcony that ran past Mr. Bently's room. That window was open, but the blind was shut, and John, despairing of escape through the door, had turned all his efforts toward unfastening this blind, and had several times been near success, when the spring flying back had defeated him.

The invalid's bath of cold water had refreshed him somewhat He hated to take the landanum. He had never been an intemperate

man, and had always shrunk from swallowing anything which could in the least degree isolate his mind from the control of his will. He would bear the pain a little longer.

He lay there and thought, and visions of happy homes rose up before him. At this hour of early twilight the lamps were being lighted, or people sat by firelight, and children, grown languid and sleepy with the long day's play, leaned silent on their mothers' laps. At this hour, men of thought, intellectual workers, laid aside the weightier labors of their profession to indulge in an exhilarating contention of wits, so much happier than other workers, in that their recreations do not retard, but rather accelerate their work. It is but dancing at evening with Terpsichore, or pacing with Calliope along the margin of the same road which he had travelled by day in a dusty chariot, or walked encumbered by his armor. In their lighter intellectual contests, what parts were sometimes struck out to live beyond the moment that gave them birth! What random beams of light shot now and then into seeming nothingness, and revealed an unsuspected treasure!

All these scenes of social comfort and delight rose before the sufferer's mind with tantalizing distinctness, fairer and fuller in the vision than he had ever known the reality to be. He felt like a houseless wanderer who, freezing and starving in the street, sees through lighted windows the warmth and joy of the home circle.

Mr. Bently was not a pious man. He had a deep sentiment of reverence, and a firm belief that somewhere there is an inflexible truth that deserves an obedience absolute and unquestioning. But controversy had spoiled him for religious feeling, which is, perhaps, too delicate for rough handling, and in a clash of warring creeds some freshness and spontaniety had been lost to his convictions. Reaching truth, winning battles for truth, he had been like a traveller at the end of a long journey, when he scarcely cares in his weariness for the goal attained, but must needs eat and sleep. He had spent too much time and strength in wiping away the mire flung on the garments of religion to be any longer quick in enthusiastic homage. "Pity 'tis 'tis true." The butterfly you would save from the net loses the down from its wings with your most careful handling; the friend you defend from calumny you dethrone even while defending. The feeling that dictated that brutal egotism, "Cæsar's wife must not be suspected," dwells in a less arrogant form in most human hearts, and rare indeed is that soul which sets its love as high, after even the most triumphantly refuted accusation, as it was before.

Desertion and imminent death chilled this man's heart, and he had no mind to turn to God save in a cold recognition of His power and wisdom. Love entered not into his thoughts, but despair did.

The pain increased, the dizziness came back. He stretched his hand for the glass and vial of laudanum, and tried with a shaking hand to pour out what he could guess to be an ordinary portion. There is no reason why he should suspect that that bottle might have been standing in the house so long as to have made even the smallest dose of its contents deadly. As he measured, and tried to recollect how

much he should take, pouring out unknowingly what would have been for him Lethe indeed, a louder rattle and bang at the blind of the next room proclaimed the success of the four-footed prisoner. There was a scampering on the veranda, a dog's head, eager and bright-eyed, was thrust in at the window of the sick-room, then, with an almost human cry of joy, John flew at its occupant.

Away went bottle and glass, breaking and spilling — no laudanum for Mr. Bently that day. Down went Mr. Bently among the sofa pillows, prostrated by the unexpected onset; and love, and delight, and absolute devotion, in the form of an uproarious Skye terrier, unconscious and uncaring for risks, nestled in the breast of the deserted man, were all over his face and neck, and through his hair, and speaking as plainly as though human speech had been their interpreters.

When the man comprehended, recovering from his first confusion, reason and endurance stood aside and veiled their faces, and a greater than they took their place.

Through a gush of tears which were but the spray of a subsiding wave of bitterness, this soul raised its eyes, and beheld a new light. It lost sight of the Almighty in a vision of the Heavenly Father.

The night that followed was painful, but not unsoothed. The dog, perceiving at once that his friend was ill, became quiet. He lay with his head pressed close to the restless arm, and if the sick man moaned he answered with a pitying whine. Once he left the room, and wandered through the whole house in search of help, whined and scratched at every closed door, and, finding no one, came back with an air of distress and perplexity. Later, when Mr. Bently seemed very ill, John ran out on to the balcony, and barked loudly, as if calling for relief.

Morning came again, and the sick man's pain gave place to a death-like faintness, resulting from lack of nourishment. For thirty-six hours nothing had passed his lips but water, and that no longer ran from the faucet when he tried it. He crept down-stairs, stair by stair, holding by the balusters, like a little child. There was no water to be seen in the dining-room, and he did not know where to find any. He reached the parlor, lay down on the floor, and prayed for either death or life — anything to put an end to that nightmare of misery. It seemed that death was coming. His hands and feet grew cold with an unnatural chill, and, though the morning sunshine poured through the windows, all looked dim to his eyes. His senses seemed to be slowly receding, without pain, without any power or wish on his part to recall them. He lay and waited for death.

And while he waited, as one hears sounds in a dream he heard a door open and shut, then a quick, light step that ran up-stairs. John, standing over his friend, left him, and rushed to the parlor door, barking wildly, but was unable to get out, the door having swung to. In vain he tried it with his paws, and thrust his small nose into the crack. It was too heavy for him to move.

Suddenly, while Mr. Bently gazed with languid, half unconscious eyes at the creature, the door was pushed wide open, and a woman stood on the threshold. She was neither young nor old, but simply at the age of perfection, which is a variably age, according to the person.

Her face was a full oval, but white now as hoar-frost. All its life seemed to centre in the large hazel eyes that were piercing with a terrified search. She wore her fair hair like a crown, piled high above her forehead in glossy coils like sculptured amber. Over one temple a black and gold moth was poised, as though it had just alighted there, its wings wide-spread. The long black folds of a velvet robe fell about her superb form, sweeping far back from her swift but suddenly arrested step. Scintillating fringes of gold quivered against the large white arms, edged the short Greek jacket, and ran in a single flash down either side of the train. A diamond cross lay like a sunbeam on her bosom, a single diamond twinkled in each small ear.

There was but an instant's pause, then she crossed the room quickly and knelt by him.

"My God! my God!" she murmured, and lifted his head on her arm. "What fiendish cruelty!"

Her touch and voice recalled him to himself. He tried to put her away. "Leave me, Marian, I beg of you! Do not endanger yourself for me!"

But even while bidding her go, every nerve in him grew alive with the joyous conviction that he would not be obeyed, and that, danger or no danger, she would not desert him. Here was strength, help, and the power to command. She brought the world with her, this queenly woman, who had not even snatched the gloves from her hands since last night's ball, but had hurried to seek news of him after the first confused rumor, to call doctor and nurse, to rush to him herself with all the speed her panting horses could make.

"Leave you? Never!"

He asked no questions, but resigned himself. How delightful the sickness, how sweet the pain, that led to this! How thrice blessed the desertion that gave her to him!

In half an hour the doctor had come and given his decision. Mr. Bently's illness was merely a violent cold with fever, and a few days of careful nursing would make all right. In another half hour he was established in a pleasant chamber in Mr. Willis' house, with a nurse in close attendance, the whole family anxiously ministrant, John an immovable fixture in the sick room; and, later, Mrs. Marcia Clay besieging the house for news of poor, dear cousin Bently, and protesting and explaining to the very coldest of listeners, declaring that nothing but her duty to her family, etc.; and what was the meaning of that broken bottle and glass, and ineradicable laudanum stain on the carpet in her house? Was it possible that cousin Bently had thought of taking any of that terrible stuff that she meant to have thrown away ages before? And would they bring down John? Arthur had asked for him.

Some one went to Mr. Bently's room for John, but came back without him. The invalid was reported to have flown into something like a passion on learning the messenger's errand, and to have held the dog firmly in his arms.

John was his! No one else should have him. Whatever crime it might be called to refuse to give him up — stealing, embezzling, false imprisonment — he was ready to be accused and convicted of it, and would go to jail for it with the dog in his arms.

Mrs. Clay was enchanted to be able to oblige her cousin in such a trifle, and would he speak freely when he wanted anything? and then went home and told all her family in confidence that Mr. Bently was a raving maniac.

Reader, according to our promises at the beginning of this history, we should stop here. The scene has changed, the time already exceeds twenty-four hours, and only the characters remain the same. But we have not done. There is something more which we are pining to tell. Shall we stop, then, and perish in silence, rather than transgress rules made by a people "dead and done with this many a year," whose whole country, with themselves on it, could have been thrown into one of our inland seas without making it spill over? No! Perish the unities!

Scene II.—Large parlor, rosy-tinted all through with reflections from sunset, from firelight, and from red draperies. After dinner silence pervading, open folding-doors giving a view through a suite of rooms, in the furthest of which an old gentleman sleeps in his arm-chair. Or, perhaps, it is a picture of a library, with an old gentleman asleep in it. The stillness is perfect enough for that. Mr. Bently, convalescent, first dinner down stairs since his illness, stands near a window looking out, but watchful of the inside of the parlor, and of a lady who sits at an embroidery frame near the same window. The lady is superficially dignified and tranquil, but there is an unusual color in the cheeks, and a slight unsteadiness in the fingers, which tell her secret conviction that something is going to happen. This is the first time the two have met since Miss Willis found the deserted man lying half senseless on Mrs. Clay's parlor floor.

He is thinking of that time now, and that an acknowledgment is due, and wondering how it is to be made, half a mind to be angry, rather than grateful, for the service. Such is man. All the bitterness of his lonely life rises up before him. Grey hairs are on his head, lines of age mark his face, but his heart protests against being set aside as too old for anything but dry speculation and love of abstract truth.

"I have been seeking for some proper terms in which to express to you my grateful sense of your humanity in coming to me when I was left sick and alone, but I cannot find them," he said at length, facing her.

"There is no need to say anything about it," she replied quietly, setting a careful silken stitch. "I could not have done otherwise."

Having begun, the gentleman could not stop, or would not.

"I am sure you meant well, but did you do well?" he went on. "Could you not have been content to send the doctor, without coming yourself? Did you reflect that you were apparently incurring peril, and that for a man who had a heart as well as a head, and, worse yet, for a man whose heart had for years striven vainly to forget you? You have deprived me of the shield and support of even attempted indifference. I can no longer try to forget you, or think of you coldly, without the basest ingratitude."

Will the reader pardon Mr. Bently for expressing himself so gram-

matically? It was through the force of long habit, which even passion could not break. It is true that, according to Gerald Griffin, Juno herself, when angry, spoke bad Latin; but then, Juno was a woman.

Allons donc. We are ourselves interested in this conversation, and are pleased to observe that, though the speaker's moods and tenses are not flagrant, his eyes and cheeks are.

The lady glanced up swiftly with that smile, half shy, half mirthful, with which a woman who knows her power, and means to use it kindly, receives the acknowledgment of it.

"Why should you think coldly of me, or forget me?" she asked.

Mr. Bently met her glance with stern eyes. "Does a man willingly submit to slavery?" he demanded. He had not suspected Marian Willis of coquetry.

She looked down at her work again, the smile fading, but the mouth still sweet, slowly threaded her needle with a rose-pink floss, and said as slowly, "I do not wish you to forget me."

One who has seen the sun strike through a heavy fog, stop a moment, then fling it asunder, all in silence, without breath of breeze, but making a bright day of a dark one, knows how Mr. Bently's clouded face cleared at those words and the look of her who spoke them.

No more was said then. Enough is as good as a feast, and both tasted in that moment the full sweetness of a happiness the more perfect because apparently incomplete.

On one point our mind is made up — this story shall not end with a marriage. A marriage there was, at seven o'clock one spring morning, in a little suburban church, with only three visible witnesses; and the marriage feast was — be it said with all reverence and adoration — manna from heaven, the bread of angels!

Mrs. Clay was, of course, shocked at this affair. Where was the *trousseau*, where the fuss, the presents that might have been, the rehearsal at a fashionable church, the organ music, the crowd of dear criticising friends, the reception, cake and wine, journey, what not — all the parade, weariness, and extravagance which have so often changed a sacrament into a ceremony? Where, indeed? They had no existence outside of the lady's disappointed wishes.

She did not even see what she called this "positively shabby Catholic affair," and we will not dwell on it. Turn we to the final scene.

Does the reader object that John bears too small a part in the story named for him? On the contrary, the whole story is because of John. You have, perhaps, seen a picture of the procession at the coronation of George IV., pages and pages of magnificent persons, names, and costumes, the brilliant pageant of the long-extended *queue*, all because of one person in it. The simile is rather large, apparently, for use in this place, but only apparently; for John's record is better than any king's, in that it is unstained.

A year has passed. In the midst of a fair area of gardens and trees stands a pleasant house. Only a window or two are open, for the spring is not yet far advanced. Underneath a large old pine tree not

far from the porch, a hole has been dug, and at one side of it stands Mr. Bently, spade in hand, and at the other his wife. This little pit is lined with green boughs, and the lady stoops and carefully and soberly adds one more. On the heap of earth thrown up rests a box.

This much is visible to a young man who comes strolling up the path from the gate. He pauses, and looks on in astonishment. He recollects having heard somewhere that Cousin Bently's dog John was accidently shot, and that Mrs. Bently cried about it. Can it be possible that they are making a funeral over John? That would be too funny.

Mr. Bently stooped, took the box in his arms, and placed it carefully down amongst the green boughs. Standing upright then, he wiped his eyes, and muttered a trembling, "Poor fellow!"

"Good morning!" said a brisk voice at his elbow. "I'm sorry Johnnie met with a mishap. Are you burying him here!"

The vapid, mean, supercilious face gave them both such a shock that they reddened and frowned. No one could have been less welcome at that moment than Arthur Clay.

Mrs. Bently answered his question with a brief, "Yes."

"Oh! well, there are dogs enough in the world," said the young man, meaning to be consoling.

"There are puppies enough!" muttered Mr. Bently, and began shovelling the earth savagely into the grave.

"Please go into the house, and wait for us, Arthur," the lady said, with polite decision. She had no mind to have this last touching rite spoiled by such an intrusion.

But young Mr. Clay was in an obliging mood. "Thank you; I'd just as soon stay, and rather. I never attended a canine funeral before."

There was a momentary silence, then Mrs. Bently spoke again, with still more decision and far less suavity: "On the whole, you must excuse us from seeing you any longer this morning. If you had gone to the door, the servant would have told you that we do not receive any one to-day."

The young man gave an angry laugh. "Oh! certainly! I wouldn't for the world intrude on your sorrow. Good-morning! It's a pity, though, that dogs are not immortal, isn't it? You might have John canonized."

Mr. Bently flashed his eyes round at the speaker. "What!" he thundered, "*you* immortal, and *my* DOG NOT!"

If they had been two Parratt guns, instead of two eyes and a mouth, Mr. Arthur Clay could not have retreated more precipitately.

The grave was filled in and covered with boughs, two sighs were breathed over it, then the couple walked, arm in arm, slowly towards the house.

"He was a perfect creature!" Mr. Bently said, after a silence.

"Yes!" assented the wife. "Only he would bounce at one so."

"Marian," said her husband solemnly, "if it hadn't been for John's habit of bouncing at his friends, you would have had no husband."

It was well meant, but unfortunately worded. The lady pouted, being by no means an ideal, perfect, pattern woman, but only a natural and charming one, with varying moods and whims playing, spray-like,

over the deeps of principle and religion. "Don't be too sure of that!" she made answer to him.

Mr. Bently never bristled with virtues when his wife made such remarks. He smiled now, full of kindness. "I meant to say that I should have had no wife," he corrected himself.

At that, the pout, which was only a rebellious muscle, not a rebellious heart, disappeared. "It means the same thing, you most patient of men!" exclaimed his wife fervently.

They reached the porch, and stood there a moment looking back to the mound under the pine-tree.

"It is a comfort to think," said the wife, "that for one year of his life we made him such a happy dog."

Then they went in and the door closed behind them.

M. A. TINCKER, in *Merry England.*

The Century's Rise of Wages.

DISCUSSING wages, in one of his lectures before the students of Harvard University, Professor Thompson gives many facts of curious interest. In 1793 the Schuylkill and Susquehanna Canal Company advertised for workmen, offering five dollars a month for the winter months, and six dollars for summer, with board and lodging. The next year there was a debate in the House of Representatives which brought out the fact that soldiers got but three dollars a month. A Vermont member, discussing the proposal to raise it to four dollars, said that in his State men were hired for eighteen pounds a year, or four dollars a month, with board and clothing. Mr. Wadsworth of Pennsylvania said: "In the States north of Pennsylvania the wages of the common laborer are not, upon the whole, superior to those of the common soldier." It 1797 a Rhode Island farmer hired a good farm hand at three dollars a month: and five dollars a month was paid to those who got employment for the eight busy months of the farmer's year. A strong boy could be had at that time in Connecticut at one dollar a month through those months, and he earned it by working from daybreak until eight or nine o'clock at night. He could buy a coarse cotton shirt with the earnings of three such months. The farmers could pay no better, for the price they got for produce was wretched. Butter sold at eight cents a pound; and when it rose suddenly to ten cents, several farmers' wives and daughters went out of their minds with excitement. Women picked the wool off the bushes and briers, where the sheep had left it, and spun and knit it into mittens to earn one dollar a year by this toilsome business. They hired out as help for twenty-five cents a month and their board. By a hard day's work at the spinning-wheel a woman and girl together could earn twelve cents. As late as 1821 the best farm hands could be had for twenty-five cents a day, or twice as much in mowing time.

Our Toasts.

LAST night, three genial friends, with me,
Talked of the times ; but soon we thought
To try the question out, if we
Could do as England says we ought ;
Said one, " Let's toast that mighty land,
And drink 'confusion to her foes.' "
We poured the wine, and, glass in hand,
Unto our feet at once we rose.
" Success ; " — but no !
Our hearts beat slow ;
The words stuck in our throats the while ;
Then loud we laughed,
And ere we quaffed,
Our toast was this — " Our own Green Isle ! "

" That time we failed," another said :
" But let us try the task once more,
And toast the foreign arms that shed
Our father's blood from shore to shore ;
The knaves who seized their fair domains —
More oft by fraud than warlike toil ; —
The clowns who wrecked our ancient fanes,
And fattened on the sacred spoil."
We rose ; — but no ! —
Words would not flow !
Then grasped we each another's hand,
And with a shout
Our toast rang out —
" The heroes of our Native Land ! "

Then spoke a third: — " Let's pass them by, —
Those gloomy years, forever flown,
And see what winning ways may lie
In later times, or in our own ;
Come, let us toast the thousand ills
That waste our country's life away,
And praise and bless the land that fills
This isle with grief and woe to-day."
We rose : — but no !
With cheeks aglow,
Our heart's blood pulsing fast and free,
We raised each draught,
And when we quaffed
Our toast was — " IRELAND'S LIBERTY ! "

Then, of the group, one other spoke,
And said, "Good friends, I hold it plain,
God never made for bond or yoke
This race so long assailed in vain.
The free, bold spirit that He gave
To cheer their hearts, no foe can kill;
The hope He set to guide and save
Our people true, is living still."
We rose — and, oh!
With cheeks aglow,
And joyful tears on every face, —
With cheer and shout
Our toast rang out
"THE FUTURE OF THE IRISH RACE."

T. D. SULLIVAN, Lord Mayor of Dublin.

All is Vanity.

I SAW a young babe in its cradle. It smiled in its sleep, and the mother knelt and kissed its soft cheek, and prayed God that her baby boy might live to a good old age. It opened its eyes and smiled, and the children softly whispered to each other: "See! the angels have been talking to him, and he is glad!" I saw a youth as he looked longingly up the path leading to fame and glory. There was a proud flash in the father's eye as he saw the boy come and go, and the mother looked after him with swelling heart, and whispered a prayer to heaven to keep her boy's footsteps from wicked paths. I saw a young man as he stepped over the threshold and met the grim world with a smile of self-reliance. The father was now wrinkled and gray, but there was a fonder flash in his eye as he listened to the applause of the multitude. The mother was aged and feeble, and tears came to her eyes as she murmured: "He is moving the hearts of thousands by his eloquence; but I pray thee, O Heaven, to keep him pure of heart and free from sin!" The children who had whispered before were no longer children. They had also grown to man's estate. Some joined in the applause — some felt malice and envy commanding them to silence. I saw a strong man in his prime. He had fame and wealth, a loving wife, happy children, beautiful home. Men bowed before him. I saw an old man as a winter's night settled gloomily down over the desolate land. He was old and weak, and hungry and poor. He was thinly clad, and he shivered in the raw air. He stood at the corner, his trembling hand held out in mute appeal to the passers-by. I saw a shrunken corpse on a miserable bed. "This man," said a mysterious voice, "at whose feet the nation bowed like slaves — this was my son!" And men handled the poor old body as if it were a faggot, and they mockingly cried to each other: "A pine coffin, a grave in a potter's field, and to-morrow we forget that he ever lived!"

Father Tolton: The Very First.

REV. A. TOLTON.

Perfect fac-simile of "untouched" negative—"a living and speaking likeness."

AND so we have in our midst to-day a colored priest, a native American, once a slave and the son of slaves, one of the ante-bellum "four millions" said to be incapable of education, moral habits and

what not, upon which assumption their degradation was boldly justified; no hybrid, but the genuine article; a typical Africo-American; the very one of all others we longed to see chosen — not your Episcopalian ideal, octoroon if possible, quadroon at the most, Caucasian in chiselling, Semitic in coloring, a pinch-nosed, thin-lipped and straight-haired look-at-me, as if picked out for a compromise because of his proboscis and not of his brains, to show well on a perch, with that degree of gamboge which comes nearest to whitewash when the stubbles are removed and he slips out, like a peeled onion, spruce, tidy, oil-tongued, a "nice young man," slippery and sanctimonious, of course. Nothing of the kind is Father Tolton, as our *perfect fac-simile* of his photograph shows; the *vivid and striking likeness* of a solid man, true as steel, without a shadow of pretension, well up in his sacred duties, able to converse and preach in more than one language, humble as a child, boasting of his African blood and all aglow with devotion and love for his race. As he passes through the streets of Quincy white gentlemen raise their hats, and priests at table take back seats to give him the place of honor. We have seen it not once or twice, but almost *every* time — MANHOOD! And on the part of the laity, what a plain *act of faith* in the power and wisdom of Christ's Spouse on earth, which *can* and *will* elevate the lowest above the highest, and invest him with a dignity above that of the greatest earthly potentate!

His History.

The Rev. Augustus Tolton was born in a slave State, of slave parents, and was himself a slave. Both parents were Catholics, and though at the time of their union belonging to different masters, these two were of the same religion, so Peter and Martha Jane, the father and mother of our subject, were lawfully and solemnly married in the Catholic church of Brushcreek, Ralls County, Missouri, in which State and county the future priest first saw the light (as per the Baptismal Register) on the first of April, 1854. This geographical circumstance of his birth, so close to the free soil of Illinois, underlies the entire romance of his life; for when the late civil war broke out his father decamped with the Union army and his mother fled with her children across the Mississippi! It was a bold stroke for life and liberty on the part of a poor dark-skinned female slave encumbered with three young children, the oldest only nine years, a little girl, and the youngest a male baby in arms, just twenty months from his birth. By her side trudged along little "Gussie," our child of destiny, who had just passed his seventh hard winter. Well planned and bravely executed, the escape through Ralls and Marion Counties was a perfect success, but no sooner had they arrived at the bank of the great river than their hope received a sudden shock. Challenged as runaway slaves, they were on the point of arrest when some Federal soldiers interfered. This happened at Hannibal where, strange to say, the singular franchise of "free soil" by prescription was claimed for the very spot of the town on which the arrest was made! The claim as a legal set-up instantly arrested the arrest, and that night the poor fugitives were quickly smuggled across the Father of Waters! Free at last on the *terra firma* of liberty, under

the flag of Illinois, then unfurled to the winds of heaven in the very cause which gave its death-blow to slavery on this continent, the little strangers felt secure, though not at this particular spot, so that very night they set out for Quincy, the foot-sore trudge of twenty-one miles more up the river! From that hour to this the antecedents of Father Tolton are public property in the city of his adoption and that to his everlasting credit, a credit so exceptional as to admit of no parallel in modern biography.

[We are indebted for the above engraving, and the matter which follows, to the *St. Joseph's Advocate*, an excellent publication issued quarterly in Baltimore at fifty cents a year, and contains thirty-two large pages. It is devoted exclusively to a record of missions among the colored race. We advise any of our friends desiring a good Catholic publication to send fifty cents to *St. Joseph's Advocate*, 51 Courtland Street, Baltimore, Md. We will guarantee that they never got better worth for their money.]

In the Name of Mary.

MORE women have been named Mary than any other name which has blest or cursed the feminine sex. It stands as the typical name for the holiest and most abject of women—for the virgin and the wanton. And in every language of Asia and Europe, as well as that of Egypt, this name appears almost without variation. It has been an equal favorite with the aristocrats of France and the Puritans of New England, and it equally becomes literature or kitchen. It is stately when we speak of Lady Mary Worthy Montague; it is simplicity itself when we refer to Mary O'Brien, who brings in our breakfast rolls. At one time it may bring up a picture of a divinely painted face, hanging in the rich gloom of an Italian gallery, and at another of a red-cheeked dairymaid, with her bare feet in the daisied grass. Two of England's five queens have borne it, and the most memorable woman that Scotland ever produced has made it immortal. The proudest women of France have dignified it, and the worst women of Russia have disgraced it. There are as many Marys smiling at the circling suns that make the brief summer by the northern sea as loll through the luxurious days by the Mediterranean. The name that Catholic missionaries gave to the first converted Indian maiden was Mary, and perhaps the first daughter of every family for all time will stand in imminent danger of bearing the name, for it is the first to be considered in naming girl-babies, and when rejected is always thought of with lingering tenderness. How many lovers have loved it! How they have associated it with purity and gentleness, with womanliness and candor and trust! What a fateful name it is! Its bearer seems predestined to sorrow, yet it is gladsome, too. "My mother's name is Mary."

Columbus and the Immaculate Conception.

[The following by the Count Roselly de Lorgues, the historian of Columbus, appeared in the *Revue du Monde Catholique* of the 1st of June. It is only just to observe that an article on Columbus' devotion to Mary appeared in the *Ave Maria* of the 3d of January, 1885, and was translated into French by Father Petitalot, S.M., for the *Revue du Culte de Maria* for May of that year.—TH. XR. K.]

I.

NEVER did poet or philosopher possess a livelier sentiment of nature, a more penetrating comprehension of the magnificences of creation, than the man whose lot it was to discover its extent to us. In his description of the physical world, the COSMOS, Alexander Humboldt, the universal savant, called by Germany "the modern Aristotle," acknowledges that no rival nor competitor can be set up against him. From the depths of his almost divinatory intuition and of his admiring contemplation of the works of the Word, Christopher Columbus had a glimpse of the ineffable privilege, as well as the eternal primacy, of the Woman destined to the union of earth and heaven, by bringing forth the Redeemer. The unspeakable purity of the Virgin blessed among all women was as an inborn notion of his heart; and he devoted his tenderest emotions of piety to the latter Eve, whom all generations were to call blessed.

Going back from the miraculous episodes of Lourdes to Apostolic times, it would be difficult to discover a Christian whose devotion to the Mother of God surpassed that of the hero of the seas. From early manhood the young sailor placed himself under Mary's protection, invoking her as a helper in his labors, as a deliverer in his dangers, and he remained ever true to her altars.

So, too, the Queen of angels seemed many a time to give manifest assistance to the future Revelator of the Globe. The entire career of the chief of navigators furnishes us with proof of this.

When he reached Spain, where he arrived without any support, without any money, without any recommendation, relying solely upon his heavenly protectress, an error in choosing his route leads him directly to one of Mary's refuges, the rural convent of Our Lady of La Rabida, where he was precisely to meet the man in all Spain best qualified to comprehend the breadth of his views. This was the pious and learned Franciscan Juan Perez de Marchena, the former confessor of Queen Isabella. The traveller, providentially gone astray, here received most generous hospitality. Here he was confirmed in his vocation, fortified his mind, enriched it with new acquisitions, fed on the manna of the Sacred Scriptures, became the pupil of the beloved disciple, of the adopted son of Mary, St. John, sublimest and fullest of the evangelists. Then, the better to associate himself with the religious life, he put on the cord of the Tertiaries of St. Francis.

We all know how, from its foundation, the Seraphic Order had supported belief in the Immaculate Conception, not yet formulated

into a dogma at that time. From this humble monastery of Mary did the immortal Tertiary bring his lively faith in the Immaculate Conception, and a tenderer piety towards the Virgin conceived without sin. His inmost worship of her who was the organ of our Redemption never ceased to appear all the rest of his after life.

Continually living in the presence of God, and in the contemplation of the marvels of the Eternal Word, he never separated from the Redeemer the Virgin, the ark of the covenant, the sacred intermediary of our salvation. His confidence in the Mother of the Saviour was one that gushed warmly forth. He gave himself up to it with unreserved sincerity. Such was his faith in Mary's virginal maternity, and in her mighty mediation, that he habitually placed her name after that of her Divine Son. Looking upon life as a pilgrimage, Christopher Columbus, that incomparable traveller, never failed to begin his correspondence with this pious wish placed at the head of his letters in the form of an epigraph: "May Jesus and Mary be with us in the way—*Jesu cum Maria sit nobis in via;*" and when he finished his letter, he still had the Most Blessed Virgin so present to his heart that, in filial homage, he wrought the initial of the sweet name of Mary into his signature.

II.

When, after having spent six bitter years in fruitless solicitations at the court for his project of discoveries, Columbus is on the point of leaving ungrateful Spain, again under the auspices of Mary in that peaceful monastery does he refresh his soul; again does he find strength to face once more the contempt of the great and the incredulity of the learned. When at last, suddenly illumined by grace, Queen Isabella accepts the enterprise, it is under Mary's eyes and in her sanctuary that he prepares the means for his expedition. Before the altar of Mary he pours out his heart and steels it against the terrors of the dread unknown which his courage is about to defy.

As a worthy Tertiary of St. Francis, Christopher Columbus openly places his ship, as is his person already, beneath the protection of the Immaculate, and he baptizes with the name of HOLY MARY (*Santa Maria*), the bark from which his admiral's flag shall float.* Before embarking he leads his sailors in procession to the Church of Mary, places them under her shield, and receives Holy Communion.

During this heroic voyage, the hymn to the Virgin is sung every evening aboard his little squadron. The winds of the Atlantic carry over the waves, like a blessing, the holy name of Mary. During this audacious exploration of the vast and unknown, the "Star of the Sea" is not invoked in vain. Wondrous opportunities give evidence of her assistance. Through frequent perils a mysterious immunity seems to uphold and guide the Franciscan of the third order. After a series of days divided between hope and fear and dramatic incidents, discovering at last in those unnamed regions beyond the island of San Salvador a group of other islands, sentinels on the outposts of the New World, his piety immediately dedicates these happy first fruits to the Mother of

* It had previously been called *La Gallega*. (See Father Knight's "Life of Columbus.")—TR.

the Son of Man; and he gives to the archipelago of the Bahamas the name of "Sea of Our Lady." Then, the better to satisfy his devotion, the faithful servant of Mary honors the largest of these islands with the expressive name, "St. Mary of the Conception" (*Santa Maria de la Concepcion*).

When he discovers the second of the Greater Antilles, the vast island of Hayti, Christopher Columbus consecrates to Mary the first roadstead that strikes his observing eyes. Further on, perceiving a far projecting cape, he gives it the name of the Star of the Seas, and at the present day it is called the Cape of the Star. On the north-west coast he discovers a magnificent bay and calls it Port Conception. On the 8th of December, Columbus, the prince of navigators, despite the severity of the atmosphere, solemnizes aboard his vessel the feast of the Conception which the church was celebrating. At the distance that he is from Europe, his veneration of the Virgin remains so present in his mind that six days later, on his ship, salvoes of artillery astonishing the echoes of these new shores, announced to the Castilians a special feast of the Virgin, which was celebrated that day in one of her most famous sanctuaries in Spain — St. Mary of the O.

Grand admirable of the ocean and viceroy of the Indies, Christopher Columbus did not disdain to become the catechist of the natives whom he was to take to Castile. He would not surrender to any one the pleasure of teaching them to pronounce the sweet name of Mary, to recite the *Ave Maria* and the Lord's Prayer. Immediately entering into relations with the Cacique Guanacargi, one of the five sovereigns of Hayti, he talks to him of Jesus Christ, of the Queen of Heaven, shows him her picture, and hangs about his neck a medal of the Virgin, while awaiting his preparation for baptism.

On his departure, leaving a squad of Spaniards on this new land, the admiral garrisoned them in a little fort built under the invocation of Mary, and which he called the Nativity (*La Navidad*). His constant piety to the Mother of the Saviour did not permit him to leave Hayti, without having honored the heavenly messenger whose duty it was to announce to the Virgin her divine maternity; and in memory of the Angel Gabriel, he gave the name of Cape of the Angel to a beautiful hillock standing out in the sea.

The return to Europe, effected by Columbus amidst turmoil of winds and waves, plainly displays the protection of the Mother of the Redeemer. When his distracted officers believed themselves lost in the tumultuous immensity of the waters, and shipwreck seems inevitable, the Star of the Sea shows him the island of Saint Mary's, the most southerly of the Azores, where he can take a brief refuge. Then, when his ship is driven by storm after storm on her course, the sailors, in the height of the danger, thrice make a vow to pay a pilgrimage to a church of the Blessed Virgin, and thrice does the lot fall upon Columbus to perform it. So, on his disembarking, the moment he steps from the ship, without taking any rest, the fervent Tertiary makes haste to lead his sailors to our Lady of La Rabida, to thank her solemnly for her manifest protection.

III.

If the first voyage of Christopher Columbus was undertaken under the protection of the Word made flesh, his second expedition seemed all for the glory of his Divine Mother.

First the Tertiary of St. Francis changes the name of his flag-ship, to give it the name of the Mother of divine grace, and he calls it the Graceful Mary (*Maria-Galanta.*) He again bestows that charming name on the first island whereon his zeal plants the cross; it is Maria Galanta. The next day he confers on another island the name of Santa Maria de Guadalupe, in remembrance of the sanctuary of that name in Spain. The following day he also places under the protection of the Star of the Sea, an unknown land which he calls Our Lady of Montserrat. The same evening he discovers another island. He calls it Our Lady of the Rotunda. Next morning the first island which his eyes distinguish is immediately dedicated to the Virgin, and named by him St. Mary the Ancient, in memory of his retreat near that famous church in Spain: it is the island called Antigua at the present day.

Later on, Christopher Columbus, at the head of a large troop, undertook to reconnoitre the interior of Hayti, so far totally unknown. During his march, he discovered, on the top of a hill, the most magnificent plain that ever the eyes of man had beheld. After having long feasted his admiration and thanked the Creator Word for showing him such beauties, he dedicated to Mary Immaculate this charming landscape, which he expressively named, "Plain of the Conception," now the Vega Real.

Some months after, in his exploration of the Sea of Cuba, amidst the labyrinths of isles which he called "the Gardens of the Queen," the Tertiary navigator consecrated the largest of them to the Virgin conceived without sin, and called it *Santa Maria.* On his return he induced the Cacique Guarionex to let him build in his territory a fortress to which he gave the name of Conception.

The following year, brought back by dreadful conjunctures, during the general uprising in Hayti, Christopher Columbus, surrounded by eight army corps, each composed of twenty thousand natives, who occupied every approach to Conception, could bring against them only two hundred foot soldiers, most of them sick, and twenty horsemen. To come out victorious from the contest, each Spaniard should leave upon the field of battle, or put to flight, five hundred enemies. One against five hundred! In view of such a disproportion of forces, the faithful knight of Our Lady turned the command of the little troop over to his brother Bartholomew, and, with no other arm than prayer, climbed the hill whence he was to implore her heavenly protection.

At the signal given by the natives' chief the battle opens; and while fifteen thousand chosen archers darken the air with their arrows, Columbus' prayer was heard. A sudden wind arose so impetuous that it turned the arrows aside and seemed to drive them back upon the Indians. At sight of this, an indescribable panic scatters these armed masses. They fall against and over one another in the precipitation of

flight, while the twenty horsemen, charging with all their might on this frightened and disordered mob, complete the routing.

This strange battle, with its gigantic disproportions, was never called a victory. The Spaniards took no pride out of it; they saw in it only a striking miracle. This wondrous event remained famous under the name, "Miracle of the arrows." Unanimously it was ascribed solely to the Virgin. An altar was erected on the spot where the servant of Mary had implored the Help of Christians, *Auxilium Christianorum.* The terrified natives declared that they had seen above them a woman surrounded with light, who, with a wave of her hand, had turned the arrows back.

After solemn thanksgivings to the Virgin Mary for this striking favor, Christopher Columbus would consecrate its memory by an erection of a large cross, intended to be seen from afar, on the eminence that looked down upon the incomparable plain of the Conception. He gave orders to his naval lieutenant, Alonza de Valencia, to go at the head of a score of sailors and carpenters to cut down a tree selected for that purpose. This cross having been erected with great solemnity upon the place, the admiral resolved to found, under this culminating point, a city which, in honor of Mary Immaculate, should also be called Conception, and which should look down upon this plain, the most magnificent in the world.

Nevertheless, just then he could only lay the foundations of a fortress and trace the plan of the future episcopal city, destined by his heart to the glory of Mary. The necessities of the colony, the league of the caciques, the plots of the hidalgoes, whose rapine and violence against the natives he hindered, the obstacles thrown in the way of his administration, soon obliged Columbus to return to Spain, to lay before the sovereigns the extraordinary difficulties of his position, and to obtain from them some remedy. He was therefore compelled to postpone the fulfilment of his vow.

Nevertheless, despite time and distance, his mind never was detached from the spot where he was miraculously assisted and where he had the cross upreared. Hence, when organizing his administration, he gave orders that on the plain he had consecrated to the Virgin should be erected a basilica under the title of the Immaculate Conception.

IV.

The obstacles raised by the malevolence of the naval department were not fewer in Castile than they had been in Hispaniola. Columbus wore his strength out on continual difficulties before succeeding in defeating the intrigues of his enemies and preparing the furnishing of his third expedition, during which he discovered the New World.

Although this third voyage was specially undertaken under the auspices of the Most Holy Trinity, nevertheless the admiral's devotion was not without giving a mark of his constant devotion to the Mother of the Redeemer. When, through perils upon perils, he had succeeded, against all hope in passing the "Dragon's Mouth" (*Boca del Dragon*), Columbus, still most thoroughly impressed with the danger he had

escaped, and taking for witnesses of its imminence two islands close by which they called "The Witnesses" (*Testigos*), would have two more distant isles bear two names honored by the church — one commemorating the immaculate purity of Mary, "Conception"; the other, her glorification in heaven, "Assumption."

Returned to his government of Lesser Spain, having wrought the greatest cosmographic victories of mankind, the Revelator of the Globe found the colony in open revolt. Forsaken by all; surrounded by traitors; threatened both by rebellious soldiers and insurgent natives; without troops or money or agents; when he seems irrevocably lost, suddenly irresistible assistance comes to him. Hearts are changed; the men in revolt ask to return under his obedience. He recovers his authority. The pacification of minds brings back order, tranquillity, confidence, and a prosperity, hitherto unknown, prevails throughout his government.

Columbus' first care was to follow the impulse of his piety towards Mary, to go to the foot of the tall cross which he had erected on the heights of Conception, and to hasten the founding of the city. Whilst awaiting the completion of the church which he was erecting under the name of St. Mary of the Conception,—work on which was pushed on uninterruptedly,—the faithful Tertiary used to go each morning and evening to offer his prayers publicly before that cross, the humble monument of a victory impossible to men. Following the admiral's example, the soldiers and workmen go thither regularly, thus beginning a sort of cultus around this divine emblem. Columbus had a special affection for this spot. He had there received the most extraordinary of graces. He there experienced interior consolations and assiduously returned to it. There was he found again when the impious order for his arrest arrived. Far from revolting against the iniquity of Power, the disciple of St. Francis obeyed resignedly. Then his feet, which had led Spain to the conquest of another world, were laden with irons, and he was taken to Castile, thus chained like a vile malefactor.

V.

On his disembarkation at Cadiz, released from his chains, pitied and comforted by the tears of the queen, who was indignant at the outrage perpetrated in her name on the hero of the seas, Christopher Columbus was nevertheless not reestablished in his viceroyalty. Other intrigues were set on foot to deprive him of his government.

The Revelator of the Globe, whose providential mission had come to an end with his discovery of the New World, might thenceforth have enjoyed a rest so well deserved, in family joys and the assurance of an immortal fame; but his desire to proclaim throughout the whole world the sacred name of the Redeemer, as he wrote to the Sovereign Pontiff, made him forget his sixty-six years, to which was added the weight of his fatigues, of his moral sufferings, of his journeys by sea.

Now sheltered in the rural Franciscan Convent of Zubia, dedicated to Our Lady of Victories, as he was before at the monastery of La Rabida, the conqueror of the darksome sea began to lay plans for

rescuing the Saviour's tomb from the Mussulmans, and drew up a memoir to dispose the kings of Europe towards the conquest of the holy places. At the same time he was meditating a fresh maritime expedition. The admiral counted on finding along the coast of the new continent a strait which would enable him to pass from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and to carry the cross thither. On a rough chart of the globe he designated to Queen Isabella this probable locality. Strange thing! it was precisely that which the illustrious Ferdinand de Lesseps has selected for opening the inter-oceanic canal.

After having overcome numberless obstacles and nameless fatigues, Christopher Columbus finally succeeds in getting to sea. He set out this time much less as a discoverer than as a missionary. It was directly under the protection of Mary Immaculate that the servant of Mary, devoting himself to that evangelic expedition, placed not only his person, but the human interests of his descendants. He made Our Lady of the Grottoes the depository of his treaties with Castile, as well as his titles, letters patent, etc.

In what way did God reward the Tertiary navigator's zeal? By an increase of tribulations, an accumulation of perils, atmospheric rigors, such as sailor never suffered before. This last enterprise met with most extraordinary hostility from elements and men. The annals of the sea present nothing to be compared with the dreadful incidents of that disastrous voyage. The miraculous is displayed at each of its dramatic scenes. We cannot describe them here; let us only say that the admiral had not placed his hope in the tutelar maternity of Mary in vain. After indescribable mishaps, after unspeakable perils of the ocean and perturbations until then unexperienced, Columbus having lost, one after another, the four vessels of his flotilla, was miraculously led by the Star of the Sea through cyclones, and a distance of more than seven hundred leagues, struggling against the waves, without masts and almost without sails, on a dismantled ship! Yet he could thus reach Castile, "by the permission of God," expressly remarks the historiographer of Spain.

VI.

When the admiral disembarked, trouble was besieging every mind, sadness oppressing every heart; the Catholic queen, Isabella the admirable, was dying, while sickness kept him a prisoner at Seville, the hotbed of his enemies. The Revelator of the Globe resignedly accepted the chalice of bitterness which he was to drink to the last drop. In return for the service rendered to mankind by the enlargement of its domain, he was to suffer iniquity, ingratitude, derision, spoliation, contempt, indigence and neglect, the usual consequences of poverty. Without a murmur, conforming to the Divine will, humbly submissive, the faithful servant of Mary offered to the Mother of Sorrows the wounds of these seven swords, prayed for his persecutors, and surrendered his beautiful soul to his Creator on Ascension Day, at noon, the 20th of May, 1506.

No one paid attention to his end, unless the Franciscans who granted his remains the hospitality of their funeral vaults. This loss

was not felt at the court. Spain seemed to ignore it. The journal of events, the *Chronicle of Valladolid*, careful to register the births, marriages, burials of notables, did not think it necessary to mention a death of so little importance. Soon public indifference made complete the silence on the enlarger of creation. The honor of his discovery was ascribed to the Florentine, Americus Vespucius, and cold neglect for many years hung over his memory. Generations came and went, and the name of the apostolic hero was not uttered by a Christian's lips.

Finally, thanks to Mary, in our days the Revelator of the Globe has already received from the mouth of the Vicar of Jesus Christ advances on his future reward. When he deigned to order us to write his history, the holy Pope Pius IX., formerly miraculously cured by the Virgin's intercession, the illustrious Pontiff, proclaimer of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, celebrated in advance the great Christian who, three centuries ago, first burned to establish that cultus. Later on Pius IX., whose lively gratitude and deep piety to the mother of divine grace are well known, has expressly glorified the zeal of Christopher Columbus. And at the present moment, more than seven hundred bishops, representing the Catholic world, beg the Holy See for the beatification of the Tertiary who was such a perfect servant of Mary.

Foolhardiness.

To one who is familiar with the carelessness exhibited by persons who have served a long time in dangerous occupations, or in close proximity to dangerous machines, the wonder is not that so many accidents happen, but rather that so few fatal casualties occur. A young man of exceptionally steady and cautious habits was employed some time ago by one of our leading wood-working establishments. His steady, cautious nature led to promotion, and a part of his duty required his presence where there are many rapidly revolving pulleys and belts. It was noticed that he gradually got to "fooling" with the belts, and he was warned of the danger by some of the old hands. The other day there was a sudden jar and a stoppage of a part of the machinery. An examination revealed a broken belt and the mangled corpse of the young man. The cause was evident to the coroner's jury — pure carelessness. Every week we read of accidents to carpenters, painters, etc., and no wonder. The recklessness of this class of men, in trusting themselves on rickety scaffolds, is incomprehensible. The other day we saw a painter at the top of a long, light ladder, the foot of which rested on a frail pine goods box on a sideling pavement. On a close calculation there was not more than an inch, or at most two inches, of "centre of gravity" that prevented his receiving a terrible fall. And this man, like hundreds of others, takes a pride in showing his fearlessness in the pursuit of his vocation under all circumstances. Sensible people call it foolhardiness.

Rev. Father Damen.

REV. FATHER DAMEN, APOSTLE OF THE LEPERS OF MOLOKAI.

THE *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, from which we get the above portrait, says:—"The heroic life-work of Father Damen, the Belgian priest in charge of the colony of lepers at Molokai, in the Sandwich Islands, is so well known that all our readers will be interested in a good look at his open, earnest countenance.

"The story of Father Damen is told in the very interesting account of a visit to 'The Lepers of Molokai.'* The author does not moralize, nor even explain the hidden spring of such heroism, but agreeably narrates the heroic fact. Those who have seen the brethren of Father Damen, kneeling, as is their wont during their daily hour of adoration, in blood-red robes before the Blessed Sacrament, will guess the secret. After ten years among the afflicted of God's people, the Father writes: 'I am now the only priest on Molokai. . . . Impossible for me to go any more to Honolulu, *on account of the leprosy breaking out on me.* . . . I feel calm, resigned, and happier among my people. *Almighty God knows what is best for my own sanctification.*'"

* This is published in connection with the great Society for the *Propagation of the Faith*, by B. Herder & Co., St. Louis, Mo. From the same, or from the Catholic Publication Society of New York, may be had the English edition—monthly illustrated—of this excellent periodical, only 75 cents a year.

Irish National Church in the Eternal City.

At last, after the lapse of fourteen centuries since the sainted Pope Celestine I. conferred episcopal consecration in Rome upon the glorious apostle of Ireland, a church is to be erected within the limits of the Eternal City, under the invocation of St. Patrick, which will be attached to and served by the Irish Augustinian Fathers of the well-known Pontifical College of S. Maria in Posterula, for the students of the Augustinian province of Ireland. The so-called "march of improvement," inaugurated by the Vandalism of the present masters of Italy, which aims apparently at the removal of all the ancient landmarks proper to the Catholic characteristics of the capital of Christendom, having doomed to destruction this time-honored home of the Irish Augustinian students, to whom, as a "very special indulgence" is conceded the term of twelve months wherein to provide themselves with a new residence, the Very Rev. Patrick J. Glynn, O. S. A., their able and zealous Prior, has secured a beautiful site in the late Villa Ludovisi, one of the most healthy quarters of Rome, on which to build a fitting college. The project being referred for the requisite Papal sanction, his Holiness made known to the Prior, in private audience, his desire that by the side of the new college should be erected a church in honor of St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland; further ordaining that the edifice in question "be not a single oratory, but a fine church, worthy of the glorious St. Patrick, and of the noble Irish nation;" himself noting the fact "that up to the present time, whilst every other Catholic nation had built in Rome a church dedicated to its respective apostle, Ireland alone had raised no temple in honor of St. Patrick, who had received from the Vicar of Christ, in 430, the commission to preach the gospel to the Irish people," and further expressed "his supreme satisfaction that it was reserved to his own reign, as Sovereign Pontiff, to inaugurate an undertaking which would enable him to mark his true fatherly interest in the spiritual, as well as temporal, prosperity of the Irish race." Viewing the fact that the "price of expropriation," paid as compensation to the Irish Augustinians for their dislodgement from S. Maria *in Posterula*, barely suffices to provide for the erection of the college proper, his Holiness has authorized the Very Rev. Prior Glynn to appeal to the patriotism and generosity of the Irish throughout the world on behalf of the expenses connected with the building of the Church of St. Patrick, which is further intended to serve for the use of the English-speaking Catholic residents in the new quarter of Rome, where churches are solely needed to replace the numbers demolished by the "modern regenerators" of the City of the Popes. The better to demonstrate his paternal affection for those who have ever been so faithful to the Holy See, the Holy Father was pleased to open the subscription list with his own name, contributing from the slender means at his disposal the magnificent sum of four thousand lire, and directed the Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda to

issue a letter of approval and encouragement to the Rev. Father Glynn, which document, bearing date July 21, 1886, and the official signatures of Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect, and of Archbishop Jacobini, Secretary, warmly recommends the projected enterprise, and promises, in the name of his Holiness, a special benediction to all those who shall in anywise contribute to the erection of the new temple. The venerable archbishop of Ephesus, Mgr. Kirby, rector of the Irish College, shed tears of joy over the intelligence that his brethren of Ireland were about to raise in Rome a church in honor of him who was their father in the faith, and in his turn addressed to the Prior, under date July 20, 1886, a letter of congratulation, enclosing his contribution of ten pounds to the noble undertaking, In compliance with the express desire of Pope Leo XIII., Father Glynn will make an appeal to the bishops and the faithful in America, Australia, and the British possessions, and has himself departed for Ireland to exert his personal eloquence on behalf of his purpose.

Before leaving Rome Father Glynn went to the Pope. He explained to His Holiness that consequent on the expropriation of the lands of the Augustinian College in Rome the Order had obtained new grounds with the money compensation, £16,000, granted by the Italian Government; that that money would be devoted to erecting a new college in place of the one taken from them, but that he proposed to do more — to build a Church of St. Patrick, the Irish National Apostle, on the site, one of the best in Rome, which he had procured, which is well known to the Irish bishops, and the edifice built upon which would be secure forever, as an Irish National property, from spoliation or confiscation.

Dr. Glynn has arrived in Ireland to inaugurate the work thus started by the Supreme Pontiff. The Archbishop of Dublin, the Archbishop of Cashel, the Archbishop of Tuam, and the Archbishop of Armagh, have made liberal donations to this undertaking of Catholic and National importance. Dr. Walsh, says that it is something like a reproach to have still to begin such a work, and that the gratitude of all Irishmen is due to Dr. Glynn for having undertaken it. The Most Rev. Dr. Croke spiritedly declares that he would gladly go a-begging himself for such a work, and prophesies that the whole Irish race will subscribe, and the necessary money come in golden showers. Dr. M'Evilly's letter is not less hearty and cheering, while the message from the venerable Rector of the Irish College at Rome — a prelate who knows every stone of the Eternal City — has all the force of an Archbishop writing on the spot and from the ground where the want has been so long felt, and where the idea has been hailed with approval so universal. We prognosticate for Dr. Glynn everywhere the welcome and the generous hand of his countrymen at home and abroad. Every bishop, every priest, in Ireland, will gladly aid him, and receive subscriptions for him in his work, blessed as it is by the Pope, who has proven himself a friend to Ireland in her afflictions, and a sympathizer with Ireland in her aspirations. We make bold to say that but a brief period will elapse when Dr. Glynn can say, "Enough, enough. I have now ample funds to build a church to St. Patrick at the tomb of the Apostles

worthy of him and of our nation, and secure, as I have made certain it shall be secure, to Ireland and to Irishmen as long as the church itself shall last."

Splendid Subscription from the President of the Irish National League o America.

The following letter with its important enclosures have been re-ceived by the Very Rev. Prior Glynn from his Grace the Archbi .op of Dublin :—

4 RUTLAND SQUARE, DUBLIN, 12th October, 1886.

My Dear Father Glynn :—On returning to Dublin a few days ago, after a short absence, I found the enclosed among the many letters awaiting me. It is, as you will see, from the recently-elected President of the Irish National League of America. He sends me for you a cheque for £500 sterling, his personal offering towards your great work, the erection of an Irish Church of St. Patrick in Rome. Munificent as Mr. Fitzgerald's donation is, and substantial as is the help which it brings to you, the letter in which he sends it will prove, if I mistake not, of even greater value to you in the accomplishment of your noble project.

I need not assure you that I send you both the letter and its enclosure with very great pleasure indeed.

I remain, my dear Father Glynn, most sincerely yours,

✠ WILLIAM J. WALSH, *Archbishop of Dublin, &c.*

IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE OF AMERICA,
LINCOLN, NEB., Sept. 13th, 1886.

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP WALSH, RUTLAND SQUARE, DUBLIN.

May it please your Grace:—Learning that a project has been set on foot to erect in Rome a church dedicated to St. Patrick, and that the Very Rev. Prior of Santa Maria in Posterula is now in Ireland with a commission from the Holy Father to enlist the aid of the Irish people in this patriotic undertaking, I beg your Grace to hand the enclosed draft for £500 to Dr. Glynn as my subscription towards the carrying out of the great work which he has taken in hand. The deep interest which the Sovereign Pontiff has manifested in this projected memorial to Ireland's patron saint is a most gratifying evidence of his love of the Irish race, and cannot fail in deepening the affection with which he is regarded by his faithful Irish-Catholic children both in Ireland and in this our great American Republic. The project is certain to commend itself to every lover of St. Patrick. Ireland has done more to spread the Catholic faith in all parts of the earth than any other nation, yet her patron saints have never received that recognition among the churches of the Eternal City which has been given to the saints of other Catholic lands. This may have been through our own neglect; but, be that as it may, it is now the duty of the Irish Catholic people both at home and abroad to enable Dr. Glynn to erect such a temple to St. Patrick in Rome as will be a monument worthy of our love for his memory, as well as a credit to the Irish nation.

Assuring your Grace of my warmest esteem, I remain your obedient servant,

JOHN FITZGERALD.

A GOOD parent, who had brought up her children with tenderness and care, has a sacred right to their house as her home, and to their purse as her support. It is the proper reward of the parent, their last blessing on earth, after a period of life well spent, to find themselves snugly moored, free from care, in the midst of an affectionate offspring of their own.

"Golden Sands."

You may search to the height of your pleasure
In your own or in distant lands,
But you will not discover a treasure
Like the dear little "Golden Sands."

A gem of surpassing beauty
Lies hid in each single grain,
A mirror reflecting your duty,
A soother of every pain.

When life's stage is arrayed as for tragic,
When each scene is enveloped in gloom,
These bright, tiny actors in magic
Will thy whole little world illume.

One holds up a view so angelic,
You are lifted aloft to the skies;
Another presents you a relic
Of happiness, marked "*Paradise.*"

Your heart now a third analyzes,
Excussing it fold after fold:
And oh! what a lot of surprises
At buildings of stubble, not gold!

A fourth with a compass will measure
Its depth and its breadth and its height:
Showing nought but an infinite treasure
Can fill its contents with delight.

While these are thus skilfully dwelling
On subjects connected with home,
Some others are eloquent, telling
What dangers await those that roam.

Meanwhile all around you is smiling
With peace and with joy flowing o'er,
Communings with heaven beguiling
An otherwise wearisome hour.

Then reckon your best, choicest treasure,
These favorites of young and of old;
Perennial sweet fountains of pleasure
Are those dear little "Sands of Gold."

B. B.

A Happy Christmas.

CHAPTER I.

It was a fine snowy Christmas Eve. Dublin folk, making preparation for the morrow, hurried from one glittering establishment to another, creating an atmosphere of hearty Christmas merriment throughout the entire city.

In the churches, a higher preparation for the coming festival was being made. People of all classes clustered round the confessionals. While the white, silent snow fell in an unceasing shower upon the crowds without, within these sacred structures there was a steady fall of purity and peace; and the angels fluttering around the altars whispered joyfully, one to another, that holy, Christmas happiness was entering into many an aching, sorrow-laden breast.

Among those who made their way to one of the churches, were Catherine and Maria McHale. These old ladies' gowns were thin and shiny with wear, their bonnets faded, their veils and gloves of a rusty black, their muffs reduced to little more than rolls of fur skin. But the sisters had shrunk and faded themselves far more than had their apparel. Away in large, deep hollows were their eyes, and through an almost colorless skin protruded the bones of their worn faces. The elder lady was tall and stooped, she leaned heavily upon her companion's arm as they tottered through the snow. Once or twice the inclemency of the weather nearly overcame her, but cheered by the prospect of partaking of our holy religion's festive graces, and her sister's encouraging words, the old lady at last reached the outer rails of the church porch. A few minutes' rest on the steps, and Miss McHale stood up ready to enter the sacred edifice.

Lighted by a tiny lamp, from out the shadows of some gigantic, richly carved columns and arches, gleamed a statue of the Infant Jesus and His Mother. Its stately proportions and snowy whiteness, attracted many worshippers, and, recalling the sweet, unlimited love, which a nearer inspection had often revealed, the sisters almost invariably hastened to its base to pray that Christmas peace and happiness might reign within their home.

Pausing, our old ladies glanced wistfully towards the statue. To the elder sister, it seemed a long, long distance off.

"You had better rest on this seat until I return, Kate."

"Yes, yes, it is so far away!"

"I'll pray for both of us, sister," and poor Miss Maria, a sob rising in her throat, went on alone.

At the foot of the statue, she found a tiny, tiny figure wrapped in a tattered shawl.

"Poor child! poor child!" murmured Miss Maria, bending over the sleeper, whose little, hard, red hands lay clasped upon the marble pedestal, with a broken rosary twined about their fingers.

Gently parting some tangled gold-brown hair, the old lady discovered a face of sweet, delicate, childish loveliness; its skin cracked and reddened by the bitter December winds; its flesh wasted away for lack of nourishment.

"Some charitable person has left these as a Christmas gift," thought Maria, noticing that a couple of sixpences were lying between the tiny, frozen fingers and the rosary. "God bless such kindly hearts, God bless them!" and she retired to a kneeling-stool some little distance off.

Presently, the tiny sleeper awoke; she stared bewilderedly at the silver coins, turned them over; then rising, glanced around; then turned towards the old lady, who was sobbing and praying almost audibly, while her bowed, attenuated form trembled with emotion.

"Please ma'am, was it you that gave me this money?" eagerly questioned the little one, displaying her coins.

"No, child. The kind person who left it for you must have gone away."

"But may I keep it?"

"Yes, my dear; bring it home to your mother."

"Sure she's dead, ma'am."

"And who are you living with?"

"I used to run of messages for Mrs. Murphy an' sleep in her kitchen, till she fell out with me, ma'am; but this," holding up one of the coins, "'ll make her let me in to-night. Oh, wasn't it good to give me them! an' me never askin', but fast asleep!"

"Your foot's bleeding, child, look!"

"I slipped on a slide, ma'am."

"My child, to think of going out into the frosty air with that foot uncovered! Stay where you are a moment."

Miss Maria hastened back to her sister, and, after a little whispering, beckoned to the child to rejoin her.

"We live but a short distance from this, my dear," said Miss Kate; "come with us, and my sister will bandage up your foot."

"Oh, thank ye, ma'am! an' the other lady, ma'am! thank ye both, for it hurts dreadful!"

Miss Maria tied her handkerchief about the cut, and with the elder lady's umbrella for support, the child hobbled after her friends into the adjoining street.

Presently a key admitted them into a shabby but respectable-looking dwelling, and, mounting several flights of stairs, they entered a small apartment. Here everything was very neat and very worn and very scanty, and the fire of such diminutive dimensions that no heat whatever extended beyond the fender.

"Lie down there, child, until I get some hot water and bandages," said Miss Maria, indicating a huge old sofa; and, while she set about arousing and augmenting the fire, the elder lady began slowly to lay aside her wrappings.

First the rusty gloves were drawn off, disclosing such weak, quivering morsels of skin and bone, that little Nellie felt greatly relieved when their owner partly shrouded them in a pair of well-worn

worsted mittens; and a similar relief was it when the poor old lady tied a woolly cap about her emaciated face.

"Oh, ma'am," cried the little one at last, "you're so like mammy! so thin and pale! Sure, you must be hungry, too, ma'am, like she was!"

CHAPTER II.

When poor Nelly, having taken some bread and milk, and been wrapped in all the muffling procurable, had fallen asleep, the old ladies partook of a scanty repast, one which could have no possible attraction for any one suffering keenly from the pangs of hunger; then, drawing nearer to their blazing but unsubstantial-looking fire, they talked of the little stranger.

She had been too worn out with hardships to bear much interrogation; so the talk was all conjecture about her past, and commiseration for the neglected condition in which they had found her.

As the flickering blazes began to diminish, our old ladies' conversation died away; little Nellie faded from their minds ere the last small flame had disappeared; and, while their eyes rested upon the dull, red, enchanted coal, it was their own life-stories that occupied the sisters' thoughts.

These lives had very, very sorrowful histories; their only brightness being far away in childhood's days. Death had been very cruel to our friends — snatching off their father by a terrible accident, slowly, slowly drawing their mother from them by sickness and anxiety and want, taking a loving, talented sister, when all their hope and comfort rested in her. Love had been cruel — false to poor Miss Maria, to the elder sister a bitter torture of misunderstanding and separation. Labor had been cruel — exacting all their strength, and giving the most miserable of livelihoods in return.

They had spent almost all their days cooped up in stuffy little rooms, hardly better than the one they now occupied; teaching, or rather trying to teach, classes of careless, noisy, unbidable children; lacking air through the summer, cold and cramped for want of exercise during the winter. Imperceptibly, but steadily, had even this miserable means of support dwindled away — the numbers and social status of the scholars, the dimensions of the schoolroom, the strength and hopes of the teachers. So this Christmas Eve found them feeble, emaciated, hungry; their entire wealth not amounting to half a sovereign; their hearts weighed down with the fear that in a very short time even this skeleton of a home would be torn from them, and they would be forced to spend their last days within a workhouse.

But there was one feature in their sad, dreary lives which should draw all hearts towards these poor old ladies. Religion had always stood foremost with them; the importance of this had never been forgotten. Their duty as Catholics, their position as gentlewomen, no misery, no hardship had ever obscured in the sisters' minds. They had never deviated in the faintest degree from honesty or honor, never descended to the slightest meanness.

Side by side, but silent, buried in their sad retrospects and miserable forebodings, sat the old ladies until their clock struck ten. This aroused them; Miss Maria stirred up the wasted embers, and, by their light, made her way to where a few small sprays of holly and ivy adorned a rudely-carved Crib. Lighting a little oil lamp in front of it, the sisters knelt down together, and repeated, in low, fervent tones, their acts of Faith, and Hope, and Charity, their petitions for strength and guidance and relief. Presently Miss Kate read out in weak, tremulous accents:

"Ye faithful souls, rejoice and sing,
To Bethlehem your trophies bring,
Before the new-born angels' King,
Come, let us Him adore."

"Amen, ma'am."

The old ladies, starting violently, glanced in the direction of the sound. Nellie was raised upon her elbow, her little hands joined, her lovely, childish eyes fixed rapturously upon the Crib. The faint lamplight showed not the faded shabbiness of her mufflings, the tangled, neglected condition of her hair, the haggard, hungry aspect,— showed nothing but the deep outlines of the sweet childish face, and its beautiful hazel eyes.

"That's a good child," said Miss Maria, when she had regained her composure. "I'm glad that you know your prayers, dear."

"Mammy taught me them."

Then our old ladies resumed their devotions, and, at every cessation of their faint, quivering voices, Nellie repeated the curious response, until sleep once more overcame her exhausted little brain.

With a last heartfelt appeal for succor in their forlorn condition, the sisters retired to bed. But sleep came not to them. Silent, motionless, they lay, with sorrow and apprehension torturing their weary hearts, until the glorious Christmas chimes rang out; then, starting from their pillows, the poor old ladies clasped one another in their trembling arms, and wept bitterly.

CHAPTER III.

The sisters were stirring in the first faint light of Christmas morning, decking themselves, with all care and neatness, in their well-worn apparel. As they issued into the dim, snowy street, on the keen air, which made them tremble, and brought the tears to their weak eyes, came the music of the chimes; but now it brought far more of rejoicing than of sadness: our friends were but little occupied with their own past or future, their hearts were lying at the feet of the Babe of Bethlehem.

Nellie awoke just as the old ladies returned from Mass.

"God bless you, child, and send you a happy Christmas," they murmured, kissing the worn little face; and, when the breakfast (it had the faintest air of festivity about it) was prepared, they first attended to their tiny guest.

"How is your foot, dear?" inquired Miss Kate.

"It's better, ma'am, thank ye; but oughtn't I be going away?"

"No, child, not until you're a little stronger."

"Oh, ma'am, you're so very good to me! thank ye, ma'am!"

While Nellie was busy over a bowl of hot bread and milk, the sisters partook of tea and tiny scraps of toast: presently they put further questions.

Was her father dead? Long, long ago. And, when mamma died, there was no one at all to care for her? Nobody. She went of messages, and minded babies for people.

"Couldn't you read writin', ma'am?" suddenly inquired Nellie, of the older lady.

"Yes, my dear; why do you ask?"

"This was mammy's," said the little one, half tenderly, half mysteriously, drawing a rather soiled letter from the bosom of her gown. "Could ye tell me what's in it, ma'am? Mammy 'd have told, only she got sick all of a sudden, and never said anything any more, an' I never told any one of the letter!"

Taking the paper, Miss Kate read:

PORTSMOUTH, August, 187–,

DEAR MARY,—I have just heard of my poor brother's death. I am bound to start upon another voyage on Monday morning, so cannot go to you. If you're in want of money for present purposes (I know that poor Jack can have left very little), telegraph, and I'll get a comrade to bring you whatever is required. I expect to be in my old quarters (Kennedy's Tavern, "The Away,") by next Christmas. Meet me there, my dear Mary, and we'll arrange about the future. Till then, may God preserve you and your little one, and comfort you in your great sorrow.

Believe me ever your affectionate brother-in-law,

EDWARD O'BRIEN.

"What's in it, ma'am?" cried Nellie, detecting the sudden interest in the old lady's face.

"Something good, I think, dear; we'll tell you all about it in a few minutes. Come here, Kate."

The sisters whispered together a little, and then, while the elder lady tried to explain matters to Nellie, Miss Maria hastily resumed her bonnet and shawl, and hurried away.

An hour later she returned, followed by a great, kindly-looking seafaring man; who, clasping little Nellie in his arms, kissed her, and sobbed over her, while the sisters smiled delightedly a short distance off.

Ere the light of Christmas Day was once more dim, our old ladies' tiny apartment was aglow with such warmth as it had not known for years, and its table and cupboards were laden with dainties; and the sisters and little Nellie were gathered round its hearth, happiness, and hope, and affection, shining out of their worn faces upon the hearty old seaman who sat in their midst, unfolding plans, bright, dazzling plans, for the future, sweeping away apprehension, and woe, and poverty, with his genial, generous words.

"You'll get a nice cottage somewhere near the coast, ma'am," he said, turning to the elder lady, "and you and your sister 'll mind little Nellie for me while I'm away."

"But, sir," cried Miss Kate, tremulously, "we — we are old, and not very strong, and — and people say that we don't teach as they do nowadays."

"Tush, ma'am; you'll get strong out by the sea; and you'll make a lady of my child, and care for her, and love her, and that's what she wants. Isn't it, little one?"

Closer drew the poor, haggard forms about the huge sailor, who smiled tenderly upon them — a grand impersonification of good old Santa Claus.

After a little silence, our sailor rambled off with countless yarns about the sea, and its shores, and all the ports of the world. Nellie listened in speechless wonder and delight; she pressed closer and closer to her uncle's breast and fondled his beard, and revelled with all her childish heart in his narratives. The sisters' interest in these stories was not so keen; yet all that the old man said was pleasant to their ears as sweetest music, for he had stretched out his strong, generous hand, and taken them from the bitter world of hunger and toil and hardship into the realms of peace. Very, very fair was the calm resting-place, the quiet home that fancy erected before these dim, wearied eyes, while little Nellie listened entranced to the old man's tales.

But presently, when the child's eyes were closed, and visions of ships, and storms, and pirates, and sea-fights danced through her brain quite independent of further narration, our stalwart seaman told the grandest, sweetest story of all. Quickly the old ladies' attention was attracted as in low, hushed tones he began.

"I never spoke of her to any one before, excepting Miles O'Donnell (the finest fellow that I ever met), and that was on a Christmas night, too, as we lay off the south coast of Africa."

Then he told of his meeting a fair, sweet maiden long years ago, while spending Christmas at home, after his first voyage. How, from all the joys and sports of that merry holiday, she had seemed to stand forth, nearer, dearer to his heart than all else—than old schoolfellows, than kindly sisters, than father, aye, than the dear, dear mother who gloried in, who idolized her sailor boy! How, on Christmas Eve, when all were gathered about the roaring logs, he had watched her as she sat apart in a shadowy corner, with the firelight playing now upon her flickering skirts, now on the coils of smooth, fair hair, now upon her face, where all the fairest and highest memories of the approaching day seemed reflected. How the timid sailor lad, gleaning confidence from the generous, tender, limitless love for all which showed in her eyes, had drawn nearer and nearer, and while the bells rang out their holy message had shown her the wild tumult of fear and longing that raged within his breast, and had begged her to give him peace. And how she had given it, placing her hands solemnly in his.

"And it has never left me, ma'am, though twenty years ago I thought it could not stay as I knelt sobbing by her grave."

Nearer drew the old ladies towards him, till their withered hands were in his, and there was silence.

Yes, that peace which a girl's pure, unfaltering love had placed in

the sailor's heart almost a quarter of a century before, had dwelt there ever since, sending out its genial influence to many an aching heart. But at Christmas time its strength and power had ever been mightiest; and so, upon that night it had drawn into security the neglected little orphan and the two toil-worn, desolate old ladies, burying all their sorrows and anxieties, their pains and hardships beneath the blessings of a happy Christmas.

A Blasphemer's Doom.

In a recent sermon Rev. Dr. Talmage, a Protestant minister of Brooklyn, N. Y., discussed blasphemy and its consequences. He drew from ancient and modern history for instances of the sudden and awful punishment inflicted by divine power upon blasphemers, and warned his hearers to avoid the sin as one that brings them into special danger from an offended Providence. His most striking illustration was an incident that he declared happened only last August. He gives the following version of his narrative:—"So common has blasphemy become that the public ear has become used to it, and a blasphemer goes up and down this country in his lectures defying the plain law against blasphemy, and there is not a mayor in America that has backbone enough to interfere with him save one, and that the Mayor of Toronto. Profanity is worse than theft, or arson, or murder, for these crimes are attacks on humanity. That is an attack on God. This country is pre-eminent for blasphemy. The crime is multiplying in intensity. God very often shows what he thinks of it, but for the most part the fatality is hushed up. I give you a fact that is proved by scores of witnesses. This last August of 1886 a man got provoked at the continued drought and the ruin of his crops, and in the presence of his neighbors cursed God, saying that he would cut His heart out if He would come, calling Him a liar and coward, and flashing a knife. And while he was speaking his lower jaw dropped, smoke issued from mouth and nostrils, and the heat of his body was so intense it drove back those who would come near. Scores of people visited the scene and saw the blasphemer in the awful process of expiring. Do not think that God has been silent of your case, O profane swearer! that he is dead! Is there nothing now in the peculiar feeling of your tongue or nothing in the numbness of your brain that indicates that God may come to avenge your blasphemies, or is already avenging? There are hundreds of such cases. Families keep them still to avoid the horrible conspicuity. Physicians suppress them through professional confidence." Mr. Talmage was asked for a circumstantial account of the blasphemer who was miraculously burned to death. His response was as follows: "I appreciate the desire for further details in this matter, but I purposely avoided locating the event, and the reasons that actuated me then impel me now to keep the affair from the public. Such an event is a terrible thing for the family and friends of the man who was punished,

and it was out of consideration for them that I omitted to state where the scene was laid. That it is strictly true, however, I have conclusive evidence. I forget just how it was brought to my attention. I heard it reported by somebody, or got my first information from a private letter, I can not say which, but I am inclined to think it was the latter. But no matter. I asked a trusted friend of mine to investigate for me, and he did so. Some correspondence ensued, which he turned over to me, and from it I am assured that the affair did actually and exactly take place as I describe it. I have the correspondence still, but I think I had better keep it to myself."

Lee and Grant.

It must be admitted that when the two great captains met face to face upon the Rapidan, in May, 1864, Lee's reputation rested upon more battles fought, bloody, terrible battles, and victories won against greater odds, than could be claimed for Grant.

For three long years the whole power of the Federal government, with its unlimited resources, had not been able to reach the capital of the Confederacy, and when Grant took command of all the Northern armies, Richmond seemed to be really less in danger than Washington.

The maxim, "Better is the place of the defendent," is as true in war as in law, and is especially applicable in a country like that between the Rapidan and the James. Moreover, modern earthworks, defended by modern artillery and repeating rifles, are much more difficult of successful assault than were Rodrigo, Badajoz, or Albuera, where Wellington won so much renown in his Peninsular campaign.

When Grant crossed the Rapidan he found he had a different army, under a much abler leader, to contend with than any he had met before. In the battle of the Wilderness, after repeated attacks, in which the Union troops, led by the ablest corps and division commanders, displayed prodigies of heroic, stubborn valor, and covered the ground for miles with the dead of both armies, Grant was repulsed, defeated, and compelled to retreat, and leave the field in possession of the enemy; and the killed, wounded, and missing of the Union army largely outnumbered the Confederate loss. But Grant was determined; he was unused to defeat; he proposed to "fight it out on that line, if it took all summer," regardless, seemingly, of the fearful cost. For the first time in his life, however, he tried to avoid the enemy, and by a flank movement to reach Spottsylvania Court House. But when he arrived there and was prepared to assault, Lee was ready, intrenched, and awaiting the assault, which was as heroic, as persistent, as deadly as that in the Wilderness, and as unsuccessful. At the expense of over fifty thousand men Grant learned that in that kind of warfare Lee was invincible. The battle at Cold Harbor, fought within a month, ended the bloodiest campaign in history, and the Federal General, abandon-

ing the attempt to take Richmond by assault, withdrew to the south of the James, and began the long campaign of siege and starvation.

He could have placed his army south of the James three months sooner than he did, and without the loss of the sixty thousand men who fought their last battle between the Rapidan and the James, and that, too, without danger to Washington.

After the siege of Richmond began the repeated and unavailing assaults of the Union army upon the Confederate lines, extending as they did for a distance of over thirty miles, and defended by less than fifty thousand men, are the best evidence of the skill of their commander, as well as the valor of the besieged. Not until the following year, and until his base of supplies was threatened by other converging Union armies, was Lee compelled to evacuate the city.

Had it not been for the approach of Sherman from the south, and the brilliant and effective campaign of Sheridan, in which he easily routed the force sent by Lee to protect his communication with Lynchburg, there is no telling how long the Confederate capital might have held out.

The defence of Richmond will always stand out in history as one of the most remarkable military achievements of any age.

It is true that Grant's men had confidence in their commander, and in his ultimate success; it is not true that they had equal confidence in his strategy. His pounding methods, so prodigal of life, inspired no personal enthusiasm or attachment. Lee, on the contrary, had the profoundest sympathy, even the heart-felt affection of his men. They would die for him even sooner than for the cause on which they had staked their all. He embodied their ideal, both of manhood and military skill.

The Confederate camp was full of stories, true as well as false, proving his personal sympathy with them in their sufferings, and his masterly superiority as a general. This enthusiastic confidence in a measure supplied the place of numbers and achieved victories where only defeat seemed inevitable. In this highest military quality that inspires the unquestioning devotion of his soldiers, Lee was indeed one of the most remarkable generals of any age.

In comparing the military career of those two men, the historian of another generation will say that they were strikingly alike in those characteristics that lie at the foundation of military success, in quiet confidence, in that combination of moral and physical courage, that heroic persistence which no calamity can defeat, which feels the assurance of victory in the very hour of disaster. He will also say that in mental power, in the capacity for rapid combination, in strategic invention, which is seen in the skilful disposition of his troops before and in battle, in the genius that enables a general with inferior numbers to gain the stronger position, and to have more men at the critical point and moment, and especially in the power of personally inspiring his men to endure and achieve, Lee was beyond question the greater commander.

A NORTHERN SOLDIER, in October *Bivouac*.

Among the Lumbermen.

The Catholic Review: About ten years ago the attention of Bishop La Fleche, of Canada, was attracted to the condition of the lumbermen and wood-choppers in his diocese. These men passed the long winter in their "camps," deep in the forests of the Canadian mountain-sides, surrounded by vast and snow-covered solitudes. After months of severe labor in the wilderness they come out in the spring; rude, lawless, hardly less savage than the Indians of the northern wilderness. The people of the settlements looked forward with dread to their coming, which meant drunkenness, disorder and wild rioting. Bishop La Fleche wisely decided to carry on a mission among these men in the midst of the labors which occupy them during the greater part of each year. In establishing this mission he was particularly careful in his selection of the priests for the work. Having in mind the nature of the men and the conditions of their life, he sent among them priests of genial disposition, tact, and easy, pleasant manners; and the ability to play the violin, concertina and other simple instruments was essential for the mission. The priests went into the woods with the choppers, lived in their camp, shared their privations, suffered the same piercing cold and became, in fact, identified with them. At night, around the camp-fires, the priest played for them to dance, sang for them songs of La Belle France and hymns to the Blessed Mother, and by appealing to the national characteristics of love of mirth and gaiety, and reverence for the priest, gained at once an important and most influential place in the community, which, by the way, is often much larger than many of the villages—some numbering even as many as 1,500 souls. This work began ten years ago. The results have been most happy. Instead of leading for the greater part of the year the lives of barbarians, the lumbermen are accompanied and surrounded by the safeguards, the reminders and consolations of their religion. At each large camp there is a spacious log-house, with a room large enough for a common hall. Here they meet in the evening, talk, sing, dance, and forget their toil. The priest plays for them, helps on the innocent gaiety, and leads their thoughts, with gentle insistence, to heavenly things. They listen because they love him. The change throughout the region, we are told by a good priest, himself from that northern land, is one that seems almost miraculous. But the records of Catholic missions show many another. Wise direction, zealous and devoted priests, and the tact and discretion in dealing with men which comes from loving them disinterestedly — these qualities are not rare among Catholic missionaries "from China to Peru." They are displayed to-day under tropic heats, by African rivers, in South American swamps, and on hot deserts, close to the sun, in lonely lands, as well as in the dark and snowy forests of Northern America.

A Thanksgiving at Knock.

THE circumstance which led the writer to feel it a duty on himself to visit Knock may be of little interest to the reader of this MAGAZINE. The latter can imagine for himself an invalid going up and down through various cities of this continent in quest of relief or of cure; submitting to new remedies, and experiencing new failures; consulting the chief medical men and submitting to their operations — some humane and some brutal; and finally, after being prayed for in the churches, and reported as dead in the newspapers, coming to the conclusion that human skill had done its best and its worst, and that his was but the common lot of mortals, and at the most only a question of weeks. Having made the most of human skill, I cast about me to see if Heaven would come to my assistance. I don't think there was any disrespect in this course, and I believe that the extraordinary is not to be resorted to while the ordinary and natural remains untried. I made a feeble attempt — a resolution — to visit Knock, which was then first known (now about six years ago); but a kind friend dissuaded me from the step, knowing, no doubt, that I was unable to travel half ways to the seaside. He said if I had faith, relief would come to me as well through the plaster of Knock as by a visit to the church. He gave me a little of the plaster or cement. I applied it in the way he suggested, and in a few weeks I was well; the relief was, I may say, immediate; I have not been a day ill since. I ascribe my recovery as so many others have theirs, not to human skill, nor to the recuperative powers of nature, but to a merciful staying of the course of nature, neither assisted nor impeded by human skill.

The commendation that was so graciously accorded to the sick man in the gospel who went and returned thanks, does not fall to my lot, I am afraid. I comfort myself, however, by thinking that mine was the longer journey. The venerable clergyman whom I met at Knock told me of the bishop of Tasmania who came some fifteen thousand miles to return thanks for his recovery, and he mentioned other persons who travelled very long distances. I felt somewhat ashamed of my own four thousand miles, and especially having waited so many years before coming at all.

The traveller who wants to do Killarney in the morning and get at Knock by night, must be up betimes. Knock is an inconvenient place to reach, and when you get to the nearest railway station, you have still five or six miles to go by car. I arrived at Ballyhaunis at one o'clock in the morning, and if the hotel wasn't the worse one in Ireland, it was certainly the worse one I encountered there. So, as to get to Mass, if possible, I ordered a car for six o'clock, but not a soul was stirring at that hour. By dint of language not easily misunderstood, we got under way in half an hour, and climbed up the narrow, crooked street towards Knock — a mass of rugs and umbrellas against the impending rain. "Whenever you make all kinds of preparations

for rain," said the driver, "then you have your fine day." And so indeed we had. The first three miles were all up hill; but the driver said that that would be all the easier driving when we were coming back. I fancy he didn't set me down for a very austere pilgrim after the remarks that passed about not being ready on time; he kept to secular subjects — the crops, the landlords, the rent, and the home-rule question; and it was not until he pointed out the little spire of the church, that any information could be got about what is the most interesting in that part of Ireland. Indeed, the county of Mayo is poor and bleak, and the farms very different from those I saw the day before at Mallow or Cashel. There is no rent on the land there; there is barely subsistence.

An apparition at a place like Knock reminds one of those heavenly visions that lit up the desert places of old. It is commonplace, without any natural or artificial beauty — a bare hillside without trees or shrubbery; nothing but the modern ruin of a convent, in its unfinished, cheerless look, standing out against the sky. Besides the church and the schoolhouse there are only a few houses. Knock is the smallest of hamlets. On the outside the church has the appearance of being plastered over; but the historic plaster of Knock is no longer on the church: it has been entirely removed by those who went thither to be cured. The gable end, where the holy vision was seen, presents a curious appearance. Up against the side of the wall, and enclosed by a railing, are hundred of crutches and other supports, besides bandages, boots, straps, and other such articles. There are also a great number of medicine bottles and articles from the drug shop; and conspicuous among a miscellaneous collection is a biretta of an American priest. A statue of the Blessed Virgin is within this inclosure, which is shut out from visitors. After Mass those who visited the church came out and prayed there, and generally deposited within some article suggestive of their visit. Immediately behind this fence is a large rack full of canes and stout walking-sticks, and I was told that numbers of these had been taken away. It seemed as if thousands of them still remained.

When I alighted from the car and entered the church I was a good deal surprised at the interior which is that of a really handsome church. Large massive columns support the roof, and there are many beautiful statues and other ornaments. There were no pews but some few chairs scattered in various parts of the church. A dozen or so people, chiefly women, were waiting for Mass to begin, and in one of the confessionals there was a priest hearing confessions. After nearly every one in the church had been heard, the clergyman came out and a Low Mass with very excellent singing commenced. It was the 5th of August and the anniversary of an apparition. Benediction followed and afterwards a man, who lived around the church, accosted me at the door, and said he would say some prayers for my intentions. Those who remained in the church joined in the litanies and other prayers which he recited; afterwards nearly all repaired to the end of the church where the apparitions had been seen.

I had a few minutes' conversation with Archdeacon Kavanagh, the

venerable clergyman, who invited me to his house and listened to what I had to say. He was a singularly impressive man, and his conversation was grave and scriptural; but from him, as natural as if he addressed one from the pulpit. Of the many parish priests I met with in Ireland, all of whom carried the dignity of their calling in their manner and language, no one is now so vividly impressed in my mind as this gentleman. Whether it was from the association of the place in which he moved or whether the place being new to me was exhibited in its best human side by this man, I know not, but he seemed the worthy guardian of a Shrine such as I believe Knock to be. Poor as is the country and its pious people, and forbidding as everything except the church looked on that drear, bleak morning, there must be an unseen radiance hovering over the spot where the Holy Vision appeared.

My stay was too short, but I was due at Dublin that evening, and I reached it. The place in which I put up at Ballyhaunis exerted itself in an effort at breakfast, which was all the more acceptable for being unexpectedly good. It was not at all in keeping with the lodging and posting facilities; but I forgave the incongruity. One reason that fewer people visit Knock, is the difficulty of getting there and the want of accommodation afterwards. It does not indicate a proper spirit in a pilgrim to be too nice about his material comforts; but it may be otherwise with the usual tourist. Thousands of foreigners would go to Knock with a worthier motive than they go to Killarney or the Giants' Causeway, if their conveniences were looked after more carefully. I confess it seemed to me that the Irish, priest as well as laymen, knew less of Knock than an American would have had expected. In an Island of Saints, one Shrine more, may be of less account than in our land of Sinners, but if Knock were in America I think the Americans would visit it. It is a place where one can put aside his worldliness for a half-hour and feel like the Lawgiver of old that he stands upon holy ground.

Toronto, Canada. D. A. O'Sullivan.

Creditable to President Cleveland.

Thomas Parker, an old Post-Office employee, was discharged from the Brooklyn office by Postmaster Hendrix on September 1. He made a complaint to Mr. George W. Curtis, and by his advice laid his case before the President. This is the correspondence between President Cleveland and Mr. Parker:

Brooklyn, N. Y. Sept. 16, 1886.

His Excellency Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, Washington, D. C

Dear Sir:—After twenty-two years of honest and faithful service in the Brooklyn Post-Office and ten years as a soldier, with an honorable discharge, I have been removed without a moment's notice from the Brooklyn Post-Office. The excuse given is "incompetency." I am an American, and the man who has taken my place is an Irishman, a Catholic, and cannot speak the language of our country. This is indeed

civil service with a vengeance. If Americans must take a back seat, let the ones in front be anything else but foreigners.

Hoping that my case may receive your attention and a thorough investigation called for, I most respectfully remain, your servant, THOMAS PARKER.

Residence, 120 Flatbush Avenue, Kings County, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The President replied as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Sept. 23, 1886.

Thomas Parker, Esq.

My Dear Sir:—I find your letter of the 16th inst. awaiting my return to the Executive Mansion.

Your exceedingly ill-natured reference to the "Irishman" and the "Catholic," who you say has succeeded to your position, detracts very largely, I think, from the claims you base upon "twenty-two years of honest and faithful service in the Brooklyn Post-Office, and ten years as a soldier with an honorable discharge," and demonstrates that you have but little idea of the impartial treatment due to American citizenship.

You send me a newspaper clipping containing a published letter written to you by George William Curtis which contains so much good sound sense upon the general subject of the removal of subordinates by their immediate superiors that I commend it to your careful re-perusal. Yours truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

The Factory Girl's Rosary Band.

A PIOUS Christian had recently become a proprietor of a large manufactory. He very soon perceived that not the slightest religious practice was in use among his workmen. One day, however, entering the church during the afternoon, he was much surprised to see one of the young working-women at her prayers. He knelt down and, after a short adoration, took her aside and said: "I am very happy to find Christian feeling in you; but the thing is for you to convert your companions. Preach first by example, be good and accommodating, and make virtue amiable to them. And besides, let us unite ourselves in prayer; to obtain the conversion of our workmen, we will recite every day a *decade of the Rosary*, and we will receive *Communion* together *once a month*."

The good woman made the agreement, and both were faithful to their promises. After two months of waiting and praying, she came to announce: "At last I have gained one companion."

This new recruit, in her turn, was enrolled in the union of prayers, the *Rosary decade* and *monthly Communion*. At the end of fifteen months more than eighty women had been converted. The question now was how to win over the men. This was a more difficult matter; but an old man took it to heart, and with quite the same success. To-day the whole factory is a model of piety.

This little incident comes to us from a French layman, who has devoted his life to the labors of an apostleship among the workmen in factories, the evils of which he would remedy by making these great institutions of our day thoroughly Christian. The Father, who pub-

lishes it, and who is himself closely connected with the General Direction of our *Holy League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus* throughout the world, adds these words: "Dear Associates of the Apostleship, for whom the Rosary decade and the monthly, or even the weekly, Communion are a dear and sweet usage, never forget this little tale, and admire the powerful influence of these pious practices. Perform them always with fervor, in union of heart and soul. Apply them to the religious needs of your families, the parishes in which you live, the places of your occupation. Preach by your words, but most of all, by example, and often, in your turn, you will obtain miracles of conversion."

Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Perfidious Catholics.

How comes it that so many Catholics, whose parents have, in all probability, been faithful children of the church — nay, more, who themselves have been the recipients of a Christian education, having in childhood been thoroughly instructed in the maxims, principles, and obligations of their faith, lead a life of spiritual idleness, forgetting Christ? They ignore the value of their own souls. They forget the price which Jesus Christ paid for them, and that in the sight of God there is nothing so beautiful as a soul unstained by sin. They forget the words of the sacred text: "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" And, unfortunate and misguided men, they are prepared to sacrifice their eternal destiny for the most trifling pleasure — yea, even for so trivial an object as a bottle of rum, or any thing that promises to gratify their debased passions. Pope Benedict XII., when asked by a certain monarch to render him a service, to perform which would have caused him to do violence to his conscience, responded that if he had two souls to lose he might perchance be inclined to grant the request of his royal petitioner, but having only one, he was determined to save it if he could. We, too, have but one soul, which once lost is lost forever. Let us hold fast by the Church of Christ, though to do so we must subdue our passions, and brave the scorn of an unheeding and irreligious world. Let us firmly grasp every means which God has placed within our reach for the attaining of a happy eternity. Hard may be our lot. Toil and labor may be ours, but this is a part of the punishment of sin, and, all being sinners, all must bear the penalty cheerfully. To grumble and complain will not remove the task; to do it with joy is to merit for ourselves a reward too vast for human judgment to properly conceive it. Let us cultivate virtue, and, sedulously pursuing it, we shall finally deserve that salvation which God has laid by for those who respond to His grace in this world, where virtue is subject to many a crucial test.

Rev. Father White.

Why?

WHY do hard-working men leave their beds early in the morning, and walk long distances to spend half an hour on their knees amid a church full of worshippers?

IS IT TO MAKE MONEY? On the contrary, their pockets are often lighter on returning, because of the alms left in the church box.

TO GAIN MEN'S ESTEEM? Instead of that, they are often laughed at and quizzed for being so "superstitious."

IS IT FOR THE SAKE OF A PLEASANT WALK? Hardly that, when they often have to pick their way through dangerously dark, muddy, slimy streets, to the great detriment of shoes and clothing.

FOR SOME SOCIAL ENJOYMENT? Just the reverse, for, although surrounded by acquaintances, they utter not a word of greeting.

All of these reasons failing, we come back to the original WHY? — and we find the simple answer: "To pray,"—to thank God for last night's preservation, and beg His continued blessing on our thoughts, words, and actions of the present day.

But here another obstrusive "WHY" confronts us:

WHY PRAY AT ALL, SINCE GOD KNOWS ALL OUR NEEDS? Ah, that's an Ingersollian question which we will not now stop to answer; but will simply assert what every "man of good-will" has felt every day of his life — that the ineffable power of God is perpetually urging man to recognize and adore His Majesty through the medium of prayer. This power of God which we call grace, is perennial, and calls people in summer and winter, through all weathers, dry or wet, hot or cold, to leave their comfortable homes, no matter if they be tired or drowsy, or otherwise physically indisposed, and plod their way, it may be drearily, but at all events willingly and cheerfully, to be present at the daily unbloody Sacrifice of the Mass.

Ah! if the great non-Catholic people around us could only understand the happiness to be derived by a faithful attendance at a single Mass, we would be deafened by their indignant shout of "WHY don't every believing Catholic go to Mass every morning?"

WHY, in N. O. *Morning Star.*

THE LEARNED BISHOP OF GALWAY. — It gives us pleasure in announcing that the bishop of Galway has been appointed to the vacant archbishopric of Melbourne. The news is not unexpected, for well-founded rumors that the choice of the Holy See had fallen upon this distinguished Irish prelate had been for some time current. But it was understood that Bishop Carr was reluctant to leave the sphere of labor in which, since his elevation to the episcopate, he has done so much for the Catholic cause, and it has now become known that it was only at the express command of the Pope that his lordship accepted the great dignity which has been conferred upon him.

Petroleum V. Nasby on Socialism.

I HATE a capitalist, no matter how he becum one. I hate the meenspirited, grovelin' retch wich will work ten or more hours a day, deprivin' hisself uv beer and terbacker and cards and bilyards and hos racin' and sich, savin' peny by peny til he hez ground enough out of the world to hev a shop uv his own, and to employ other men to slave fur him, and thus go on akumulatin' till he owns things. Such men are monopolists, and the enemies of labor, and grinders.

I hold that the possession of a ten dolar bil makes a monopolist, and al sich shood be crushed. Ez hevin' a ten dolar bil makes a man a monopolist, his monopolism increases jist in proporshen to the ten dolar bils he hez. The owner of a factory is a enemy to the human race, and ez for the man who bilds a railroad, he

> "Is a monster uv such hidgus meen,
> That to be hated needs but to be seen."

My hatred of railroad managers is intens. It commenst with the first time I wuz droped off the hind platform uv a trane for not payin' fare, and hez increst with every repetishun uv the ofense, which generally happens every time I want to go anywhere. I lothe the ralerode monopolist.

A grindin' monopolist is any man wich has anything. Whenever a man hez saved anything, he becomes a capitalist, and ez capitalists are dangerous to labor, he should be made to divide it up so ez to be on a ekality with them wich never saved nothing.

The mechanic or workingman wich saves so ez to own a house or a farm becomes a capitalist, and consekently a grindin' monopolist, and ez accumolashens are dangerous to labor, wat he hez shud be confiskated and divided up among us wich hezn't anything. Property is a crime.

I ain't jist shoor that I hev got the socialistic doctrine down fine enuff, but I think these definishuns will do, espeshly when you howl em under a reg flag to luvers uv humanity wich is chuck full of stale beer.

A CHILD'S TRUST.—The child's trust is generally a fair index of the parent's truthfulness. Where a child accepts at once a parent's word, and leans upon it as one would lean upon a word of the living God, there, be sure, the parent's truthfulness has been a sacred thing, not profaned by idle words or unkept promises. But where a child listens to the promises of a parent and attaches no more value to it than the passing wind, it is almost equally certain that the trust of the child has been destroyed by the untruth of the parent. There is hardly a deadlier injury that a parent could do to a child than that.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

TWO LITTLE ANGELS.*

GOD sent your little angel boy
Upon that feast of tender joy
Which saw the Virgin Spouses wed,
Two months ago — and he is dead!
Two happy months for him and you:
How swift the brimful moments flew
While the sweet nursling took his rest
Upon the proud young mother's breast,
Who wondered how her happy hearth
Had not seemed lonely ere his birth!
Not lonely now — *he* fills the hours
With plentitude of baby powers.
Ah! none but mothers know the cares,
The joys, the griefs, the fears, the prayers,
The bitter sweets of motherhood —
Best earthly proof that God is good.
How many vague, bright dreams and hopes
Are clustered round this life which opes
So sunnily in winter time —
How fair will be its summer prime!
You dreamed your boy would live far on
Into the century whose dawn
Is still fifteen dark years away;
Long years of life, you fancied, lay
Before him. Ah! not years but hours!
God often calls the budding flowers:
Far better thus perchance for them
Than left to wither on the stem.
What'er God wills, God's will be blest,
For God is good, and God knows best.
But still your darling throve and smiled,
A happy, healthy, ruddy child,
Till on his own sweet festal day
Saint Joseph beckoned him away.
Patron of happy deaths, is this
The token of your love? Your kiss
Welcomed the lovely babe to heaven,
When God took back what he had given.
Two happy months of mortal breath,
And then the change that men call death.
Thank God, his very death was bright;
He did not pine beneath your sight
But flew in all his infant charms
Up to the Heavenly Father's arms —
This lambkin of the Shepherd's fold,
This spotless creature two months old.
Poor mother, grudge him not to God.
You would not wish him to have trod
The weary paths of toil and sin,
While he so soon his heaven might win.
Nay, grieve not, but rejoice, rejoice,
For hear you not that seraph voice?
"Safe, oh! so soon o'er life's dark sea —
Dear mother, all is well with me."

* * * * * *

Thus had I sung, yet did not dare
Upon the mourner's meek despair
Such trivial solace to obtrude,
Until the stroke which seemed so rude
Its sanctifying cure had wrought,
And the poor childless mother sought
The strength divine to bear her loss,
Like her who stood beside the Cross.
But now the lonely months have run,
And they and grace their work have done.
The anguish keen has grown to be
A cheerful, pensive memory;
And now, to that bereaven home
The best of comforters has come:
The first-born, ne'er to be forgot,
Smiles down to see his tiny cot
No longer tenantless, for there,
With cheeks as rosy, brow as fair,
Another baby angel sleeps.
What jealous ward the mother keeps
Lest angels steal him, too, away!
But no, *this* guest has come to stay,
To be his mother's joy and pride
And grow to manhood by her side,
Helped through life's duties and life's cares
By his young elder brother's prayers.

M. R., in *Irish Monthly*.

WE must never do wrong to accomplish any good however great.

* The first of them was born on January 23d, Feast of Our Lady's Espousals, 1885, and died on the following 19th of March, Feast of St. Joseph.

HOSPITALITY REWARDED.

How the wind blew and the rain poured on that chill October evening! Great masses of black clouds covered the length and breadth of the heavens, while the huge rain-drops pelted the roofs and walls of a quaint Russian hamlet; pelted the small, dirty window-panes, through which gleamed the rays of many a light; and pelted unmercifully the figure of a man plodding wearily along in one of the suburbs of Moscow. A wide slouch hat covered his head and half of his face, and a coarse, tattered mantle was drawn closely around his body. The general appearance of the man seemed to be that of a person cast upon the world without resources, without a home. Yet for all this, his condition seemed to excite little sympathy in the hearts of the villagers; for at every door, at which as in turn he applied, appealing to the charity of the owner, he met with refusal, nay, in some instances, with harsh words besides. In despair of finding hospitality among such people, he was about to quit the village, when he espied a house some distance away, at which he had not yet applied. This was the smallest and poorest-looking habitation of all. Approaching, he tapped the door, and immediately a man came forth to ask him politely what he wanted.

"I am dying of hunger and faintness," replied the stranger; "can you give me a little to eat and a lodging for the night?"

"Alas," replied the peasant, laying his hand on the other's shoulder, "we have not much to offer you; but come: my roof will at least shelter you against the rain and cold, and we shall gladly share with you whatever we have to eat."

Suiting the action to the word, he drew the stranger in, and, closing the door, led him into a small, poorly-furnished room. In one corner stood a table, on which burned a candle, while in another were heaped old clothes, rags, and sundry other articles. In the centre of the room, in a cradle, lay two little boys who slept soundly. On a mat, near the cradle, lay a boy of three years, who also slept; while his two elder sisters, aged six and seven, were on their knees, praying for the happy delivery of their mother, who was in child-bed.

"Remain here," said the peasant to his guest, "and I will bring you some supper." So saying, he went out. A few minutes later he returned, bringing mead, brown bread, and eggs.

"This," said he, "is all that we have; I know you will relish it, for you look as if you had a good appetite. And now I must leave you, for my wife has need of my assistance."

"Before you go," said the other, holding the peasant by the arm, "let me thank you for your kindness in receiving me into your house; God will certainly send you good luck for it, and — I shall not let it go unrewarded."

The confident tone in which his guest uttered the last part of this speech simply amused the good man, who could not think how so ragged-looking a being as the one before him could have anything wherewith to reward him. However, he did not exteriorly betray his feeling, but merely said:

"My friend, pray to God that my wife may be happily delivered; that is all that is wanting to my happiness."

"You are happy, then, in this poor cottage, and surrounded with so few comforts?"

"Happy! most assuredly, as you yourself can see. I have five healthy children who are fond of me, a wife whom I love, a father and a mother who both are hale and hearty, and a pair of hands — God be thanked for them — to support them all."

"So your parents live with you?"

"Yes."

"But this house is so small!"

"It is large enough for us all."

Having said this, the peasant returned to his wife, who occupied the adjoining room, while the stranger consumed his frugal meal. An hour later the woman was happily delivered. The good peasant, transported with joy, held the new-born infant in his hands, regarding it lovingly and murmuring a prayer for its welfare. Then, bearing his treasure to his guest, "Behold," he said, "my sixth child!"

"God bless it," rejoined the other, heartily, "and may it live to be as strong and healthy as the others;" and taking the child in his arms and eyeing it sharply for a few minutes, added: "See how pretty he looks! and he smiles as sweetly as a little angel; I am a tolerably good judge of faces: his seems to indicate good luck. I would wager that he will make a fortune, and that his path in life will be strewn with honors."

The peasant smiled. "If only God lets him grow up to be healthy and virtuous, and to be the support of his parents in their old age," said he, "I shall be well satisfied."

And the little babe looked as acute as if it understood every word of its father's, and smiled, as it were, in token of assent.

At this moment the two elder girls approached their new-born brother, kissing him tenderly and caressing him; after which they carried him back to their mother. The peasant now drew forth from under the table a mat, and spreading it on the floor, invited his guest to lie upon it with him. In a few minutes the peasant had fallen into a deep slumber. Not so the other. The candle in the corner, as it shed its fitful rays upon his countenance, showed him to be awake and evidently engaged in profound thought, as if revolving in his mind some plan or other. Presently and noiselessly he arises. A deep silence reigns in the room. "What a peaceful calm!" he soliloquizes, as, looking around him, he regards with interest the peasant and his three boys wrapt in sleep; "how tranquilly this simple and virtuous man sleeps on his rude mat: no troubles, no cares, no ambitious projects haunt his repose. His sleep is delicious, for it is the sleep of the innocent. But time is pressing, and I must back to Moscow." And throwing a keen glance at his companion, in order to convince himself that he is sound asleep, he walks lightly across the floor to one of the windows. In a thrice it is hoisted, and two eyes are peering out into the cold, star-lit night, which has followed the rainy evening. At that moment a gust of wind blew out the candle-light. A rustling noise is

heard, and the man at the window slips dexterously under the table. But it was only the noise of the sleeper snuggling on the mat, and instinctively drawing the coverlet tighter around his body. The next minute the figure again looms up against the darkness; another reconnoitreing glance — a leap — and he is gone.

It was not long before the peasant, by reason of the stream of cold air which poured in through the window, awoke. But it *did* take some time before he could realize the position that he was in. And when he finally succeeded in doing so, he arose, closed the window, re-lit the candle, and muttering something to the effect that it was not good to trust everybody that happened to come along, betook himself once more to his couch. However, in this instance he had not, as he believed, misplaced his trust, as we shall see presently.

In those times it was customary in Russia when a child was born to have it baptized at the earliest possible opportunity. Accordingly, when morning came, our good peasant made all preparations for the christening. Everything being in readiness, he was about to leave the house, accompanied by his wife and children, when suddenly there was a loud rap outside. Imagine his surprise and astonishment when, on opening the door, he encountered a man dressed in the uniform of an officer of the imperial army, who quietly handed him a note, and then dashed down the road on his charger. But his surprise was heightened to absolute amazement when, unsealing the note, he read as follows: —

"Please do not have your new-born child christened before I meet you, as I wish to act the part of its god-father. I shall be at your house within three hours from the time that you will receive this note." IVAN, CZAR.

For awhile the good peasant actually was in doubt whether he was awake, or whether he was not rather dreaming. But gradually he recovered his presence of mind, read the paper again, and read it a third and a fourth time. Then, opening the door, he looked up and down the road, vainly endeavoring to catch another glimpse of the imperial messenger. "It must be true," he said, finally opening his mouth, "but what have I done to merit so great a favor? I have never even seen his Majesty. Think of it, how my humble roof is to be honored to-day!"

Actuated by this last thought, he hastened to put his house in as presentable a condition as it was capable of. He was suddenly disturbed in his labors by a loud, rumbling noise, as of the approach of horses and wagons. Hurrying out, he saw in the distance a body of horsemen coming at full speed towards his house. All were dressed in similar uniforms. They were, in fact, the imperial body-guard. When they reached the house they slackened their pace, and presently a chariot and six, in which sat the Czar himself, drove up to the door. Here another and far greater surprise was to come to our peasant, who in breathless suspense had been awaiting further developments. For when the door of the chariot was thrown open, and the Czar descended and walked towards him, the peasant — would you believe it? — recognized in the man before him the person who had partaken of his hospitality the previous night! He was literally speechless, and dropping

instinctively on his knee, covered the hand of his sovereign with kisses. But the latter raised him gently, and, "I gave you my word last night that I would remember you for your kindness to me," said he, "and I have come to make good my promise. Give me your child and follow me to the church."

The peasant's astonishment, when he heard these words, was only equalled by his joy. With a wondering look he beheld the magnificent robes of the Czar, the shining jewels with which he was covered, and the stately retinue which surrounded him.

"Yesterday," the emperor went on, "you discharged the obligations imposed by religion and courtesy; to-day I come to acquit myself of the most agreeable duty which can fall to the lot of a sovereign, that of rewarding virtue. I will leave you in the station which you now honor, the peace and calm of which I envy; but I will give you the means which are wanting to you. You shall have numerous flocks, beautiful orchards, and a cottage where you can dispense hospitality to your heart's fullest desire. And another thing, I hereby promise to take entire charge of your son; for you must remember," smiling, "my prediction that your child would become honored and wealthy."

Thereupon the peasant, his eyes filled with tears of gratitude, went to bring his boy and placed him at the feet of his generous sovereign. The Czar took the child, and carrying him in his own arms to the church, stood god-father to him.

Need I add that the Czar fulfilled the promise which he made to his host of last evening, the peasant? When the child had grown into boyhood, he took sole charge of his education, and kept him constantly in his own palace, while he loaded with benefits the peasant and his wife.

CALAMUS.

THE CHRISTMAS-ROSES.

A FAIR and gentle child was little Gretchen, and few who watched her as she passed along on her way to the forest, her rosary in one hand and in the other the long white wand by means of which she guided her little flock of sheep, could help comparing her in their own minds to one of those sweet young saints of the woods and fields, Genevieve or Catherine.

But, ah! how much more would those among whom she lived have loved and honored the little shepherd maiden had they but known how the long, lonely hours were spent by her while the flock wandered about feeding peacefully on the young tender grass or soft, sweet moss of the woodland. Deep in the heart of the great forest, at a point where the paths crossed, stood an ancient oak, within a time-worn cavity of which, forming a sort of natural niche, was a statue of the Virgin and Child placed there in times long past by knightly hands in pious fulfilment of a vow. Each day, to crown this statue with fresh flowers — to weave long garlands to droop from the Child-Saviour's hand, or to

scatter lovingly all the woodland treasure that she could find of bud and blossom before the leafy shrine of the sweet Virgin-Mother — was the one beloved occupation of little Gretchen's solitary hours.

But the bright summer soon passed away, and as autumn waned the flowers became more and more scarce, and the heart of the child grew sad as she thought of how long it would be before the beautiful summer time would return, bringing all its sweet wealth of flower and leaf to her to deck the image of the Lady and the Child.

Winter came at last. One cold, dark day, poor little Gretchen had passed hours seeking, but seeking in vain, for a few fresh blossoms —forest and meadow were alike desolate and bare.

The pale light of the short winter day was fading fast and the wearied child, calling the flock together, began making her little preparations for reaching her home in the valley, when all at once she sees just peeping above the edge of a deep ravine the golden calices, the white corollas, scarlet-tinted, of the Christmas-rose. Christ's flowers have come at last! Oh, the beautiful, beautiful Christmas-roses! And now the child, no longer weary, gathers and gathers until at last her little apron will hold no more — then with joyful heart and eager footstep hastens back to the little shrine with her heaped-up treasure of flowers.

Christmas-roses crown the brow of the Child-Jesus and the Virgin-Mother — Christmas-roses droop in bright garlands from the leafless branches of the old oak-tree, their petals falling in a shower of white and gold before the lonely forest Sanctuary of the Lady and the Child.

When Gretchen's last prayer was said night had already closed in — the north wind sighing through the leafless trees, and the light, feathery flakes falling around warned the child that a snow-storm was at hand. Gathering her little flock hastily together, Gretchen now hurried with trembling footsteps towards her home, that home where, alas! she but too well knew no kindly welcome was in store for her, for Martha, her mother, although in some respects a good woman, was unhappily very faulty in many others. She was harsh, avaricious, violent in temper, and easily excited to anger. Utterly incapable of comprehending a nature silent and comtemplative like that of Gretchen, she only laughed when the latter tried to speak to her of the strange, mystic joy which thrilled through her heart, flooding her young pure soul with a light and a love not of this earth. Martha, to whom all such ideas were nothing more than the mere exaggerations of pious folly, contented herself with telling the child that the time she spent in the forest would be much better employed in knitting or sewing than in weaving garlands only to wither in a day.

When at last poor Gretchen, breathless with haste, reached the little cottage in the valley, her mother, overwhelmed her with the bitterest reproaches for being so late. She would listen to nothing — and at length talked herself into such a fury of passion as to utterly terrify the already sufficiently frightened child. Nevertheless, Martha loved her only child dearly, notwithstanding all this seeming harshness — but this very affection in itself inspired her with an exaggerated fear that any display of tenderness on her part could only prove injurious, con-

sequently as Gretchen grew older the mother who during her early childhood had petted and indulged her in every way, now made it a kind of rule with herself to treat her on every possible occasion with a harshness and a severity which the poor child could neither account for nor understand.

The more she tried to win her mother's love the more the heart of that mother seemed to close against her. And on this evening, when the child, whose whole soul was filled with a mysterious joy, tried to throw herself into her mother's arms hoping to win one tender word and was harshly and coldly repulsed, she felt as if an ice-cold hand were suddenly laid upon her little loving heart, and with one piteous, appealing look towards the mother whose love she thought she had forever lost, fled from her home to wander out beneath the pitiless winter sky.

The night was dark — the snow falling heavily — the wind, soughing through the leafless branches of the great forest trees, seemed to fill the air with strange, unearthly sounds. Martha felt a vague, inexplicable terror steal over her. She called aloud to Gretchen, but the sound of her own voice, re-echoing through the silent dwelling, alone replied. She ran to the little room usually occupied by the child — it was vacant. Terrified, she rushed from the house, heedless of the storm, and after wandering about she knew not whither in the thick darkness, seeking in vain on the fallen snow for some trace of the little footprints of the missing child, returned at length to her desolate home to realize in the bitterness of her heart's anguish as she knelt hour after hour weeping and praying by the side of the little empty crib, that her own cruel harshness had lost her her child, *perhaps forever!*

But hark! what sound is that borne on the wintry blast with such awful distinctness?

"O God! where is my child?" wailed the heart-broken mother as the howling of the half-famished wolves, driven from their dens by hunger and terror, smote her ear.

She can endure her agony no longer — she rushes from the house, arouses her neighbors, tells them all that has happened, and implores their help to aid her in her search for her child.

The kindly people were only too willing to render what help they could, for they all knew and loved little Gretchen.

When day at last broke and the violence of the storm had somewhat abated, the peasants, assembling in front of Martha's cottage, decided that the best plan would be (seeing that the poor, unhappy woman could give them no information as to any possible direction that the child might have taken when she quitted the cottage on the previous evening) to form themselves into parties of three — one going towards the forest, another to the hills above, while a third should search the path by the river's brink.

During the space of two days and two nights they sought unremittingly for some trace, however slender, of the lost child — but in vain; none could be found. And at last on the morning of the third day Martha's humble but kindly friends told her, as they returned sorrowfully to their homes, that any further search just then would be

useless, as they felt that beyond all doubt the child had perished in the storm and lay buried deep beneath the snow.

But the poor mother could not rest. For her the steepest precipice, the gloomiest abyss had no terrors. Neither cold nor hunger seemed to touch her. She wandered wildly about — her hair dishevelled, her poor feet wounded and bleeding, her dress torn by the thorns and brambles into a mass of shapeless rags, calling on the name of her lost child, until at length on the fourth day she sank exhausted — almost dying — close to the rude porch of a small hill-side chapel.

And there a sudden thought, born of faith and hope, came like a ray of light into the soul of the stricken woman. With one supreme effort, she rose — dragged her numbed and wearied limbs within the sacred enclosures, and there, prostrate before a little rude Altar dedicated to the Mother of Sorrows, implored of her, who for three days mourned the absence of her own Divine Son in Jerusalem to plead with Him for pity on the poor desolate mother kneeling there. Her prayer ended, Martha rose up — new hope in her heart, new strength in her limbs to renew her search for her missing child.

She goes towards the forest — the air is bitter cold, the icicles hang in strange, fantastic shapes from the dark weird-looking branches of the great trees. The snow lies deep on the ground — no path is visible, no landmark recognizable on the white, desolate waste; but Martha's heart does not fail her now as she passes onward with unfaltering step over the trackless snow.

A few dark specks on the dazzling white! What are they? A leaf or two — a few pale blossoms of the Christmas-roses scattered at long intervals. She presses forward with throbbing heart, eagerly following the flowery clue, until at last she sees before her the old oak-tree — and there with hands clasped and eyes raised up to heaven kneels little Gretchen.

"My child! my child!"

At the sound of that voice Gretchen turns to find herself held long and lovingly to her mother's heart.

"Gretchen! Gretchen! where have you been all this time — out in the wild storm without food or shelter? Child! child! why did you leave your home?"

"I thought that you did not love me, mother, and — and I came up here to *her*. I was not cold — I was not hungry. I did not know that I was away from you all these days; I must have been all this time in some beautiful dream, for I thought I had gone away forever from earth, and that I was up in heaven with *them* and the holy angels, but I know *now* that you love me, mother, and I will not wander away any more."

"Oh, child! never again doubt your mother's love!"

When winter passed, and spring returned, little Gretchen resumed her accustomed occupation, always humble, patient, resigned. She led her little flock, as of old, to the forest, but Martha saw, with bitter anguish, the child's face day by day becoming whiter and more wan, and her young limbs losing their wonted strength and activity.

The bright summer with its flowers — the golden autumn with its

purple fruit have come and gone, and now the *immortelles* are withering on the graves of the dead; the church is clad in her violet robes and sings the Advent hymns, while Gretchen, lying on the little bed from which she has not risen since the brown and crimson leaves began to fall in the forest, is gently passing away from earth to heaven.

Christmas Eve. Gretchen is lying very quiet and still, with eyes closed, breathing low and softly. Her mother is occupied in placing a few poor toys on a little Christmas-tree to please the children who will come on the morrow to see their little suffering companion.

Midnight. The bright angels bend low in homage, the shepherds adore, the kings prostrate themselves. Hark! The carillon is chiming "*For unto us a Child is born.*" And Martha, laying aside her humble gifts, kneels down by her child's bedside, covering her face with her hands to hide her fast-falling tears. When she looks up she knows that she is childless, for she looks on the still, white face of the dead. But what is it that sends such a thrill of awe and solemn peace through her soul as she kneels there?

All over the white coverlet, beneath which the dead child is lying, are scattered Christmas-roses,—roses not of this earth, but strewn there by unseen child-angel hands, as the soul of little Gretchen entered into the eternal possession of God!

They buried her at the foot of the old oak-tree, and there over the grave of the lowly shepherd maiden the beautiful legend says: "That summer and winter alike the flowers never fade—the flowers of Christ, the ever-blessed Christmas-roses."

SNOWFLAKES.

It is Christmas Eve. But not such a Christmas Eve as country children know and love to picture.

The air is not crisp and clear; no fields and meadows are to be seen covered with freshly-fallen snow or sparkling hoar-frost; no trees nor hedges hung with glittering icicles. There is no hard-frozen road over which merry feet scamper, as their owners bear along, midst fun and laughter, the holly boughs to deck their home, or the ashen fagot to blaze and crackle upon the large, open hearth.

No; the scene of which we are writing is very different, for it is in the heart of a busy city. Omnibuses, carts, and cabs pass and repass in the bustling streets; people jostle and elbow each other as they hurry by on the damp and greasy pavement; while the dull-leaden clouds look so close to the tops of the tall sooty chimneys that we feel quite sure that the snowstorm which has been threatening all the day must soon fall now.

Country children would find it very sad and dreary, especially if they chanced to catch sight of a little figure crouching against the iron railings round one of the tallest and gloomiest of the houses. Not a light is to be seen in any of the grimy-looking windows. The stone

steps, on one of which little Pierre is sitting, and which lead up to a black, sulky-looking door, are dirty and uneven; though the busy folks who, from morning till evening, seem to go incessantly up and down them, are far too intent on the business of the moment to notice this. However, the house is silent and deserted now, for, though it is scarcely five o'clock, the eager money-making men have all departed; the heavy, sulky door is locked, not to be opened again till the joy-bells have rung out, "Peace and good-will towards men." Certainly little Pierre would not recognize these same portly gentlemen, could he see them now in their bright, cosy homes, as they toss baby in the air, or stoop down on their big solemn knees to allow little Tom or Lily to rifle their pockets of an endless store of toys and sweetmeats.

How can poor little Pierre picture to himself such a home-scene as this, when his own idea and recollections of one are so widely different? Is he dreaming of *his* home now, I wonder, as, seated on the worn and muddy steps, he leans against the area railings, heedless of the damp and cold? Do you see how one little arm is twined round a bar, and supports his head; how the eyes, which seem so large and dark in contrast to the thin, sallow face, have a wistful, far-away look?

Ah, assuredly little Pierre is thinking of something very different from the wooden tray of matches which, hung from his neck by a leathern strap, rests unnoticed upon his knees. See how the stream of foot-passengers continues to flow past him, yet he never attempts to accost them and offer his boxes of lights for sale! For Pierre is no longer in the bustling English city, but far away in the little village in Auvergne where the *bonne maman* lives—the old *bonne maman* who took him and little Henri and baby Jeanne, when father and mother died. It is eight months since he has seen that little French home, and to one of Pierre's age eight months is a long, long time; but how well he remembers it all!

The small, old-fashioned village with its one narrow, crooked street, which he used to think so grand, it seemed to lie so snugly against the big mountain which sheltered it. How free and happy he had been in the summer-time, when the sun shone warm and bright, and he ran bare-footed up the winding mountain-path, picking gay flowers and waving grasses to offer to any chance visitor whom the coach might bring to the village! How pleased and proud he had been to bring the *bonne maman* a few centimes earned in this way, or by acting as guide to strangers! But although the centimes were counted and recounted, they made very few sous. And then came the long winter, when nothing could be gained. How cold it was then, to be sure! But oh! what fun when, with wooden sabots on their feet, and their sheepskins wrapped tightly round them, they clattered along the little frozen path-way, which had been cut through the snow, to the dear old church!

However, those happy days could not, and did not, last long. With all the best will in the world, the *bonne maman* could not find enough soup to fill the three young mouths which had come to her. So it happened that when Cousin Louis astonished the whole village by saying he meant to "cross the sea" and seek his fortune in rich England, and asked if Pierre might go with him, the latter was too brave, and felt himself too much of a man, to refuse.

It is true that his heart ached sorely at the thought of going away; and that night after night he cried himself to sleep; but that was in the dark, when nobody saw nor heard him. In the daytime he felt of so much importance, for all the village spoke of the wonderful journey before them, and of the fortune they would make. For had not Cousin Louis heard again and again, from the friend who was valet to an English "milord," how rich "les Anglais" were, and how they threw about their silver and even their gold?

Why, had not Monsieur le Cure, himself, one day called him into his little room, and taking down a large book from a shelf, read to him about that rich, rich island, where the people, although so proud and cold, were honorable and truth-loving? He had even showed him pictures of them. The men dressed in large plaid coats and trousers, and the ladies in gay shawls, their hair done in straight curls and their large front teeth projecting so oddly.

Little Pierre looked at them, wondering vaguely if his teeth would ever grow like that, while Monsieur le Cure went on to explain to him all about the long journey before him — how he would not only have to travel by train, but cross the sea in a large ship.

It had all sounded very strange and rather awful to him then; but it was over now. Cousin Louis' friend, who was in Paris at the time, had helped them a great deal, and had told another friend to meet them when they landed from the ship.

England was not quite so wonderful as he had imagined; to be sure the people spoke very curiously, and it was a long time before he could make out one word they said; but he was now beginning to understand and to be understood. Then he discovered that all the women had not long curls and large teeth. The English "milords" (or what Pierre supposed to be "milords") did not pull handfuls of gold and silver out of the pockets of big-checked trousers, and every one did not live upon roast beef! No; indeed, he had often felt cold and wet and hungry in this rich island, and had longed for the little home in Auvergne.

Still, on the whole, Pierre had been very brave and good. One thing he had never forgotten, and that was to kneel down night and morning and say the little prayer Monsieur le Cure had taught him; it always seemed to him, then, as if he were quite near to the *bonne maman*, Henri, and little Jeanne. Just as if the good God took them all into His arms together, and blessed them.

Cousin Louis, who was quick and strong, had soon been employed as porter in an hotel, where French people often came; and when Pierre was bigger, and knew his way better about the large city, he was to go there as errand boy; in the meantime he had sold matches, and got on pretty well, for he had even been able to save up a little money — three francs, which he was hoping to send the *bonne maman* as her *étrennes;* that is what little Pierre called a New Year's present to his grannie.

But if everything has been going on so well, you will ask why Pierre now looks so sad and weary? Why does he not offer his matches for sale? he has only taken twopence to-day, and has a whole trayful of boxes left.

Unfortunately things had not been going on so well lately. About

a fortnight ago poor Cousin Louis had slipped down on the pavement and sprained his ankle so badly, that he had not been able to do any work since; all his small savings and Pierre's daily earnings had barely sufficed to keep them; and now, to add to the misfortune, the rent for their little garret must be paid, and Pierre's little nest-egg must pay it!

So, after all, poor grannie would have to go without her New Year's gift! Then to-day every one had been in such a hurry, so full of business, that at last the poor little match-boy, after being first pushed here and then jostled there, had crouched down weary and dispirited upon the steps of the big, gloomy house.

He felt so sad and lonely, so full of pity for himself, and the more he pitied himself the sadder he grew. We all know that nothing makes our courage and strength melt away more than self-pity does. It is astonishing how much lighter our own troubles become, if we think of the greater sufferings of others. Pierre was forgetting to do this now. He only remembered what a lonely, ill-used little boy he was, and so his bright hopefulness and courage began to melt away very fast indeed; next, the tears began to gather in the dark eyes, then they rolled slowly down the sallow little cheeks, and fell plash, plash upon the gay match-boxes.

At the same moment something fell upon his hand — something so soft, and light, and damp, that he looked down quickly. It was a large, white snowflake — then came another, and yet another.

The busy passers-by pulled up the collars of their coats, and hurried along quicker than ever, muttering that the snowstorm had come at last, and would prove a heavy one. Then little Pierre looked up, but he smiled through his tears at the softly falling flakes, for they meant more than a coming storm to him. They were the first he had seen since he left his dear Auvergne, and were so many white-winged messengers whispering of the old home, and bidding him take heart.

"Here! my little man! any lights left?" asked a cheerful voice as a gentleman stopped for a moment before the little figure, which instantly sprang up. "Why, a whole trayful, I declare! Not done much business to-day, eh! Well, here's something to make up for it! Get home sharp, my lad, and have a happy Christmas!"

With a kindly nod the speaker passed on, and something fell with a clink among the match-boxes.

A large piece of silver! Could it be possible? Pierre took it in his hand, turning it over with surprised delight. Happy? Of course he would be happy now, for here was money for the rent, and grannie would have her New Year's gift after all!

A happy Christmas! With beaming eyes the child once more gazed up into the now swiftly falling snow, for he guessed that it was falling just as softly and silently round the dear old home. How pure and beautiful everything would look to-morrow for the feast! It almost seemed to him as if the snowflakes were repeating to him that "sweet story of old," which the *bonne maman* had so often told them on Christmas Eve. The story of that wondrous night long years ago, when a little child had been born in a manger amidst the snow and ice — a

little child whose baby hands were filled with gifts of love and pardon for all mankind!

Then she would go on to tell them that they must all try and make a fit home in their little hearts for the Infant Saviour, whose delight is to be with the children of men — how they must cleanse them by sorrow for past faults, warm them with love and charity, and make them bright and pretty with good resolutions and resolves. Then they would all kneel down, and say together their night prayers. They would think of and pray for the absent Pierre, as each one in turn said reverently: "Sweet Infant Jesus, make me a child like Thee!"

"Ah! he had not been preparing his heart for the coming Feast," he thought sadly. Still, it was not yet too late!

At this moment a bright light, flashing up suddenly from the opposite side of the street, attracted his attention. What could it be? It was not a gas-lamp. It came — yes, surely it came from the large, dark-looking church on the other side.

Pierre had often looked at this church, as he walked up and down with his matches, and wondered what it was like inside; but he had never been able to see, for the high iron gates in front were always shut and locked. Dodging his way through the omnibuses and cabs, he crossed the street. The large iron gates were open now, also the doors; so Pierre went in.

How beautiful it looked! All the pillars were twined with green leaves and shining berries, which looked so brilliant in the gas-light! Treading softly, the boy ventured partly up the aisle; then suddenly stopped. A smile of joy and wonder broke over his face, as, kneeling down, he clasped his little hands.

At the extreme end of the church, in front of him, just where the light was strongest and fullest, two crimson scrolls were fixed up; something white and dazzling was sprinkled on them in the form of letters. Surely it must be snow! Pierre spelt out the words; and this is what his snowflakes told him:

"Unto us a Child is born,
Unto us a Son is given."

Then the group of workers raised the third and centre scroll; and "Gloria in excelsis Deo, in terra pax" ("Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace"), that grand, sweet song of the angels, broke from their lips as they looked at the shining letters.

And they chatted gaily of the work they had finished, as, gathering together the leaves and branches which were left, they prepared to leave the church.

They did not see that which God and the angels saw — a little boy kneeling for a moment on the stones, forgetful of all weariness and cold, though the freshly fallen snow still clung about him. They had not heard, for only God and the angels heard, the prayer which rose from a loving, grateful heart, and trembled on the childish lips: "Sweet Infant Jesus, make me a child like Thee!"

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1886.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD, of the Irish National League of America, has made a personal donation of $3,000 to the anti-eviction fund.

TO PROMOTE RELIGIOUS ART.—Pope Leo XII. has given a contribution of $60,000, to be devoted to an exhibition of religious art, to be held at the Vatican Gardens on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into Holy Orders. The most extensive preparations are being made in Rome to celebrate the event.

RT. REV. BISHOP HEALY, of Portland, sent to Charleston $1,442, raised by the diocese of Maine for the benefit of the Catholic churches and institutions sufferers by the earthquakes.

TERRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Two Franciscan nuns and a postulant were among the victims of the Rio railroad catastrophe, which took place on October 27, near Portage, Wis. They were returning from Chicago to their convent at Winona, Minn. The bodies of the two Sisters were found near together. The hands of one were clasped as if death had overtaken her in the act of prayer. Sister Alphonse had been connected with the Franciscan order many years, and was a member of one of the communities banished from Germany.

REV. ED. E. BOURSAUD, S. J., rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and president of the Boston College, has returned home in improved health from a brief visit to the South. The students of the college gave him a hearty welcome home, which was participated in by the large congregation of the Immaculate.

WILLIAM GILLESPIE WALKER, nephew of James G. Blaine, has entered the Order of the Jesuits, at Santa Clara, Cal. He is nineteen years old and has been a student at the college for a year. For some time he has had an inclination to a religious life. Young Walker's mother was the favorite sister of James G. Blaine. She was buried on the day that President Cleveland was inaugurated.

THE editor of the *New York World*, Joseph Pulitzer, has sent his check for five hundred dollars to Montgomery, Ala., to be applied toward erecting a monument to the late poet-priest, Father Ryan. It was reported that his grave was becoming neglected.

O'CONNELL.—The people of Melbourne, Australia, are going to erect a statue in memory of O'Connell. It will be like the one in O'Connell Street, Dublin, and Foley's pupil, Mr. Brock, an Irish man living in London, who put the finishing touches to the Dublin statue, has also been engaged for the work on the Melbourne monument.

SIGNOR FOLI, the celebrated basso singer, hails from Dungourney, a village near Middleton, county Cork, where his father, who was a carpenter by trade, held the position of sexton of the Protestant church. Signor Foli served an apprenticeship to his father's trade, and after working as journeyman for some years he emigrated to America, and almost the next heard of him was his unequalled success as a vocalist. His career has been one of almost phenomenal brilliancy.

THE IRISH QUESTION.—We have published, in pamphlet form, the paper of MR. GLADSTONE, which appeared in the October issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, and will give a copy to every new subscriber, free gratis for nothing.

THE new organist and musical director of the House of the Angel Guardian is Louis Christiani, of the Royal Institute for the Blind, Brussels, Belgium, who arrived at the House, from Europe, recently. Mr. Christiani, though but a young man, and totally blind from his birth, is a musician of unusual ability, he having distinguished himself in Brussels by winning a valuable prize from many competitors for original composition and execution.

AFRICA has a Catholic population of 2,656,000.

THE death-rate is less in Ireland and greater in Hungary than in any other of twenty nationalities in Europe, judged by "annual number of deaths per one thousand of population"—lowest mortality, Ireland 17.2; highest, Hungary 43.7.

FRIENDLY MESSAGE TO THE POPE.—The *St. James' Gazette* says that although France thwarted the Vatican's scheme to form relations with China, the Chinese envoy has sent the Pope a very friendly message from his government. In regard to France's position, the *St. James Gazette* asserts that China is resolved to terminate the protectorate at all costs, and that the French must either abandon it or forcibly maintain their pretensions.

THE wealthiest colored man in the United States is said to be Tonie Luton, a French quadroon of New Orleans, whose fortune is estimated at $1,000,000.

THE HOLY FATHER is actively engaged in the realization of his project of founding a great University in the Apostolic Palace of the Lateran for the higher scientific and literary studies of the clergy. The supreme direction of this institution, which will be called the Leonine University, will be entrusted to Cardinal Mazzella, of the Company of Jesus.

HOME RULE IN AUSTRALIA.—His Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Sydney, the Right Rev. Dr. Lanigan, Bishop of Goulbourn; the Right Rev. Dr. Murray, Bishop of Maitland; the Right Rev. Dr. Dunne, Bishop of Brisbane; the Right Rev. Dr. Byrne, Bishop of Bathurst, and the Right Rev. Dr. Reville, Coadjutor-Bishop of Sandhurst, have publicly given their support to the home rule movement.

MGR. CAPEL denounces as infamous lies the scandalous stories that have been published against him.

REFERRING to a carpenter who was seriously injured from the falling of an insecure scaffold, the *American Builder* adds: "It seems too bad, with the genius this country affords, that it cannot find some one who will invent a scaffold which will prevent the fearful loss of life which is daily occurring through the carelessness of those who build the ordinary joist and board affair."

THE Navy Department offers a prize of $15,000 for the best design for a war ship.

BRING A CHILD UP IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.—Catholic parents should ponder well these words of the Holy Father addressed to some young American priests about to depart to the scene of their missionary labors. They are on the education of the young: "If the teachings of the church are implanted, like a germ, in their tender minds, they will surely take root and fructify therein, and eventually recall the child even if, as a man, he strays from the path of rectitude. But if that germ has not been properly cultivated in the youthful heart, there is, then, no controlling idea of religion to guide and govern the child when grown into manhood; and thus it is that men become in later years irreligious, materialistic, and infidel." How many parents have had to deplore their indifference to the principle, that the child is father to the man! How many for the sake of social glitter and worldly advantages have made moral wrecks of their children and disappointed those very material expectations for which they had sacrificed the spiritual welfare of their little ones!

An Engrafting of Hearts.

Boston Herald: — Red, green and gold shafts of light were streaming through the beautifully tinted windows of St. Joseph's Church, Boston Highlands, on the morning of October 11, as a bridal party stood lined along the chancel rail of the modest edifice. Low, trembling notes of the organ filled the sanctuary with sweet melody. A reverend father, clothed in the rich robes of his ecclesiastical office, stood near the group. The occasion of this gathering was the marriage of Mr. Joseph Vincent Donahoe, youngest son of Patrick Donahoe, the well-known Catholic publisher, and Miss Minnie Driscoll, only daughter of Mrs. Mary A. Driscoll of Roxbury. The couple whose nuptials were to be celebrated were accompanied by Mr. Emmett Driscoll, the bride's brother, as bridegroom, and Miss S. J. Collins of Salem as bridemaid. The bride was attired in a rich brown brocade plush, while Miss Collins wore a plain brown dress of the same material. The ushers were Mr. James L. Crowley and Frank L. Wells, while Mr. J. Frank Donahoe presided at the organ. After the services at the church, which were solemnized by Rev. James Troy, the bridal party repaired to the residence of the bride's mother, where a reception was held and the newly-united couple congratulated by scores of friends. There was a large number of presents, consisting of silverware, furniture, bric-a-brac, etc. After a wedding tour to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, Mr. and Mrs. Donahoe will settle at 60 Sherman Street, Boston Highlands. On the return home they will stop at Providence. R. I., where a reception will be tendered them.

COUNTY KERRY. — There has been a marked decrease of crime in Kerry, owing partly to landlords' reductions and partly to General Buller's system of closely watching suspects, instead of guarding persons liable to attack. The new system has been so effective, that the demolition of the police protection huts has been commenced.

THE NEW ENGLISH GUN.—The new 13.5 inch 68-ton naval gun has been subjected to further and final trial at the government proof butts at Woolwich. After some preliminary rounds, the gun was fired with 580 pounds of black powder, with the service weight of shot. An examination of the crusher gauge, indicating the pressure in the chamber, showed that the gun had passed proof within the terms of the specification. One of the results of the recent Woolwich trials is that in future all large ordnance will have their "liners" expanded by means of special four-banded proof cylinders before the completion of the rifling, so as to neutralize any possible twisting of the liners.

Fast Ironclads.

AN official paper issued at Rome gives the following particulars regarding the fastest Ironclads in the world: Italia (Italian), 18 knots an hour; Lepanto, Umberto, Sicilia, and Sardegna (Italian), 17·50; Warspite (English), 17·20; Imperieuse (French), 17; Ruggiero di Luaria, Morosini, and Andrea Doria (Italian), 16·50; Nile, Trafalgar, Sanspareil, Anson, Camperdown, Benbow, Rodney, Howe, Collingwood, Colossus, and Edinburgh (English), 16; Duilio (Italian), 15·50; Dandolo (Italian), 15·20; Devastation (French), 15·17; Alexandra (English), 15; Foudroyant, Admiral Baudin, Formidable, Neptune, Hoche, Marceaux, and Magenta (French), 15; Hercules (English), 14·69; Redoubtable (French), 14·66; Temeraire (French), 14·65; Dreadnought (English), 14·52; Affondatore (Italian), 14·50; Terrible, Indomptable, Caiman, and Requin (French), 14·50; Admiral Duperre (French), 14·47; Sultan (English), 14·30; Neptune (English), 14·20; Inflexible (English), 14; and Vauban (French), 14.

ONCE on a time, at a celebration somewhere, a poor man offered the following toast: — "Here is a health to poverty; it sticks by us when all other friends forsake us."

Moonlighters.

MOST Rev. Thomas Nulty, Bishop of Meath, preached a powerful sermon, on Sunday, against "moonlighters." He denounced, in the strongest terms, the acts perpetrated by the "moonlighters," described them as the greatest enemies Ireland had to-day, and said the outrages they committed served but to perpetuate landlordism, which otherwise was doomed. He asked the "moonlighters" to restore the arms and other property they had stolen to the rightful owners, in the following terms: — "You can do this quiet

ly; you can make this restitution through me, if you wish, or you can make it through your parish priests, who will not betray your secrets. * * * If the 'moonlighters' fail to desist from their outrages, I am determined to organize a committee to watch them and bring them to justice. I know many of these men myself. It is impossible for them to escape. * * * Our country is on her trial. Her prosperity and happiness for centuries depend on the conduct of her people during the coming winter. As soon as Ireland shall have proved herself able to govern herself, we shall have the whole English Democracy on our side. Then Home Rule will be certain."

THE UMBRELLA. — It was not until the year 1800 that Americans began to make their own umbrellas. The word comes from the Latin umbra, which means a shade, but the name, most probably, was introduced into the English language from the Italian word ombrella. Parasol means "to ward off the sun," and another pretty name, not much used by Americans for a small parasol, is "parasolette." The umbrella, in oriental countries, is a very ancient and primitive symbol of royal authority. The "crown" is but the fur cap of northern races, adorned with gold and jewels. The umbrella traces its descent to the primeval ancestry of the tropical forest; the gigantic leaves of the palms are its prototype. But it is only in very recent times that the umbrella has been converted into the parapulie. Those of our readers who have read "Robinson Crusoe," remember how he made his umbrella and covered it with skins. Then there have been umbrellas covered with large feathers that would shed rain like a "duck's back," and umbrellas with coverings of oil-cloth, of straw, of paper, or woollen stuffs, until now nearly all umbrellas are either covered with silk, alpaca, or gingham.

THE ROGUES' PARADISE. — The enormous influx of United States forgers, defaulters and swindlers into Canada, has aroused the Canadian authorities to taking further action in urging upon the British Government the necessity of arranging an extradition treaty with the United States which in its scope will include many of the crimes and criminals who under the present treaty are beyond the reach of the law.

The Incentive to Own a Home.

THE *Manufacturer and Builder* thinks that the man who is working to secure a small piece of property substitutes a near and distinct ambition for a remote and vague one. Day dreams about large estates and princely incomes may be very amusing, but they are not half so profitable as a vision of a lot one hundred by two hundred, with a snug little dwelling house upon it. With this before him, a man will rise early and retire late, turning his hand cheerfully to any and every kind of work. He will have a motive for rigorous economy which will make it a pleasure. He will have the vision of the last payment before him as a perpetual motive to moderation in passions, economy in expenses, abstinence from expensive pleasures and from expensive companions. Thus it will come to pass that a judicious debt, incurred at the beginning of a journeyman's or laborer's career, will become his good genius, watching over him, inciting him to all industry and to self-government. Every laboring man ought to own his house. The first duty of the workingman should be to convert his earnings into real estate.

Startling Statement.

THERE was one point in Mr. Powderly's address at Richmond, Va., which will attract special attention. That is where he charges "that in the assemblies of the striking car drivers at St. Louis men were employed by the detective agencies who stood up on the floor of the assemblies making inflammatory speeches, urging the strikers to deeds of violence, and advocating the destruction of the property of the street car companies. This serious charge should be thoroughly investigated." Mr. Powderly maintains that the action of the detective agencies was part of a plan entered into to prejudice labor organizations all over the country by inducing them to deeds of violence. So serious a charge ought to be fully investigated.

THE LATE FATHER KAVANAGH. — It has been generally supposed that the sad death of Dr. Kavanagh, at Kildare the other day, by the fall of the statue of an angel from over the altar, was an altogether unprecedented case. Strange to say, some thirty or forty years ago an almost identical case occurred in Bruges. The cure of the Madeleine was saying

Mass when the statue of an angel, but this time a wooden statue, for the altar is of carved wood, fell upon him. Notwithstanding the temporary stun of the blow, the cure made an effort to finish the Mass, but was obliged after a little while to desist. He was carried to his house, and died in the course of the day.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ART.— Messrs. Holland & Roberts, 10 Temple Place, Boston, have produced a splendid likeness of Justin McCarthy. It is decidedly the best likeness we have seen,— far surpassing those done in England.

The Carmelite Order.

THE term of novitiate in the Carmelite Order lasts one year, during which period the novice is put through many trials. If at the end of that time, or before, she desires to return to the world, she is free to leave the convent. If, however, she still elects to remain, the black veil is conferred, and a profession is made by her of the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. The Order is one so old that its earliest existence is almost in legendary lore. It is authentic that as far back as the Pontificate of John V., who died in 686, bulls were issued to the Carmelites. Phocas, a Greek monk of the Isle of Patmos, visited the Holy Land, and concludes the narrative of his journey by saying that the cave of Elias was then visible on Mount Carmel. The remains of a huge monastery were also found there. Some years previous a monk in priest's orders who had come from Calabria had there established himself in obedience to orders given him by Elias in a vision. He made a small inclosure and built a little church, gathering together about ten companions, who continued to live there at the time Phocas' narration was written. Albert, bishop of Vercelli, patriarch of Constantinople, gave the little band "a rule" about 1209, and this, by some historians, is considered the real foundation of the Carmelite Order. In the sixteenth century the Order had relaxed in many severer rules, and these the famous St. Theresa revived in all their primitive rigidity. Pope Pius IV., in 1562, authorized her to establish branch Orders, who were then and have ever since been called "barefoot" Carmelites. Their rule is the most austere of any religious order, but they are very numerous in Europe, although in this country there are only four or five houses.

[In our next issue we will give an account of the reception of the postulants at the convent in New Orleans.]

Justin McCarthy in Boston.

THE reception given to this distinguished gentleman in Boston was the best he has received since he commenced his lecturing tour. His lecture at the Boston Theatre on the evening of the 10th of October was delivered to an audience which the lecturer himself said was the finest he ever appeared before. There was no particular effort made to fill the theatre, no committees, no "fuss and feathers," but all was done by one or two individuals, and everything was settled before ten o'clock the following morning. Every seat in the theatre was filled, and hundreds had to stand up. The reception to Mr. McCarthy was cordial and enthusiastic.

A banquet was given to him at the Parker House the following evening, which was attended by about two hundred of our influential citizens, among whom was the Vicar-General of the archdiocese and some dozen of the reverend clergy.

THE MUNSTER BANK.— The first report and statement of accounts of the liquidators of the late Munster Bank has been published. The liquidation is one of the quickest and most successful on record. We stated more than a year ago that the Bank was solvent when it was forced to suspend payment. That statement is justified by the present report, which avers that if the arrangement proposed be carried out, every creditor will be paid 20s in the £1.

ELEVATORS.— An intelligent physician says: "It is a good rule always to ride up in an elevator, and when coming down to take the stairs. Like going up hill, walking up stairs is hard work, and sometimes risky, especially for people with weak lungs, defective respiratory organs, or heart disease. But going down stairs hurts nobody, but is good exercise; going down on a brisk run is really a good thing —it shakes up the anatomy, without incurring the danger of physical overexertion. This shaking up is good for one's internal mechanism, which it accelerates, especially the liver, the kidneys, and the blood circulation."

A Successful Merchant.

MR. A. SHUMAN, of the firm of A. Shuman & Co., has just returned from Europe greatly refreshed by his trip. This is the first time he has been abroad since he came to this country thirty years ago.

The eminent success of the firm, of which Mr. Shuman is the leading member, is an excellent illustration of what real energy and perseverance can do. Born in Germany, Mr. Shuman came to this country when a boy. He at once entered a clothing house in Newburgh, N. Y., and there learned the business which he is now conducting with such promising results. In 1859 he came to Boston and started a small store at the Highlands. Later he devoted his attention to the wholesale furnishing business, and was located on Summer Street. This was before the fire of 1872. But in that great conflagration he, like so many others, was a sufferer. He did not, however, sit down to mourn his loss, but with indomitable pluck went at once to work to restore his fortunes. He bought out the lease of the present building and changed it into one of the most palatial stores in the city. This, by successive enlargements, now extends from 440 Washington Street to the corner of (and including 9) Summer Street. The exterior of the store, with its plate-glass window reaching from the sidewalk to the third story, and its clock in front, is a familiar object to pedestrians on Washington Street.

Mr. Shuman now carries on both the wholesale and retail branches of the clothing business. That part devoted to the retail business occupies six stories of the building. The first floor is given up to the display of boys' clothing; and here one can find garments which are not only well fitting and stylish, but durable as well. The second is given to men's and youths' outfits. The third is the custom department, while the fourth, fifth, and sixth are used as work-rooms. The wholesale department occupies the three upper floors at the corner of Washington and Summer Streets, and is connected with the other building by fire-proof doors.

Mr. Shuman employs a large number of assistants in his business, and the happy and cheerful appearance of each gives evidence of the pleasant relations between workmen and employer.

The growth of the business has been wonderful, as this brief sketch would indicate, and one can only ascribe it to the good understanding and judgment of its head, Mr. A. Shuman.

THE OLD CATHOLICS. — Bonn has always been looked upon as the "Rome" of "Old Catholicism." Will it be believed that at the recent census, not a single Old Catholic appears, either for Bonn or for Coblenz? The figures given are: "Roman Catholics," 27,780; Evangelical Protestants, 7,428; Jews, 685; other Protestants, 72; Greek Catholics, 9; Dissenters, 12: of "unknown religion," 3. What has become, then, very naturally asks the *Deutsche Reichszeitung*, of "Bishop" Reinkens, of his "Vicar-General," Professor Knoodt, of the Old Catholic consistory, and of all the Old Catholic professors, and the commuuity to whom they minister? They are sought for in vain. The only explanation seems to be that they have entered themselves as "Roman" Catholics. Incredible as it sounds, we suppose it must be so.

THE LANDLORD who had Rev. Father Fahy of Ballinigar sent to jail, certainly made the mistake of his life, and has earned a reputation not to be envied. He has been called the "Priest-Hunter," and go where he will, it will follow him to his grave. He is taunted and groaned at by the people in his locality, and though guarded by the constabulary, and not in any great danger of personal violence, the consciousness of being hated, contemned and jeered at by the people, has driven many a man from Ireland — and Lewis will be likely to follow their example.

THE PRESENT administration seems to have the necessary back-bone to resent a snub and keep mad about it. Notwithstanding the Kieley matter has been apparently forgotten by the general public, and candidates for the Austrian Mission think the place has been vacant long enough and file their applications for it, Secretary Bayard on Monday stated that it was not probable that the place would be filled during this administration.

THREE dollars will pay for two copies of our MAGAZINE for a year. That is, let each of our present subscribers get a new one, and we will send to both at the rate of $1.50 each for a year.

The Belfast Commission.

THE revelations made before the Belfast Commission form a terrible indictment against the Orangemen. Their doctrine apparently is, "Death to all who differ from us." It is not in Belfast alone that they have endeavored with savage ferocity to carry out the principle embodied in this bloody creed. Wherever they have emigrated they have introduced the spirit of fanatical intolerance which has produced such disastrous results in Belfast. In Newfoundland, Canada, England, and Scotland, the sad fruits of their barbarous bigotry have been witnessed. We trust that the proceedings of the Belfast Commission will result in raising the question whether the people of these countries should not insist upon the suppression of a society that glories in brutal intolerance and sheer lawlessness.

THREE NICE STORIES in our Juvenile Department. They will interest the old as well as the young.

PAPAL BRIEFS have been received in Dublin appointing to the dignity of the Roman Prelacy of the First Order Monsignor Lee, Dean of the Archdiocese, and Monsignor Kennedy, Chancellor of the Diocesan Chapter. The same dignity was at the same time conferred, at his Grace's request, on the late venerated Monsignor Farrell, P.P., of Booterstown. The Papal briefs of appointments, however, did not reach Dublin until the day of Monsignor Farrell's lamented death.

MR. GLADSTONE, in response to a request to contribute to current political literature a book defining the programme of the Liberal Party, writes: "My friends forget my years. I hold on to politics in the hope of possibly helping to settle the Irish question; but the general operations of the party and particular subjects I am obliged and intend to leave in the hands of others."

READ the advertisements in our MAGAZINE, and patronize those who patronize DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

CHURCH PEWS.—Mr. A. G. Whitcomb, 73 Fulton Street, Boston, who has been engaged in the manufacture of school furniture for the past forty-two years, has recently engaged in the manufacture of church pews. Mr. Whitcomb has furnished most of the Catholic schools throughout New England with desks, and his honorable dealings with the Catholic public in the past is a sure guarantee of his success in his new branch of the business.

"It was a Glorious Victory."

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY has been awarded the seat in the House of Commons which he contested for in the recent election against Mr. Charles Edward Lewis, Conservative. Mr. Lewis has sat for Londonderry since 1872. In the recent election the poll as counted gave Mr. Lewis 1,781 votes and Mr. McCarthy 1,778, and the seat was awarded to the former, who up to date has occupied it, although Mr. McCarthy at once entered a protest, and has ever since been pushing his claim to the seat, basing his case largely upon allegations of illegal electioneering methods upon the part of his opponent. Mr. Lewis was found guilty of illegal practices, and ordered to pay Mr. McCarthy's costs. This is a sore pill for the Orangemen.——Mr. Sexton has been declared elected to Parliament for the western division of Belfast, the petition of Mr. Haslett the Conservative candidate, to have the seat vacated on the ground of bribery, having been denied. The petitioner was condemned to pay the costs of the proceedings. The decision in Mr. Sexton's favor was received with enthusiasm in the court room. On the result being made known to the crowd of Orangemen outside, they immediately commenced to stone the building.

OF THE "IRON DUKE" (Wellington) we have the following most characteristic story. "After the battle of Talavera I (the Duke) wanted the Spanish force to make a movement, and called upon Cuesta to take the necessary steps, but he demurred. He said, by way of answer, 'For the honor of the Spanish Crown I cannot attend to the directions of the British General, unless that British General go upon his knees and entreat me to follow his advice.' Now I wanted the thing done, while as to going down on my knees I did not care a twopenny damn, so down I pumped."

THE VATICAN is to be illuminated with the electric light. The contract has been

assigned to the firm of Siemens and Halske, of Berlin. The works for the erection of the dynamo-electric machine are already begun, and it is anticipated that all the necessary works will be completed by the end of the year, so that the new light may begin with the New Year. Who will deny that Leo XIII. is "a man of light and leading?"

MESSRS. FEELEY & CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—We direct attention to the advertisement of this enterprising company. Persons dealing with this house may rely upon good articles, faithful work, and attention to all orders entrusted to them. See advertisement.

The Truth at Last.

THROUGH the Superior of the great Seminary of the Missions Etrangeres, in Paris, we have been enabled to put ourselves into communication with M. Cottin, the *Procureur* of the missions, Su-Tchuen, or Sze-Chuen (whose office corresponds to that of the Agents Generals of our colonies in London), and to him we forwarded the letter of the *Guardian's* correspondent. We have received the following reply: "In answer to the paragraph of the newspaper kindly forwarded concerning the pillage of the establishments of Chong-kin-foo, I beg to state: 1. That the Protestants excited the ill-will of the people by constructing country houses (*maisons de plaisance*) on the highest hill-tops around Chong-kin-foo, and that this ill-will was the primary cause of the outburst. 2. That the rioters destroyed first of all the houses of the Protestants, and only afterwards the Catholic establishments. 3. That the English Consul, on being attacked in his own house, took refuge in the Catholic mission-house, which he believed to be out of danger. 4. That the Catholic Bishop has not built a Cathedral upon an elevated ground, but merely repaired and enlarged his house on the ground which has been occupied by the mission for the last forty years. 5. That the Cathedral, built fifteen years ago, at a distance of nearly a *kilomètre* from the Bishop's residence, has never excited any reclamation. E. COTTIN, *Procureur* du Su-Tchuen."

COMING TO THEIR SENSES.—The position taken by the Catholic Church on the education question is beginning to be endorsed by the different denominations. In view of the appalling fact that "one half of the American people belong to no denomination," we find the Methodist synods in Montreal and Toronto unanimously agreeing that means should be devised to remedy the grave defect which divorces the public educational system from religious training and teaching. Furthermore, at meetings held recently in Minneapolis, Protestant ministers set up an issue not to be dodged that "our public schools were a hotbed wherein children learned the first lesson in sin." If this sweeping condemnation had been made by a Catholic assembly, what a howl would have been raised!

SCHOOL DESKS. — The Winchester Furniture Company, 32 Hawley Street, Boston, is engaged solely in the manufacture of school desks of the latest and most approved patterns. All the articles of this firm are thoroughly seasoned, kiln-dried, and warranted for convenience and durability. The firm has already supplied many Catholic schools and academies with school chairs and desks, and any orders coming from a distance will be executed with the same care and fidelity as if made by the purchaser in person.

DON'T you forget to send us a new subscriber as a New Year's present. If you get a new subscriber we will send the MAGAZINE to you and your friend for three dollars.

THE Right Rev. N. A. Gallagher, D. D., Bishop of the Galveston Diocese, Texas, has telegraphed the Mayors of Beaumont and Orange, the cities nearest the submerged country round Sabine Pass, requesting them to inform all persons concerned that he will take care of and provide for all orphans under twelve years of age who lost their parents by the storm. They will be placed in the Galveston Catholic Orphan Asylum, under care of the Sisters of Charity.

ASK YOUR NEIGHBORS to take DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. We will send sample copies to them, if you will send us their names and address. Get them to begin with the new year.

The Father Burke Memorial Church.

On Sunday, October 10, the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, consecrated the Father Burke Memorial Church at Tallaght. There was a large and distinguished assemblage of clergy and laity, including the Most Rev. Dr. Gillooly, Bishop of Elphin; Most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, Coadjutor Bishop of Cork; the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, M. P., Lady Mayoress, and Miss Fanny Sullivan, Very Rev. Dr. Browne, President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth; Very Rev. P. Grew, S. M., president St. Mary's College, Dundalk, Very Rev. T. Bartlev, president Terenure College; Rev. Denis Murphy, S. J.; Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.; Rev. Father Darlington, S. J.; Rev. P. S. Dineen, S. J.; Mr. Justice O'Hagan, Mr. John George MacCarthy, Irish Land Commissioner; Mr. A. Farrell, J. P.; Mrs. Ferguson, Mountbellew, and Miss Burke, Galway, sister of the late Rev. Father Tom Burke: Very Rev. Father Kelly, O. P., Provincial of England; Rev. Father Mullins, O. P., Galway; Rev. Father Hughes, Drogheda; Rev. Father Hughes, O.P., Athy; Rev. Father Slattery, O. P., Dublin; Rev. Father Smith, O. P., Dublin; Rev. Father Colman, O.P., Newbridge; Rev. Father Conway, O.P., Drogheda; Rev. Father Rooke, O. P., England; Rev. Father Flood, O. P., Rev. Father Walsh, O. P., Rev. Father Donegan, O. P., Rev. Father Moore, O. P., Rev. Father, Kane, O. P., Tallaght. The beautiful church, which was dedicated to our Blessed Lady of the Rosary, is worthy of the holy friar and eloquent preacher, whose loss the Irish people have not yet ceased to lament. It is just four years ago since the foundation-stone was laid, on which occasion Father Burke himself preached. The work which he so well began has nearly reached completion. The spot upon which the sacred edifice is built is hallowed by historic memories. More than a thousand years ago a monastery stood there, and saints walked in its cloisters. To-day it is the Irish Dominican Novitiate. The new church is a very handsome structure in the early English style of architecture. The interior is decorated with excellent taste. The altar is exceptionally handsome, and is of white marble, carved and ornamented in a most artistic manner. Behind the altar is an arcade or apse of Caenstone, in which are several statues representing the ancient patron saints of Tallaght — St. Ædfengus, the author of the famous Martyrology of Tallaght, and St. Maelbruin, the founder of the old abbey of Tallaght; St. John of Cologne, St. Louis Restrans, &c. There are three spaces not as yet filled, where it is intended to place pictures representing the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary. Along the walls of the church on each side are recesses intended for small altars and confessionals. In one of the recesses the remains of Father Burke have been placed, and over them is a black marble slab, with a Celtic cross and the following inscription in gilt letters: "Here lie the remains of the Very Rev. Thomas Burke, O. P., born in Galway, 8th September, 1830; ordained priest 1853; died at Tallaght, 2d July, 1883; in whose memory this church has been erected." An altar to St. Thomas, the great preacher's patron saint, will also be placed there. The sacristry, one of the largest of the kind in Ireland, measuring thirty-two feet by twenty, is of great beauty and convenience. Running along the north side of the church is a cloister, and it is intended to construct another cloister at right angles to this, two hundred feet long, forming communication with the house of the fathers.

The ceremony of consecration began at nine o'clock, and even at that early hour a large congregation had assembled, and at twelve o'clock when High Mass was said the church was crowded. The celebrant was the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, coadjutor bishop of Cork; deacon, Rev. Nicholas Healy; sub-deacon, Rev. Mr. O'Connell, Clonliffe; master of ceremonies, Rev. C. Ridgeway. His Grace, the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, pontifically assisted, the canons at the throne being Very Rev. Canon Fitzpatrick, president of Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, and the Very Rev. Canon Leahy. The music was sung in plain chant. The preacher was the Very Rev. Nicholas Walsh, S.J., who in the course of a very eloquent sermon, said, this temple, just consecrated, to God, to Christ, and to Blessed Mary, was the memorial of a nation's gratitude and a nation's love to one who, perhaps more than any man since the

days of St. Patrick, was the preacher of "the Word that saves" to this land of sorrow and of gladness, of suffering and of consolation, a man who for twenty years was the central figure and great attraction in every religious gathering, a man the most useful, the most esteemed, and the best beloved of his generation, who, like St. Paul, was "the preacher, apostle, and doctor of the nation in faith and truth." The other great preachers of historic fame had either months to prepare their sermons, or from their position could command their own time, their pulpit, their audience, and their subject; and these generally the grand cathedral, the gorgeous royal chapel, with the kingly and noble for their hearers, and some specially-inspiring subject for their theme. It was not so with Father Burke. For twenty years it was Sunday after Sunday, festival after festival, function after function, charity after charity — again and again to the same audience, sometimes in our finest churches, often in poor or unfinished ones, now with a simple unlettered congregation, now with the most lettered, cultured, and critical that Dublin, London, Rome, or Boston could bring together; and all through to the end, without a break, he held all, as by a spell, within his wondrous influence. What was it? The gift, natural and supernatural, given by God, which he most religiously cultivated till he became a perfect preacher, till he possessed a charm and a fascination like to the glory he now enjoys, always fresh, satisfying, and delightful. But there was one grace and virtue his eminently, which kept his greatness as a preacher pure, wholesome, and holy. This was his deep religion founded in yet deeper humility. There have been few men whose humility was subjected to stronger and more alluring temptations than his. He stood on a height for years alone without a rival, surrounded by thousands who followed him and listened till they became enthusiasts, and gave him obedience and worship as to a teacher and leader of men, while public speakers and the press exhausted the language of compliment by words of praise which were unstinted and without drawback. And was there ever a man so unspoiled? Was there ever a man, the loftiness of whose greatness was so glorified by the lowliness of his humility? Men called him the great Dominican, and such he was; men called him the prince of preachers, and such he was; but he loved to call himself what he truly was, the poor, humble friar. Temptations, weaker than which have turned the heads and corrupted the hearts of many, simply sanctified him. There was another trait characteristic of Father Burke which illuminated, if it did not perfect, his greatness: this was his sweet, child-like, genial, joyous spirit poured out for the enjoyment of others, though the sadness of Gethsemane and the torture of Calvary were often heavy on himself. I never took in fully the greatness of the man. I never so admired him as when, after having held us spellbound in the church, he made us all joyous and happy at the dinner-table by a wit and humor which were like his own preaching, always fresh and delightful, but which never in the least hurt the most delicate charity or honor of God or man. It was his Christ-like virtue of helping and healing all, so unselfishly and so generously poured out, which crowned his virtues and his life, and has made the Irish nation, bishops, priests, religious, and laity, his debtors. For twenty years he consecrated his genius, his talents, his learning, his love, his life, to winning sympathy and help for every form of human suffering and misery. It is joy and gladness, comfort and consolation, to see how becomingly a grateful nation has honored her great son. We should keep this sacred spot in memory until we make this group of buildings what he longed to see them — the church united to the novitiate by a modest cloister, and the church, with all its appointments, perfect. The heart of Father Burke was in this place and work, and his sacred ashes repose here. This work, begun by him, God willed he should bequeath to us, to the nation, to finish. It is his death gift, with his last request to the people of his love. It is now his sepulchre. Let us therefore fulfil his vow. Let us not give sleep to our eyes, nor slumber to our eyelids, nor rest from our generous offering until we have made this church perfect in beauty, "as a bride adorned for the bridegroom," until we have made his sepulchre glorious. To do so touches the honor of the nation, and this need no appeal, because safe in your hands and the hands of Father Burke's grateful friends and admirers.

THE year 1886 is drawing to a close and quite a number are in arrears for our MAGAZINE. Pay up and commence the new year with a clear conscience.

Justin McCarthy, M. P. for Derry.

THE lecture at the Boston Theatre on Sunday evening, Oct. 10, was before one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the theatre. Mr. McCarthy spoke for an hour and a quarter; but so interested were the audience in his address that they would have listened to him half an hour longer had the lecturer continued. It was not for the want of material, nor that the speaker was fatigued, but he felt that the audience had heard enough. The reporter of the *Boston Journal*, Mr. Henry O'Meara, was there, and gives his impressions of Mr. McCarthy: "A subtle spirit of irony, that suggested more of the Saxon than the Celtic temperament, and underneath it a deep current of conviction, proved the characteristics of the speaker. The double claims of Mr. Justin McCarthy, as a popular member of the British Parliament and a successful journalist, won him the tribute of close attention and cordial appreciation. When he made his entrance upon the stage, in company with Mayor O'Brien, Mr. Patrick Donahoe, and other prominent gentlemen, including many of the Catholic clergy, he was received with the heartiest applause, and a Boston audience had the opportunity of seeing for the first time the typical Irish publicist whose name, both as an author and a Parliamentarian, had long preceded his advent here. The historian of "Our Own Time," like an old-time compeer in Irish journalism, Dr. Martin A. O'Brennan, nas much in figure and feature to indicate the writer rather than the orator, and his lecture, both in matter and delivery, was in keeping with this impression. A man of somewhat less than the average stature, with an intellectual-looking head, full beard and strongly outlined features, his constantly worn glasses, hair brushed back on his ears, and studious air, betokened more of the German professor than the ideal Irish agitator. His voice is pitched on an unvarying key, which is low in tone, but distinct and far reaching, and his gestures, with the exception of a sort of continuous one with the index finger of the right hand, are inconsiderable, so that the audience is held much more by the matter than the manner of his address. It was no small evidence of the inherent interest of the lecture that it held the attention of an eager and impulsive audience without any of the common accessories of the platform. From the first to the close, without any apparent effort and without even the customary garnishing of humor or illustration, he was heard with manifest satisfaction, and was interrupted only with outbursts of applause. Notwithstanding this, it must not be inferred that Mr. McCarthy is an orator in the popular acceptation of the term; but his lack of interesting narrative or illustration is largely atoned for by the quiet irony which underlies his treatment of political opponents, and the impression of continuity and conviction which he gives to his hearers." Mr. McCarthy concluded: "The accomplishment of home rule will be regarded through all time as due to the men who made the first heroic and determined effort to bring it about [applause], and impartial history will inscribe on its tablets the names of two men, and two men alone, the names of William Ewart Gladstone and of Charles Stewart Parnell. [Great applause.] But if the Tories should deny us home rule and offer us instead of our national demand for bread the legislative stone of coercion, we shall not be in the least degree intimidated and dismayed. We fought against stronger governments than Lord Churchill will ever gather around him, and were not conquered in the struggle. We shall win our battle in the end with the Tory party, if they so desire it; against the Tory party and over the wreck of their fallen government, if they choose to stand out against us. [Prolonged applause]. Our cause is advancing, and it is on the eve of a complete and final triumph. Our national cause is identified with the cause of civilization, progress and peace; it is a measure of justice to Ireland and of mercy to England as closing the long chapter of national rancor, hatred and strife. [Great applause].

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN (to little boy who is buying candy) — "My young friend, don't you think that, instead of spending all the pennies you get, it would be better to put some of them away for a rainy day?"

LITTLE BOY — "Naw. What's the good of money on a rainy day? Ma never lets me stir out of the house."

HALFORD TABLE SAUCE.— Mr. Wm. Halford was born in Leicester, the borough town of Leicestershire, England. In 1857 he came to Nova Scotia as Comptroller of the household of His Excellency the Earl of Mulgrave, now Marquis of Normanby, who was commissioned by the Queen Lieutenent-Governor of that Province.

The Earl had a recipe for a Table-Relish. The recipe was that of the far-famed "Raby Hunt Sauce," which the Duke of Cleveland, at Raby Castle, the Duke's County Seat, on occasion of the "meets" or assemblages of huntsmen and hounds (frequent during the season), caused to be used as a delicacy.

To the Earl of Mulgrave, now, by his father's death, Marquis of Normanby, the Duke of Cleveland gave the recipe, and he, previous to leaving Nova Scotia for England to take his father's seat in the House of Lords, gave it to Mr. Halford. These explanations relative to the origin of the Halford Leicestershire Table Sauce are given to distinguish it from the many worthless articles vended, purporting to be relishes or sauces once owned or patronized by english noblemen. This great relish is invaluable to all good cooks for soups, hashes, and blends admirably with all gravies. Is used at all first-class hotels. Makes your food more nutritious, enriches hot joints, stews, chops, steaks, fish, etc., and is the most delicious relish in the world. Sold everywhere. Beware of colorable imitations called by every conceivable name, their cheapness being their only recommendation.

PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

We have in constant use the Halford Leicestershire Table Sauce, and it has given such satisfaction to the guests of our house that our orders for it have been larger than for all other kinds of sauce combined. H. D. PARKER & Co.

DIED, in this city, on October 27, at her late residence, 26 Fayette Street, Boston, Miss Mary Cecelia Mooney, aged fifty-eight years. She was the daughter of the late Patrick Mooney, who for thirty years filled the office of sexton in the Boston Cathedral. Miss Mooney was the last member of an old and highly-esteemed Catholic family, pioneers of the faith in these parts. She had been all her life a devoted member of the cathedral congregation, associated with the arch-confraternity, and a sharer in all the works of charity going on in the parish. Her funeral took place on Friday morning, October 29, from St. James Church. There was a High Mass of Requiem, the Rev. Father Billings, celebrant. May she rest in peace!

REV. JEREMIAH O'CONNOR, S! J., for a number of years rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, lectured before the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College, on Education, on the evening of the 3d of October. The hall was crowded to listen to their old president, who spoke for upwards of an hour on the all-important subject of Christian Education. In closing, the speaker paid a high tribute to the zeal and patience of those selected to preside over the education of the youth. "So much," he said, "is sometimes required of the teacher that only those specially designed for their vocation, and with a love for the children only equalled by that of a mother's alone, can they hope to succeed. Only those should attempt to train the young who have a love strong as that of a parent's, pure as an angel's, and as zealous as that of the apostles'.

ILLUSTRATED LECTURE ON IRELAND AND THE IRISH. — Mr. H. W. French, who has travelled in Ireland, has prepared lectures, illustrated, which he has delivered in Boston to delighted audiences. His facts and figures and opinions were as striking as the splendid pictures of city and country, lake and river and ruin, which he threw upon the great canvas. Mr. French carried his audience from Queenstown to the Giant's Causeway; and every scene and sentence was applauded. His selection of representative scenes is excellent. Very striking, indeed, were the pictures of the old Irish Parliament and the grouped members who support Mr. Parnell. When Mr. Gladstone's face appeared it was warmly cheered. The glories of the western coast and southern, of Connemara, Killarney, Cork, and the north of Ireland were applauded to the echo. Those who do not know Ireland will find his lectures almost as instructive as a foreign tour; and those who do will be touched by a hundred familiar scenes that grow and fade upon the canvas like pleasant and vivid memories. Churches and societies who desire to engage the services of Mr. French can address him at the Boston Theatre.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Cassell & Co., New York.

PIPES FROM PRAIRIE LAND, AND OTHER PLACES. By Minnie Gilmore.

We have received this beautifully gotten-up book of poems. The author is a daughter of our old and tried friend, P. S. Gilmore. We shall give a more extended notice in a future issue of our MAGAZINE.

Benziger Bros., N.Y., Cin. and St. Louis.

CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC FOR 1887.

This is the fourth year of this annual, and is full of information for the household. It is profusely illustrated. Price, only 25 cents.

WHY AM I A CATHOLIC? By Rev. S. M. Brandi, S. J., Professor of Theology in Woodstock College.

This article appeared in the *North American Review*, and was copied into our MAGAZINE. It is issued in neat pamphlet form, together with an "appendix containing a short summary of what Christians ought to know and believe." This is one of the best expositions of Catholic belief that has appeared from a Catholic standpoint for many years. It should be bought by Catholics and circulated among their Protestant friends. The price is ten cents a copy. Twenty copies or more, twenty-five per cent. discount. Address Woodstock College, Maryland.

PAMPHLETS.

CATHOLIC HISTORICAL RESEARCHES. Edited by Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D. The October issue contains "Detroit in Early Times" by Very Rev. Gabriel Richards; "Reflections on the Life and Work of Very Rev. D. A. Gallitzin;" "The Famous Bull of Pope Alexander VI.," together with other articles of interest. The price of this publication is only one dollar a year. Address the editor, Wilkinsburg, Allegheny Co., Pa.

WILLIAM PENN UNMASKED; or his enmity towards the Catholic religion clearly shown from his own writings, by Rev. William P. Treacy.

GROWTH AND DUTY, an oration by Rt. Rev. J. Lancaster Spalding, D.D., bishop of Peoria. Delivered at the Forty-second Annual Commencement Exercises of the University of Notre Dame, Ia.

WILLIAM PENN, the Friend of Catholics. By Martin I. J. Griffin, first vice-president of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia, member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, corresponding member of the Buffalo Historical Society, and of the Linnean Society of Lancaster, Pa. This lecture was read before the Friends' Evening Hour Club of Germantown, December 7, 1885, and before the American Catholic Historical Society, February 1, 1886.

Proceedings of the Eighteenth Annual Convention of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union of the United States, held at Lancaster, Pa., September 1 and 2, 1886. With the constitution of the Union and roll of societies. Also, History of the Union and William Penn, the friend of Catholics. By the secretary of the Union.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE second edition of the Irish "Imitation of Christ" is out. The translator, Father O'Sullivan, of Inniskeane, county Cork, was one of the best of our Irish scholars. The first edition was printed in 1822, but the supply was exhausted long ago, and it was next to impossible to get a copy of the work.

THE approaching twelfth centenary of St. Cuthbert will, according to the *Athenæum*, be celebrated by the publication of a mass of literature bearing on the history of the Apostle of the North of England. Archbishop Eyre, of Glasgow, is preparing a new edition of his exhaustive life of the saint; and Mgr. Consitt, of Durham, is engaged on a shorter sketch. Of three or four other similar volumes in course of preparation, the most notable will be that by Father Stephenson, S. J.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co.

Vocal: "Oh! These Men," words by Wm. Forrester, music by S. L. Studley. "Evangeline," Song, by C. A. White. "Two," Song, words by Mary Mapes Dodge, music by Eben H. Bailey. "There's a Land where the Angels are Singing,"

Quartette, words by Frank N. Scott, music by C. A. White.

Instrumental: "American Gavotte," by Jas. P. Brooks. "The Ocean Pearl," Nocturne, by C. D. Blake. "Irish Diamonds, No. 1," Willie Pope, comprising. "Believe Me, if all those Endearing Young Charms," and "Garry Owen."

Books: "Selection of Words and Music from Little Jack Sheppard Burlesque Drama in Three Acts," written by Stephens and Yardley, music by Lutz, Cecil, Clarke, and Pascal. "The Commodore," Nautical Opera in Three Acts, by Offenbach. "The Album" published in nice shape by Messrs. White, Smith & Co. Also "The Folio" for November, a very interesting number.

Davitt in the Northwest.

MICHAEL DAVITT arrived at St. Paul, Minn., on the 30th of October. He said to a reporter: "Since the Chicago convention my health has failed, and I went up into Northern Michigan to get the benefit of the colder climate and was greatly benefited. From there I went to California, the Northwest Territories, Colorado, Nebraska, and here, stopping at various cities, and talking on the Irish question. At Omaha I received a cablegram from friends in the movement in Ireland asking my immediate return; but I cabled to-day from St. Paul that I desired to remain in the United States and Canada until the engagements I have made are fulfilled, and unless the case is very urgent I will not return immediately. I am anxious to go to Canada to refute the statements about Mr. Parnell and myself made by emissaries of the Loyal Legion."

Mr. Davitt spoke to an audience of 2,000 at Market Hall on the afternoon of the 31st. He said that he had found on his trip a remarkable growth of sympathy with the Irish movement since he visited America eight years ago. He outlined the plans of the National League for the government and ultimate improvement of Ireland, asserting that they would be acceptable alike to Irish Protestants and Catholics. He charged that the Belfast riots were organized by Lord Churchill to convince the world that the Irish Protestants would forcibly resist home rule. Mr. Davitt addressed another large audience in Minneapolis. Mr. Davitt reached Chicago on the 3d of November. He said to a reporter: "His advices from Ireland were to the effect that the landlords were reducing rents, not because of sympathy for their tenants, but because they were compelled to take this step by the force of public opinion. The liberals, he said, wanted Gladstone to cooperate in the movement for the abolition of the house of lords; but Gladstone was not willing to take up the subject until his recent policy for the settlement of the Irish question was disposed of. Taken altogether, he said, the friends of Ireland had reason to feel gratified over the prospects for Irish home rule. The agitation would be kept up, and the day was dawning when Irish liberty would be assured.

Two Aged Irish Bishops.

BISHOP DELANY, for over forty years incumbent of the see of Cork, and now in his 83d year, is in failing health. He is confined to his room, able to sit up a little occasionally, but he is not expected to rally. He has been one of the best bishops in the country. Free Catholic education is within the reach of every Catholic child in his diocese, and the poor and sick in the poorhouse, who looked on him as a Father, are everywhere nursed and tendered by religious.

RIGHT REV. DR. LEAHY, O. P., Bishop of Dromore, is in his 86th year. He is known as the Saint, and is in very delicate health. Students of poetry will remember that it was Bishop Leahy who acted as a sort of Meccanus to that sweetest of our Catholic poets, "Mary of the Nation," known in religion as Sister Mary Alphonsus (Ellen Downing). Her published works, "Voices from the Heart," "Poems for Children," and "Meditations," are edited by him, her life-long friend.

JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D., in his history of the Catholic Church in the United States says: "Of the 171 prelates, living and deceased, whose biographies it contains, 50 were born in Ireland, 31 in France, 13 in Germany, 13 in Maryland, 9 in Pennsylvania, 8 in New York, 7 in Belgium, 4 in Spain, 4 in Austria, 3 in Ohio, 3 in Kentucky, 3 in Canada, 2 in Italy, 2 in the West Indies, 2 in Switzerland, 2 in Massachusetts, 2 in Florida, 2 in South Carolina, and 1 each in England, Holland, Bohemia, Mexico, New Brunswick, Scotland, Vermont, Maine, New Jersey, Georgia, and West Virginia."

OBITUARY.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

ON the 17th Oct., at Sacred Heart Retreat, Louisville, Rev. Alban O'Connor of the Passionist Order, departed this life. The remains were conveyed to the retreat of the Passionist Fathers at Pittsburgh, Pa., and interred in the vaults beneath the Church. A good religious and fervent priest has gone to his reward.

THE Rev. Frederic Bramburg, S. J., professor of dogmatic theology at Woodstock College, Md., died on Oct. 20th, at that institution. He was a man of high mental attainments, and was one of those who left Germany at the time of Bismarck's edict against the Jesuits.

THE Rev. Father Joseph Guistinani, rector of the Immaculate Conception Parish of Baltimore, died on Oct. 20. He was born in 1811, in Genoa, Italy, his father being Marquis Guistinani of Venice. In 1835 he came to America, and was ordained two years later in St. Louis, by Bishop Rosati, the first Bishop of Wisconsin. Fifteen years of his life were spent in the Louisiana Mission, and he earned a reputation for piety and learning.

REV. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, parish priest of Lorrha and Dorrha, Tipperary, is no more. Few clergymen can look back to such a long life in the service of the church as Father O'Brien. He was forty-eight years pastor of the parish named, and only wanted twelve months to complete the sixtieth year of his ministry.

REV. FATHER CHARLES SULLIVAN, son of Dr. Timothy Sullivan, died in Lawrence, Mass., on the afternoon of the 3d of November of consumption, aged 26 years. He was born in Providence, R. I., and came to Lawrence when 7 years old. He was a graduate of Holy Cross College, Worcester.

THE Rev. John Monahan, for twenty-five years pastor of St. Patrick's Church at Norristown, Pa., died recently, aged fifty-two years. He was a native of Tyrone County, Ireland, and came to this country while very young.

BROTHER.

CHRISTIAN BROTHER.— Brother Joseph, known in the world as John T. McGinnis, departed this life — fortified by all the Sacraments of the Church — at St. Joseph's Academy, Oakland, California, on the 17th Oct. The deceased religious was the son of Hugh McGinnis and Margaret McGrath, and was born in Prince Edward Island, July 15th, 1862. He received an excellent education at his native place, having received a graduating diploma from the Normal School. On November 13th, 1882, he entered the Novitiate of the Christian Brothers at Martinez, and in July, 1884, he was appointed one of the teachers in the Brothers school at West Oakland, where he gained the love of all the pupils with whom he was associated. Subsequently in 1885, Brother Joseph was appointed to teach in the Sacred Heart College, San Francisco, but his health failing he was transferred to Oakland where he spent the residue of his brief career, preparing for the final close of a life which he had devoted to the service of Almighty God.

LAY PEOPLE.

AMONG the recent Irish deaths is that of James William Kavanagh, Esq., formerly Head Inspector of National Schools in Ireland, and later well known as Professor Kavanagh of the Catholic University, Dublin. He was a *litterateur* of distinction, and a frequent contributor to the *Catholic Review*, of which his son-in-law, Mr. P. V. Hickey, is editor. It was by reporting cases of proselytism in the public schools that Mr. Kavanagh lost his lucrative and important post of Head Inspector of Schools in Ireland. This distinguished gentleman died after an illness of some weeks, Oct. 1, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. Four of his surviving children are nuns. His services to the cause of Catholic Education were immense.

DIED at Melvin Village, N. H., September 14, Annie M. Reilly, eldest daughter of Margaret E. and the late John

Reilly of Charlestown, Mass. The deceased was a popular and highly-esteemed young lady, and was for the past ten years a teacher in the Way Street Primary School of the Quincy District.

Her many accomplishments, together with a singular sweetness and purity of character and a kind and generous disposition, had made her a general favorite, and readily endeared her to all with whom she came in contact, which was attested to by the profound sorrow of the large number of friends and acquaintances who deeply deplore her sudden taking away. It was while enjoying her vacation, and while apparently in the enjoyment of the best of health and spirits, that she received, without a single murmur of complaint, the summons of God whom she had ever loved and most faithfully served during her short stay here on earth.

The obsequies took place on Saturday, September 18, from St. Mary's Church, Charlestown. A Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Rev. William J. Millerick. Present in the sanctuary were Rev. John O'Brien of East Cambridge, and Rev. John F. Broderick of Cambridge. The interment took place in the family lot in Calvary Cemetery, Dorchester. The deceased leaves a mother, sister, and two brothers to mourn her loss.

TO PROTECT CATHOLICS IN CHINA.—His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., will send at once a Prelate to Pekin to explain the reasons of the Vatican's inability, because of French opposition, to establish diplomatic relations with China at present. This ambassador will also be empowered to arrange with the Chinese Government for the protection of Catholics in the Empire, and a definition of their position. Thousands of Christians have recently been put to death in China, and Pope Leo is doing all in his power to stay the hand of the persecutor. We ought all to pray that he may succeed in his merciful undertaking.

Two Kinds of Girls.

ONE is the kind that appears best abroad — the girls that are good at parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home — the kind that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, sick room and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home, the other a blessing; one is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring light and gladness to all around her pathway. To which of these classes do you belong?

THE *American Tribune*, a paper devoted to the colored race, is published in Cincinnati, Ohio. Its Catholic editor, Mr. Rudd, says in his salutatory, "We will do what no other newspaper published by colored men has ever dared to do — give the great Catholic Church a hearing and show that it is worthy of at least a fair consideration at the hands of our race, being as it is the only Church on this continent where rich and poor, white and black, must drop prejudice at the threshold and go hand in hand at the altar."

THE Bartholdi statue of Liberty was unveiled on the 28th of October, on Bedloe's Island, New York Harbor, with an imposing civic, military, and naval display, and with appropriate literary and musical exercises.

THE November number of the *Catholic World* contains an able article from the pen of Rev. Father Conaty of Worcester, Mass., on the subject of Religion in Education. Those of the Catholic body who are satisfied with the common-school education for their children should read this article.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp naming this MAGAZINE, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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